

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

SUMMER, 1956

SPECIAL

**SOVIET EFFORTS TO CONTROL
THE ARMENIAN CHURCH ABROAD**

by REUEEN DARBINIAN

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**INTERRELATIONS OF ETCHMIADZIN
AND CILICIAN PATRIARCHAL SEES**

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THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

SUMMER, 1956

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Soviet Efforts to Control The Armenian Church Abroad

REUBEN DARBINIAN

Whose Choice is Vazgen I. Baljian?

Gevorg V was the first Catholicos of All Armenians to pass away during the reign of the Soviets. After his death, May 8, 1930, for nearly two and a half years the Mother Throne was vacant. His successor, Khoren I. Mouradbekian, was elected Catholicos on November 10, 1932.

Today, it is still a matter of wonder how the Soviet Government at that time could have permitted the election of a former Dashnak* to the throne of the Catholicosate. The Soviet certainly would have preferred not to have permitted the election of any Catholicos in those days, because it was out to eradicate religion within the Soviet Union as an opiate. Its final consent to the election of Khoren was motivated only by considerations of exter-

nal policy, comprehending the potential pro-soviet influence of the Catholicos upon the Armenian communities of the dispersion in particular. The fact that Khoren Mouradbekian was a former Dashnak and his manifest popularity with large masses of the Armenians of the world would no doubt redound to the Soviet's advantage.

However, Catholicos Khoren did not live up to the Soviet's expectations. His persistent policy of holding the interests of the Armenian church above all other considerations served as an obstacle to the realization of the Soviet's intrigues. For this reason Catholicos Khoren was strangled by the Soviet secret police in the month of April, 1938.

After his tragic death, for fully seven years the Mother Throne was left vacant. During the interregnum, the See of Etchmiadzin was directed by a Locum Tenens—Gevorg Archbishop Cheorekjian—a long time leftist who had been close to the

* A member of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation (Dashnakstutun), the anti-Soviet worldwide Armenian organization.

Communists but, after their experience with Catholicos Khoren, the Soviet government hesitated to permit his succession as Catholicos. When the political situation was radically changed during the last war, only then did it permit the election of the man who by now enjoyed its complete confidence, and Cheorekjian became Catholicos Gevorg VI of All Armenians.

However, Gevorg VI, although Stalin's man, meticulously carrying out his orders, had two important deficiencies from the standpoint of best pursuing the Soviet's objectives.

First, he was an old clergyman, having been brought up in the Armenian religious-national tradition. He was too devoted to the Armenian church to suit the Bolsheviks.

Secondly, what was far more serious, he was too old and incapable of long travels to be of any service to the Soviet Government as regards the Armenian communities of the dispersion. He scarcely was able to manage a few trips to Moscow and to a couple of foreign capitals to assist in the Soviet's sham peace propaganda against the "capitalistic" United States, the "imperialistic" West, and the "reactionary" Catholic Church.

It was obvious now, that Moscow needed a man who, like Gevorg VI, would be absolutely dependable, without his above-mentioned deficiencies. All the more so, because, the Soviet Government, although always true to its inveterate hatred of the church, had started after the war increasingly to utilize the remnants of those churches which were within its domain, as well as their leaders, for the purpose of promoting its political objectives. This was the reason why, upon the death of Gevorg VI on May 8, 1954, the Soviet did not wait long. In September of 1955, it called a conclave at Etchmiadzin to elect the new Catholicos, and on October 2, Bishop Vazgen Baljian was elected Catholicos,

the very man, of whom, the Anglo-American *Intelligence Digest* wrote in its report of January, 1956, (page 8): "This Prelate—Vazgen Baljian—is a well-trained Soviet agent who was formerly suspected of links with the Nazis."

There can be no question that, a clergyman like Vazgen Baljian, who was comparatively unknown to the Armenians, would never have ascended the throne of the Catholicosate if the Soviet had not insisted on his candidacy. There were many other bishops, far more educated and experienced in years and far more popular. But since he was the Soviet's only candidate, no one at the Etchmiadzin conclave dared even to show any preference for another candidate during the balloting. Very few ballots which were not for him were cast blank. All the rest of the ballots followed the dictate from above, and were for Baljian.

Another curious aspect of the balloting is the huge discrepancy between the number of delegates from the Soviet Union and those from overseas. At the Etchmiadzin conclave, there were 107 delegates from the "dioceses" of the Soviet Union, and only 28 from overseas. This is incomprehensible when we consider that the Armenian "dioceses" in the Soviet Union have long since been liquidated and they never have been reinstated. Generally, the over-all church organization in Armenia and other "republics" of the Soviet Union have been dissolved. Here and there, a few churches drag an isolated existence, wherever priests have been left. But these few churches have no jurisdictional or administrative ties with one another. Their revenue-bearing estates, the property of the church during the centuries, have been seized by the Government, and they are now barely able to support themselves under the weight of taxes. And lastly, the Government looks askance even at the few who

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attend these churches. It is inconceivable that these pitiful remnants of a once great institution could have dared to elect as their delegates the men they wanted.

It is difficult to comprehend how "dioceses" in the Soviet Union which actually do not exist, and the handful of churches which are tolerated, could possibly send 107 delegates to Etchmiadzin to elect a Catholicos. Knowing the Soviet's notorious tactics, it is safe to say that it was the Soviet Government which appointed these 107 delegates who, in all probability, were not even believers but atheist Communists or fellow-travelers, disguised as believers.

As to the delegates from overseas, a part of them, as known, were appointed from above, some of them by telephone, and the rest were not given enough time to even hold elections. Had they been duly-elected delegates, true representatives from the dispersion "dioceses" only a few of them would have obtained Soviet visas, for the Soviet issues visas only to those who are acceptable, in other words, its men, or those who are innocuous.

Supposing, however, that the Soviet issued visas for all the delegates from overseas, and even if all of them were Dashnaks, even then it would have meant nothing under the conditions created by the Bolshevik rulers.

As long as the Soviet had assured itself of 107 committed delegates from "dioceses" which did not exist in the U.S.S.R., clearly an overwhelming majority, the 28 delegates from overseas could do nothing even if they voted in a bloc. They were invited to Etchmiadzin simply as a face-saving measure, to give the election of the new Catholicos the semblance of respectability, so that they could claim the election was, from the Armenian standpoint, national.

It is possible, of course, that some of the delegates who went to Etchmiadzin

were not even aware that the real actor pulling the strings behind the curtain was the Soviet government through its lay and ecclesiastical agents. It is even possible that some of these blindly naive delegates to this day believe that they themselves played a decisive role in the election of Vasgen I. But there cannot be any doubt that most of the delegates knew then, as they know now, that everything pertaining to the Catholicos' election had been already decided by the Soviet government before they arrived at Etchmiadzin.

It is inconceivable, therefore, that the leaders of the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" (Communist)* combine would be so naive as to fail to understand that Vazgen Baljian, an unknown figure until his election, became Catholicos of All Armenians not through the approval of the Armenian people, as was the case with Khrimian, Izmirlian, Gevorg V and even Khoren Mouradbekian, but simply by the machinations of the Soviet Government.

The striking thing is, these leaders failed to lodge any protest against the illegalities and the sham in the election of Vazgen Baljian and they talk now as if his election was perfectly legitimate, and that he represents the will of the Armenian people.

Moreover, these very same Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" pharisees who connived at the shocking sham of the election of Vazgen, the Soviet-packed consistory of Etchmiadzin, have now the temerity of raising a huge hue and cry over the elec-

* Armenian political parties of the left. The "Ramgavar" (Armenian Democratic Liberal) party is pro-Soviet, and its American press was recently branded by a witness testifying before a Senate committee as hewing to the Communist line. The "Hunchak" (Social Democrat) party is openly Marxist, while the so-called "Armenian Progressive League" (Haratchadimakan) is the party of Armenian American Communists, and has been cited on numerous occasions in governmental reports as "Communist and subversive". All three political groups are banded in common action in the notorious "Armenian National Council", a Communist front organization.

tion of Bishop Zareh Payaslian as Catholicos of Cilicia, although he was elected by an overwhelming cajority at a perfectly legal assembly.

The election of Catholicos Zareh is claimed by them to be "unilateral" and "illegal" because it was not "unanimous," or, "with the agreement of both sides," meaning, it was not with the assent of the minority, and yet, no objection is raised against the election of Vazgen Baljian, despite the fact that they had a thousand-fold more valid reasons for questioning the legality of that election.

In the election of Catholicos Zareh only a negligible minority voluntarily walked out, although they were free to take part in the election and no one restricted or stopped their right to participation. In the election at Etchmiadzin, however, the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people was absent, and that, not of their free will, but only because they were forced out by the conditions created by the Soviet Government.

Moscow's Methods For The Control Of The Armenian Church Of Abroad

Only a political infant would fail to comprehend Moscow's aim in electing Vazgen Baljian Catholicos of All Armenians. Baljian was chosen primarily for the extension of Soviet control over the Armenian communities of the free world. He was not chosen to strengthen the Armenian church of the Dispersion, to put an end to the existing division, or to improve the condition of the Armenian people. He was chosen in order to enlist the services of both the church and the people abroad in the prosecution of the Soviet's "revolutionary" aims all the more effectively and comprehensively.

It cannot be contended that Vazgen Baljian was not the right man for such a task. He is not one of those old clergymen, is comparatively young, and is not shackled

by the "prejudices" and the traditions of the old. He is a clever operator and an opportunist. He will have no difficulty in playing the role of a roving ambassador for the Soviet, something which his aged predecessor, Gevorg VI, could not do even if he wanted to do so.

Unfortunately, there is at present not one single basis for presuming that the Soviet Government's attitude toward religion has undergone any fundamental change. Not a single sign. The Soviet still retains its former inveterate enmity to any church. If there is any change at all, it is in the tactics. Whereas, formerly the Soviet strove to liquidate the church in the shortest time possible, it has now come to the conclusion that it can still use to good advantage the remnants of its persecutions—the few churches and the handful of clergymen who survived—in the interest of its world conspiracy. And we are sorry to say, its experience with many of the Armenian clergy to date has served to fortify this conclusion.

In all probability, the Soviet would not have tolerated the existence of an Armenian Catholicos at Etchmiadzin if his activity was to be confined solely to the domain of the Soviet Union and her satellites. Without doubt, the Catholicosate at Etchmiadzin is being tolerated temporarily, not for its internal usefulness, but primarily and exclusively from external political considerations.

By the election of Vazgen Baljian, the Soviet wants to hoodwink the free world, by making them believe that the Armenian church is free under Soviet rule, and that the believers are free to "elect" their supreme Patriarch.

Second, through Vazgen Baljian the Soviet Government strives to utilize the Armenian Church in converting the Armenian communities of the free world into its "fifth columns".

These are irrefutable facts which only the blind will not see. There are some who although not blind and able to see, ignore this fact, by arguing that, as long as we cannot have the man of our choice at Etchmiadzin, it is better that we have a man there, even if he is but a figure head, for, such a man can be useful to the church to some extent, and besides, by his tenure, he can preserve the continuity of Etchmiadzin as a real center of the Armenian Church.

Unfortunately, such reasoning will not stand close scrutiny.

First, as has been observed, the presence of the Armenian Catholicos is tolerated by a godless government, not for the sake of approximately three million believers in the Soviet Union, but for the one million Armenians of the Dispersion.

In the second place, the presence of the Catholicos at Etchmiadzin is of no benefit to the Armenians of the Soviet Union as long as the church, as a functioning organization, has been liquidated. The Armenian Catholicos no longer possesses those centuries-old moral, judicial and material resources with which to carry on his work in providing for the spiritual needs of his flock. Moreover, even the few churches—survivals of the Communist persecutions—which now stand, are not allowed to maintain regular administrative ties with the Catholicos.

While this is true of Soviet Armenia and other Soviet "republics," the Armenian Catholicos who in reality is the captive-agent of the Soviet government, is called upon to exercise his energies in disturbing the life of the Armenian communities of the free world, breaking them into warring factions, and wrecking the national solidarity. Living in free countries and enjoying full religious freedom, these communities, of course, are not obliged to put up with the Soviet government's encroachments, even if these advances are made in

the name and under the imposing authority of the Catholicos of All Armenians. The Armenians of the free world enjoy every facility to settle their religious affairs without any intervention from the Soviet government.

The election of Bishop Zareh to the Cilician Throne has demonstrated that the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" bloc not only is disinclined to repel the Soviet encroachment, but goes much farther and strives to bring even the independent Catholicosate of Cilicia under the Soviet's control.

It should also be borne in mind that, under the conditions created by the Soviet dictatorship, the person of an "elected" Catholicos does not matter, since he must be a tool of Moscow; and no man of high character who sets the interests of the church above all, can be a candidate for the post. Without doubt, Vazgen Baljian would never have been "elected" Catholicos had he not, in point of his character, predilections and general qualifications, enjoyed the Soviet's full confidence. But, even if Vazgen Baljian had been a man of high quality, possessing all the lofty qualifications of his high office, even that would have had no bearing on his future conduct and policy as long as he is permitted to say and act only what the Soviet dictates. Otherwise, he would be doomed to the tragic fate of Catholicos Khoren Mouradbekian.

If the Armenian high clergy had stood on the lofty stand of its high calling, instead of striving to subordinate the independent Catholicosate of Cilicia to captive Etchmiadzin, they would be striving to liberate the Etchmiadzinist dioceses of the free world from the Soviet's encroachments until Etchmiadzin itself will become free of the Soviet yoke.

We are told that at the present time Etchmiadzin is free, and that the Soviet

government never interferes in the internal affairs of the church. Those who contend this are either unpardonably blind or they themselves do not believe what they say. One must indeed be blind not to see that the Armenian Catholicos can not take a single step which is contrary to the line mapped out by the Soviet, no matter how vital that step may be to the survival of the Armenian church. Moreover, the Catholicos is obliged to carry out the Soviet dictates to the letter if he does not want to lose his head, as happened to Catholicos Khoren.

What vitally concerns us is the fact that the Catholicos' servility is not confined to the few churches in Soviet Armenia, but is being extended to the Armenian churches of the free world.

Thus, for example, the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin cannot ordain as bishop anyone who is not a friend of the Soviet. He cannot endorse the Prelacy of any clergyman in the dioceses of the free world unless that man does not toe the Soviet line and does not take a positive stand against the anti-Soviet organizations. It follows that those prelates of the Dispersion who enjoy the Soviet's confidence cannot ordain priests, or retain priests or Vardapets under their jurisdiction, who are not the Soviet's friends or the enemies of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. The reader has but to cast a cursory glance at the current behavior of these clergymen to be convinced of this truth.

For example, with the exception of the dioceses of the Catholicosate of Cilicia and the anti-Soviet faction of the Armenian church of America, strictly in the Etchmiadzinist churches of the free world, there is not a single Armenian bishop, vardapet or priest who, even if inwardly sympathetic with the Dashnaks, will dare to collaborate openly with the Dashnak press or publicly encourage any Dashnak public enterprise.

We know for sure that there is a considerable number of young clergymen—Abegha's, Vardapets and priests—who are sympathetic to the Dashnak views, but they dare not show their hand for fear of being unfrocked or expelled from the clergy.

Therefore, the contention that the Armenian church is perfectly free, and that the Soviet never interferes in its internal administration, is in direct contradiction to the reality. The sad fact is, the Armenian church is a captive not only inside the Soviet Union, but an important segment of it in the free world is also subject to the Soviet's rigid although invisible political control.

The Plot To End The Independence Of The Cilician Catholicosate

After the death of Catholicos Gevorg VI, the apparent urgent haste of the Kremlin to fill immediately the vacancy at Etchmiadzin was, no doubt, motivated by the question of the Cilician election. For nearly three and a half years the Soviet government had managed to postpone that election in the hope of eventually finding a candidate of its choice under more favorable circumstances. When all efforts failed, and it became apparent that the Cilician dioceses, weary of endless procrastinations, finally were determined to go through with the election, the Soviet anticipated them by forcing the election of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin before the Cilician dioceses had a chance to elect their Catholicos. This was done in order to be able to influence their election through the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin.

As a matter of fact, one of the first acts of the newly-elect Vazgen Baljian was to try to postpone the Cilician elections until he had time through his influence to secure for the Cilician Throne a man who would be acceptable to the Soviet. Meanwhile, Archbishop Khat, who had served as Vicar

of the Cilician Catholicosate and who had been chiefly responsible for the endless postponements, handed in his resignation and was succeeded by Khoren Bishop Baroyan. The latter was a more determined man, and when it became obvious that the election finally would take place of February 14, Moscow's agents resorted to a "revolutionary" measure. They organized a picket line in front of the Armenian Prelacy in Aleppo, forced the intervention of the local police, and demanded a new election under the specious pretext that there had been irregularities in the election of those delegates to the Aleppo Provincial Church Council who were sympathetic to the Dashnaks. Meanwhile, the Soviet agents who had organized the demonstration appealed to the Syrian government through whose intervention they hoped to carry through their conspiracy. And when this effort, too, failed, the Soviet government decided to take an unprecedented step. Vazgen Baljian was sent to Lebanon to stop the election of Bishop Zareh as Catholicos, and in case he failed, to take immediate steps to prevent his consecration.

It should be noted that this was not the first time the Soviet government had intervened in the internal affairs of the Cilician Catholicosate. As early as 1945, on the occasion of another election, the Soviet rushed by plane to Beirut its notorious Soviet agent Arsen Archbishop Kilidjian in order to prevent the election of the Dashnak candidate Garegin Archbishop Khachatourian as Catholicos. At the time the Soviet succeeded in its design largely because the illusions about the Soviet engendered during the war years had not been entirely dissipated. At that time the Armenians believed the Soviet was inclined to press the solution of the Armenian cause as regards Armenia's territorial integration on the basis of the provisions of the Sevres Treaty.

By this time, however, the Armenians were wholly disillusioned and Moscow no longer could hope to repeat the achievement of Arsen Kilidjian who actually succeeded in securing the election of pro-Soviet Garegin Archbishop Hovsepian. This time it was necessary to send someone who was far more influential than Kilidjian, and such a man, under the present circumstances, could be none less than the Catholicos of All Armenians, the Patriarch of Etchmiadzin.

Although there are approximately three million Armenians in the Soviet Union who sorely need the spiritual care of the Armenian Catholicos, nevertheless, Vazgen Baljian, instead of devoting his attention to the needs of his immediate flock, scarcely was he elected Catholicos, hurried abroad where the number of the Armenians is three times less than those of the Soviet Union, and where the church enjoys a far more favorable position, materially and morally than in the Soviet Union.

Moreover, instead of busying himself with the affairs of those dioceses which belonged to his jurisdiction, he made his first business to go to Beirut and meddle in the affairs of the Cilician Catholicosate which did not belong to his jurisdiction.

The steps he took in Beirut to carry out his orders from Moscow are at once interesting and eloquent. First, he tried to postpone the election of the Cilician Catholicos indefinitely, and to make sure, he tried to send back home the very delegates who were assembled there for the election. Failing in his design—when the electoral assembly elected its permanent officers and offered a time limit of one week—Catholicos Vazgen Baljian withdrew, threatening the assembly although the latter, elected in accordance with the Cilician Constitution, was only carrying out its legal rights.

When this, too, failed, and the time for

the balloting came, a few of the delegates who were friendly to the Soviet, no doubt at the instigation of Catholicos Vazgen, withdrew from the assembly. Catholicos Vazgen himself, taking along with him a few bishops, departed for Egypt in a rage; but before leaving, on his way to the station, he permitted the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" rabble to make a ribald demonstration and to assault the few anti-soviet clergymen who were seeing him to the station.

Finally, when Bishop Zareh was elected Catholicos by the electoral assembly, Catholicos Vazgen assembled his bishops in Cairo and passed a number of decisions which betrayed his real intentions.

Having failed in Beirut, Catholicos Vazgen held his episcopal assembly which absolutely had no right to interfere in the affairs of the Cilician Catholicosate in order to carry through with their aid his instructions from Moscow. Having failed to put on the throne of Cilicia a clergyman who was acceptable to the Soviet, he now tried through this episcopal assembly to handcuff the newly-elected Catholicos and to subordinate him to himself by reducing the centuries-old Cilician institution into a diocese of Etchmiadzin, while on the other hand, by pressuring the bishops, he tried to prevent the consecration of the new Catholicos.

It is highly significant that Vazgen Baljian, through his episcopal assembly, officially showed willingness to recognize the legality of Catholicos Zareh's election provided the latter accepted his terms which, if and when accepted, would enable Etchmiadzin to control all the dioceses of the Cilician Catholicosate. To this end, he demanded the annulment of the old Cilician Constitution, to be succeeded by a new constitution which would be endorsed by Etchmiadzin and the Soviet which stands behind it. And to further forestall any fu-

ture complications, there would be created a Spiritual Council consisting of four bishops and four laymen to give advice and control the activities of the Catholicos of Cilicia.

To hamper further the consecration of the new Catholicos, through his Episcopal Assembly Vazgen Baljian made it a condition that the Catholicos of Cilicia shall be consecrated by the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin or a high ranking clergyman delegated by him, with the participation of six other bishops.

However, the most important condition with which the Soviet government, through the instrumentality of Vazgen Baljian and his coterie of bishops, whether the latter realized it or not, tried to hamstring the new Catholicos, was the following provision:

Henceforth the Catholicos of Cilicia "shall have no authority to delegate the bishops of his jurisdiction to ordain clergymen, or to send already ordained clergymen from the Cilician patriarchate to meet the needs of the dioceses of abroad, without the explicit request of those prelates who are endorsed by the Mother Throne (Etchmiadzin). In the contrary event, both the ordainer and the one ordained will be subject to the disciplinary procedure of the church constitution."

This plainly means that the Soviet government was trying through the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin to bring under its control *all* the Armenian clergymen of the *free* world, in other words, to forbid the ordination of any anti-soviet or pro-Dashnak individual as priest, Vardapet or bishop. No less significant, even the Catholicos of Cilicia himself would be subject to punishment if he dared to violate this dictum.

What is Behind

Vazgen I Baljian's Itinerary?

From all indications it is plain that Vazgen Baljian has been instructed by Moscow

not to confine his trip to the Middle East and Europe alone, but also to take in North America and perhaps South America.

At the first news of his prospective trip to Beirut to participate in the election of the Cilician Catholicos, many people, not excluding the anti-soviets, were happy, confident that he was coming with good intentions. True, it was naive of them to believe this, for the Soviet government never sends anyone abroad for a good purpose. But this much of simple-mindedness might have been pardonable for the broad masses.

However, after what happened in Beirut and Cairo, judging from the disruptive role of Vazgen Baljian, it is no longer pardonable to believe that he will visit our communities with good intentions. There can be no question that, under the pretext of defending and restoring the unity of the Armenian church, he will further deepen the rift which already exists, as he did in Beirut and Cairo. There is no doubt that, in the name of the church or the Armenian fatherland, he will try to promote the pro-soviet line. Finally, without doubt, wherever he sets foot, he will be surrounded by his Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" coterie to intensify the fight against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, as he did in Cairo and Beirut.

It is no secret that, in the immediate aftermath of the downfall of the Independent Republic of Armenia, the Soviet government did its utmost to destroy the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. Especially during the past 25 years the Soviet spared no effort to inflict the mortal blow. All these efforts proved futile. Futile were the desperate efforts of Soviet agents to discredit the Federation during the hottest days of the last great war and to include it in the subversive list, by accusing it of collaboration with the Nazis. The Soviet campaign of defamation was particularly vicious in the United States.

And now, despite the intensity of the Soviet crusade, as the Federation not only stands erect but is daily growing stronger both in the United States and abroad, as events in the Middle East have demonstrated, and as seen by the overwhelming victory of Bishop Zareh, the Soviet again feels constrained to resort to unusual measures, something which is unprecedented. First, it hastened the election of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin and manipulated the election of Vazgen Baljian, its own candidate. And the very next thing, he was sent abroad. No doubt, the Soviet hopes that a high ranking clergyman like the one with the title of Catholicos of all Armenians, and armed with the support of the Soviet, will greatly strengthen the position of the pro-Soviet groups abroad and will bolster up their fight against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the only political organization among the Armenians fighting for a free and independent Armenia and, therefore, staunchly anti-Soviet. Of course, if today we had an Armenian Catholicos who was really elected by the votes of the people, and not appointed to the Throne of Etchmiadzin by the atheist Soviet government; and if he could pay us a visit, such a visit would be highly beneficial to the Armenian communities of the Dispersion, both for the Armenian Church and the Armenian Cause. For, such a Catholicos, like Khrimian Hairik, would confine his efforts solely to the best interests of the Armenian Church and the nation; he would not serve the base, conspiratorial political designs of a sinister alien government, would strengthen the faith of the Armenian communities, would strengthen their ties with the church, would contribute to the unity and solidarity of our communities, would raise the prestige of the Armenian church before the world, in short, he would leave a tangible, constructive trace behind him wherever he went.

No such expectations can be entertained of Vazgen Baljian in view of the shambles he made of the first Armenian community he visited in the Middle East. If it were not for that shocking disillusionment, it might still be pardonable to think, or hope, that his tour of the free world might leave behind some beneficent effect. But, after his extremely provocative and divisive conduct in Beirut and Cairo, it would be folly to hope that his present tour will benefit the Armenian church or restore the tranquility of the Armenian communities of the free world. On the contrary, his trip will have disastrous consequences.

It would, therefore, serve the best interests of both the church and the nation if Vazgen Baljian returned to Etchmiadzin at the earliest moment possible and try to govern his flock from his proper quarters. But if he feels the urge of caring for his flock, his first duty is to attend the needs of the long-neglected three and a half million Armenian believers who reside in the Soviet empire.

Indeed, if Vazgen Baljian is so dedicated to the Armenian church as the Ramgavar-Hunchak-Communist bloc tries to make him, his first and foremost duty is to attend to the spiritual needs of his unfortunate "children" within the Soviet Union and her satellites, for, it is they who need spiritual comfort far more than the Armenians of the free world; it is they who for years have been persecuted for the sake of their faith, whereas, the Armenians of the free world enjoy absolute freedom of religion and are never persecuted by the governments which given them refuge.

It is inconceivable that Vazgen Baljian, had he really been devoted to the best interests of the church, and had he been free to protect these interests conscientiously, would not have made the first object of his attention the plight of his spiritual children in the Soviet Union, and that he

would not have turned on them the full force of his zeal and energies, instead of rushing abroad soon after his election where the need by no means was urgent. What is worse, he would never have permitted himself to meddle in the affairs of a region which was entirely out of his jurisdiction.

How does the Soviet government, through the instrumentality of Vazgen Baljian, intend now to inflict the "mortal" blow to the Armenian Revolutionary Federation? The first step in the plan is to cut off the Federation from the Armenian church once and for all through the medium of isolation. The corollary of ecclesiastical isolation would be national isolation. To accomplish this feat, it is necessary in the view of the Soviet government first to bring the independent Catholicosate of Cilicia under the control of Etchmiadzin. For, as long as the latter institution remains independent, and especially if it is headed by an independent-minded, anti-Soviet churchman, it will be quite difficult to inflict the intended "mortal" blow to the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

This is the reason why, when all the intrigues of the Soviet government to place on the Cilician Throne an acceptable man had failed, and when Bishop Zareh Payaslian, an independent-minded clergyman who was *persona non grata* to the Soviet was elected Catholicos, Vazgen Baljian, assuredly at the behest of the Soviet government, promptly hastened to Cairo where he held his Episcopal conclave. And although this conclave, as well as Baljian himself, had no constitutional right to consider the affairs of the Cilician Catholicosate, quite unilaterally and arbitrarily, it passed a series of resolutions, or decisions, in regard to the Cilician See which manifestly were in direct contravention of the Cilician Constitution.

Through this Episcopal Council, Vazgen Baljian threatened the newly-elected Catho-

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licos of Cilicia that his consecration would be impossible unless he agreed to submit to the authority and the control of the Etchmiadzin See and the Soviet government which stands behind it. Otherwise, Baljian threatened, the latter's election as Catholicos would be declared illegal, even though the election of Bishop Zareh had been held within the strict letter and spirit of the law of the Cilician Constitution.

An idea of the extremes to which the Soviet government will go to subordinate the Cilician See and its Catholicos, or in the contrary event to prevent the latter's consecration, is gained by the hideous crime which was committed by Soviet agents who raided the sanctuary of the Catholicosate and looted the Holy Relic of the right arm of Gregory the Illuminator, founder of the Armenian church, and other sacred relics of the church which are evidently needed for the consecration ceremony.

There is one more serious circumstance for the sake of which the Soviet government finds it necessary to send Vazgen Baljian on a tour of the Armenian communities of the free world. During the past two to three years, the past year in particular, a small part of the Armenian community which is politically "neutral" and has adhered to the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" bloc as a result of the rift in the church, has begun to show signs of restiveness, is increasingly becoming anti-soviet and finds it embarrassing to be in the company of the pro-soviets. The leaders of this group have of late been trying to come to an understanding with the Dashnaks with their stated view of restoring the unity of the Armenian church and ridding it of the Soviet's tentacles.

It is to forestall this danger also that the Soviet government has deemed it necessary to send Vazgen Baljian on a tour of the Armenian communities of the world, the United States in particular, in order to bolster

up the drooping spirits of the pro-soviet group and to avert the rapprochement between the neutral segment and the Dashnaks.

One Cannot Be A Friend Of Both The Armenian Church And The Soviet At The Same Time

The Soviet government has contrived to inoculate a section of the Armenian public with a highly significant notion. The deception is this: it is not the Soviet itself but the Armenian Revolutionary Federation which is striving to control the Armenian church and to convert it into a tool for its political purposes. The press of the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" bloc parrots this lie, making the readers believe that, the fierce fight now being waged against the Dashnaks has no other aim but to prevent the church from becoming a political tool of the Dashnaks.

The Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" bloc ignore the fact that the real threat to the Armenian church is the godless Soviet dictatorship, and not the Dashnaks. They are unwilling to see that, if there is a political force which already has enlisted the Armenian church to the pursuit of world-wide "revolutionary" objectives, it is the atheistic Soviet government and not the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

If the leaders of the pro-soviet bloc were really dedicated to the interests of the Church, instead of pursuing their personal, group, or factional interests which have no connection whatever with the Armenian church, they would direct their fight against the Soviet and not the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. While the Soviet, an enemy of all religion, strives to destroy the Armenian church, or at best to force it to subserve its anti-religious policy, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, on the other hand, has been the most valiant and dedicated champion of

the Armenian church. Indeed, in the contemporary history of the Armenians, every time the Armenian church was threatened, it was the Federation which inevitably came to its rescue, organized and directed the Armenian resistance against such menace.

This was the case in 1903-1906 when the Tsarist government attempted to control the Armenian church by seizing its property. It was the Federation which organized the Armenian resistance and put an end to the threat. The same was true of the time when the Soviet government was attempting to liquidate the church. When the Soviet seized the property of the Armenian church, put an end to its revenues, put an end to the over all church organization within the Soviet Union, closed up many Armenian churches and converted others into clubs and warehouses, museums and even stables, liquidated the majority of the Armenian clergy, and finally assassinated the Catholicos of All Armenians, Khoren Archbishop Mouradbekian, the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, the Knights of Vardan, the leaders of the Armenian General Benevolent Union and the so-called neutrals did not raise a voice of protest.

When in 1903-06 the Tsarist government tried to seize the Armenian church—an encroachment incomparably of less degree than the mortal blow which the Soviet has inflicted—all the Armenian political factions stood by the Federation and fought off the danger which threatened the Armenian church. But when the Soviet attempted the same thing on a far more destructive and deadly scale, the Federation was left all alone in its effort to defend the church. Only the Federation, through its press and pulpit, and the resources at its disposal, carried on the fight against the Soviet—the sworn enemy of the Armenian church. Today, the Federation is still alone in that fight, at a time when the Soviet has con-

verted the Armenian church into a "religious department" of the MVD within the Soviet Union and is trying to strangle the Armenian church in the free world.

Naturally, no successful resistance to a power, so unprecedented and so terroristic, which menaces the Armenian church, can be contemplated within the domain of the Soviet dictatorship which is incomparably more ruthless and more powerful than the Tsarist government ever was.

But there is no insuperable obstacle, nor any valid reason why at least our free communities of the free world should not be able to defend themselves against the ruinous intrigues of the Soviet tyranny. And without doubt, all these intrigues would have failed if the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, the Knights of Vardan, the leaders of the Benevolent Union and the anti-Dashnaks who conceal their identity as "neutrals" had not closed their eyes to the Armenian church, if they had not closed their eyes to the destructive role of the Soviet—sworn enemy of the Armenian church, if they had not supported the Soviet directly or indirectly, if they had not misled an important segment of the Armenian people in regard to the true nature of the Soviet, and if they had not discredited and misrepresented the Armenian Revolutionary Federation—the only loyal champion of the freedom of the Armenian church.

It can confidently be stated that, were it not for the Federation's resolute and unyielding stand against the Soviet's intrigues, today the entire network of the Armenian churches of the free world would have been converted into a "revolutionary" organ of the Soviet, namely, *one of its fifth columns*. It may be contended with equal confidence that, if the Soviet today attaches any importance to the Armenian church, to the extent of "electing" a Catholicos and sending him on a world tour, it does so simply to use that church in its fight against those Ar-

menian communities which still adhere to their freedom, and against the only well-organized political force among the Armenians, namely, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

Therefore, all those who, being prejudiced and filled with hatred against the Federation, support today the Soviet in its effort to subjugate the Armenian church in the free world, render a disastrous disservice to the Armenian church. For, the Soviet government, by converting the Armenian church in the free world into a fighting weapon against the Federation, in reality is digging the grave of that church by dissimilating its clergy and converting them into Soviet agents in the Dispersion. And if the unimaginable should happen and the Federation's resistance should be eliminated, in that event the Armenian church of the free world will share the same fate which it has suffered in the Soviet Union.

Of course, in its effort to destroy the Federation and to convert the Armenian communities of the free world into its fifth columns, the Soviet would never have tried to control the Armenian church if it were not convinced that through that church alone it can achieve its aims. This being true, naturally, it cannot tolerate an independent Cilician Catholicosate, much less to see on its throne a clergyman who is anti-Soviet. Such a course would jeopardize the authority of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin over its own dioceses in the free world.

It is not difficult to understand that, to achieve its objectives, the Soviet is obliged to control all the Armenian clergy of the Dispersion, and this can be accomplished only when the independent Catholicosate of Cilicia is eliminated and is reduced to a diocese of Etchmiadzin.

In the United States there is an Armenian organization which is called the Knights of Vardan, dedicated self-avowedly to the defense of the Armenian church. Curiously enough, for years this organization has been "defending" the Armenian church, not by trying to save it from the Soviet's strangle-hold, but, in cooperation with the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" conglomerate, by waging a relentless crusade against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. The Federation however, has had no other aim, nor has it any other aim today, but to save the Armenian church from the control and the intrigues of an alien tyranny and the restore that church's absolute independence.

Paradoxically, many of the Armenian clergy, the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, the Benevolent Union and the "neutrals," down to the Communists who call themselves "Progressives", wage their relentless crusade against the Federation in the name and the defense of the Armenian church. They all, blinded by the Bolshevik propaganda, and partly, by their bias against the Federation, fanatically strive to bring the Armenian church under the direct and absolute control of an atheist government, although they are well aware that that government wants to tie the Armenian church to its chariot in order to extend its rule over the entire world and to destroy all religion and all the churches.

Needless to say, he who is really with the church, cannot be with the Soviet, nor with those who beat the latter's drums.

The greatest enemy of the Armenian church is the perfidious, plotting and ruthless Soviet dictatorship. Those who really want to defend the freedom and independence of the Armenian church should direct their relentless fight against that evil.

(For a lucid dissertation on the matter of Etchmiadzin-Cilician See interrelations referred to in Mr. Darbinian's article, readers are urged to read Mr. Herardian's study, which follows.)

Interrelations of Etchmiadzin and Cilician Patriarchal Sees

M. HERARDIAN

History tells us that when the Armenian people through the efforts of King Tiridates and Gregory the Illuminator espoused Christianity as the national religion, the Illuminator had a dream. In it he saw Jesus, the Only-Begotten of God, descend from heaven, holding in his hand a golden hammer with which he struck a patch of ground familiar to the Illuminator in the region of Vagharshapat.

After waking from his dream, the Illuminator interpreted it to mean that, by the blow of the golden hammer, Christ was indicating the spot where the first Christian church should be built in Armenia. Thus, a church was built on the spot and was called *Etchmiadzin*, which means, "Where the Only-Begotten Descended." This church became the ecclesiastical center of Armenia which by now was Christianized, namely, the *Catholicosate*. With the establishment of this institution a religious authority was being created alongside the civil authority in Armenia.

Nevertheless, a new religious authority was not the direct product of Christianity but it already existed in the Pagan era when the priestly hierarchy, capped by its High Priest, governed the moral and religious life of the society. With the establishment of Christianity, the pagan hierarchy was replaced by its Christian counterpart, headed by its supreme religious head who in Armenian usage is called *Catholicos*. Ac-

cordingly, Gregory the Illuminator, who was also founder of the Armenian church, as new head of the first Armenian Christian hierarchy, was the first Catholicos of All Armenians.

The civil power with its king, the princely families, the army and the civil service had charge of the political and military security of the country, while the religious power watched over the people's morals which embraced the gamut of spiritual, religious, family practices and behaviour.

To discharge this duty to its full extent and to make itself respected, the religious power needed the assistance of the civil authority as its mainstay, and this is why the headquarters of the religious authority was permanently located at the seat of the political authority. And since Vagharshapat was the political center of Armenia at the time of conversion to Christianity, so the religious center was established at Etchmiadzin which was in the immediate vicinity of Vagharshapat, and continued there as long as the latter city was the capital of Armenia.

This condition lasted until the first quarter of the fifth century—428 A.D.—when Armenia's independence came to an end, thanks to the rivalries and the short-sightedness of the Armenian princes. On this date King Artashes of Armenia was forced to resign from his throne by the king of

Persia, upon the solicitation of the Armenian princes.

The fall of the king was followed by the period of the Satraps—the viceroys of Ctesiphon whom the Armenians called *Marzpons*, and simultaneously, the capital of Armenia was moved to the City of Dovin from Vagharshapat, which also became the seat of the Satraps, and by virtue of which the Seat of the Armenian Catholicos was likewise transferred to Dovin where it remained until 947 A.D.

This was a period of great political upheavals which affected the life of Armenia. During the Seventh century the Persian domination was replaced by the newly-rising Arab power which, having overthrown the Sassanid dynasty, had penetrated into Armenia and had subjugated her after a long, bloody struggle.

On the other hand, the stupid and short-sighted policy of the Byzantine emperors had its disastrous effect upon the Armenian nation.

Finally, thanks to the wise and skillful policy of the Bagratid princes, a new dynasty of that name was being established in the City of Ani, as a result of which the seat of the Armenian Catholicos was transferred to that city in 947.

After the fall of the Bagratid Dynasty, however, the Armenian people were without a political head and the country itself was divided into many small principalities, the spiritual authority always following in their wake. During this confusion, we find the Armenian Catholicosi constantly on the move. In 1072 we find them in Dzamndav, present day Thomarza, where they stayed until 1149. Later developments forced them to move to Romekla which is the present day Rumkale on the Euphrates, between Ourfa and Aintab.

The Patriarchal Seat remained in Romekla until that city was captured by the Egyptian Sultans. The city was razed to

the ground, and with it, of course, the Seat of the Catholicos which was a fortress in itself. The Armenian Catholicos was taken prisoner and his entire wealth, together with the sacred relics of the church, were confiscated.

After the Catholicos' return from Egypt it was impossible for him to stay in Romekla. Meanwhile, in Cilicia, for approximately 100 years a new dynasty was in process of establishment, headed by Prince Rouben. By 1199, the new principality had been converted into a kingdom, thanks to the wisdom of Levon Metzagortz—Levon of Great Deeds.

It was only natural, therefore, that the seat of the Catholicosate was likewise moved to the City of Sis, the capital of the Cilician Kingdom, in 1293, and remained there until 1441.

By 1441, however, the Cilician Kingdom had been overthrown, and once again the Armenians were a people without independence, subject to the oppression and the persecutions of the surrounding Islam principalities. The Lousinian Dynasty, the latter phase of the Cilician Kingdom, succumbed to the blows of the Mameluke Sultans in 1375, and thus, the Cilician Kingdom came to an end after a sustained existence of 300 years.

After the overthrow of the Cilician Kingdom a new thought started to preoccupy the mind of the Armenian people and especially its clergy. The seat of the Armenian church was started at Etchmiadzin, and after many shifts, following in the wake of the political authority, it had finally landed in the City of Sis. And now, ever since 1375, the church was again deprived of the protection of the civil authority and had become a plaything of surrounding Moslem principalities.

This and a number of similar considerations led the clergy of Eastern Armenia to a firm conviction that it was meaningless

to maintain longer a Catholicosate in Cilicia, and that the Holy See should be transferred to its original seat of Etchmiadzin.

Following considerations lay at the base of this new policy.

1—There was no longer any civil authority in Cilicia—a government with an army which could support the church and protect the freedom of worship—an armed force which could protect the civilian population against the assaults of the Moslem principalities. Retaining the seat of the Catholicosate at the City of Sis, under the circumstances, therefore, offered no specific advantage nor purpose. And while the political situation at Etchmiadzin was no better, still, the intensity of the persecution in Cilicia had deteriorated the situation to such extent that the control of the church had completely been taken over by the Mohammedan overlords.

To the east and the north-east stood the Sultanate of Konia which, aside from its religious fanaticism, had an additional motive of revenge for the humiliating defeats it had sustained at the hands of the Cilician kings. To the south-east posed the Sultanate of Aleppo, strongly supported by the Sultanate of Egypt.

Thus the overlords of the surrounding principalities, the Sultans or the Emirs, until the year 1441—a period of 70 years—were responsible for the death of six successive Armenian Catholicosi, by direct assassination or by poisoning, although allowance must be made for a strong suspicion as derived from the writings of the historians that, in all these intrigues and murders, the Armenian high ranking clergy, led by their insatiable ambition to become Catholicos, were active conspirators and collaborated with the Moslem overlords.

The political deterioration was a strong factor in agitating the idea of transferring

the seat of the Catholicosate in the minds of the Armenian clergy.

2—As an immediate remedy to the deteriorated political situation, and as the lesser of all evils, a new notion had sprouted in the minds of the Armenian clergy—the idea of merging with either the Roman or the Greek church. This notion was not spontaneous, nor the product of inner conviction, but was forced by external factors. Three distinct factors in this respect were in evidence at the time.

The first of these were the Crusades. When the holy city of Jerusalem was captured by the Moslem forces the Christendom of Europe became greatly disturbed. The waves of the universal agitation reached as far as the gates of Rome, and the Pope took the initiative in organizing an international army through the joint co-operation of the European states. In the Middle Ages so great was the Pope's authority that the kings of Europe were subject to his command. Thus, upon his demand, the kings of Europe furnished their contingents and the international army marched into Asia Minor and then on to Jerusalem to liberate the holy city.

This movement was called the Crusades, and its army, the army of the Crusaders. There were successive waves of these crusaders, and while in the initial stages they succeeded in liberating Jerusalem, later on they deviated from their initial mission and surrendered themselves to adventurism.

After the first capture of Jerusalem, Sultan Saladin recaptured the city. From then on the city remained under Islam domination until the downfall of the Ottoman Empire.

The Crusaders failed in their original mission—the permanent liberation of Jerusalem—but they settled in the East and established principalities of their own, such as, the Kingdom of Jerusalem—from

the time of its capture to the return of Saladin—and the principalities of Tripoli, Antioch and Edessa.

Having created these principalities, the Crusaders next extended their influence on religion. And since, on the road of their invasions, they were in constant contact with the Armenian clergy, the latter became infected with the new notion of the *universality* of the Christian church. They no longer saw any need of separate churches as long as they could merge with the Roman Catholic Church, and thus bring about the much desired one and indivisible church.

Political expectations was the second factor in considering the merger with the Roman church. Cilician kings often thought of appealing to the Pope for military aid, and in fact they did so. Realizing that only a religious motive could induce the Pope to extend such aid, the Armenians, all the way from the Cilician kings to certain elements of the clergy took a more tolerant and concessionary attitude towards the Pope's religious demands.

The Cilician kings thus inclined exerted their influence on the Catholicos, and actually there were some, Catholicos Grigor Anavarzatsi, for instance, who sent letters to the contemporary Pope proposing union with the Catholic church. But each time the Armenian people and the orthodox segment of the clergy categorically rejected any proposal or venture of this kind, went so far as to depose such Catholicos who negotiated with the Pope, and thwarted any attempt of union with either the Greek Orthodox or the Roman Catholic church.

The third factor was the transition of the Cilician kingdom to the Lousinian Dynasty in the 14th century. The Lousinians were not Armenian by descent; they were Europeans of the Latin faith, and therefore, well-disposed toward a merger with the Roman church, exerted their influence upon

the clergy, the Catholicos and the Armenian people in behalf of the merger. King Levon, the last of the Lousinian Dynasty, effected his consecration first in the Latin ritual and then the Armenian.

These three factors had brought about a distinct inclination on the part of the Cilician clergy toward a merger which was considered quite possible if certain concessions were made.

This situation was a cause of great concern to the clergy of Eastern Armenia which, by this time, considered the transfer of the seat of the Catholicos from Sis to Etchmiadzin imperative.

3—Another cause was the reigning chaos in the Cilician clergy. Ecclesiastical discipline and credal zeal no longer existed. The clergy no longer cared for the spiritual life of the people, the sanctity of the family, and the preservation of the church discipline. Bishops and priests could be ordained through simony which had become a veritable disease among the clergy. Ambition and the desire for glory was the most potent motive of the times. There is a story of the bishop who, on his way to another city met a man who was mounted on a beautiful horse. He stopped the man, made him dismount and kneel before him, and ordained him priest. For his reward, he took the man's horse and sent him away a full-fledged priest.

Another example of this spiritual anarchy is the case of Catholicos Chorik. Chorik in the Armenian language means skinny, and indeed, Catholicos Chorik was a veritable bag of bones; however, he was an extremely saintly man and made frequent visiting tours of his parishes accompanied by his retinue. Dressed in his ragged clothes, his feet shod in sandals, he would lead his retinue of bishops and Vardapets in their resplendent attire, their beards powdered with gold dust, themselves mounted on horses or donkeys. Once, as the caval-

cade approached its destination, the word went around that the Catholicos was coming and the people surged out of the city to meet their venerable Patriarch. When the crowd reached the calvacade it saw a man walking behind the mounted procession, and embarrassed, they asked who was the Catholicos and to whom must they offer their homage? The mounted dignitaries point to the ill-clad pedestrian, whereupon the crowd, furious over the indignity, rebukes his arrogant followers who, scarcely ashamed, dismount from their horses and follow their leader on foot.

This was the condition of the Cilician clergy, and the eastern clergy considered this anarchy sufficient reason why the seat of the Catholicos should be transferred to Etchmiadzin. To this end a vigorous protest was presented to the Catholicos of Cilicia, demanding the immediate transfer of the patriarchal seat. The desire for the transfer was shared by the entire eastern clergy, the Catholicosate of Aghtamar—an adventitious throne which had been established in the confusion of Arab occupation—and even a distinct segment of the Cilician clergy, all of whom viewed the reigning anarchy with horror and who were hopeful that an influence from the outside might restore the law and order.

In the acquiescence of Aghtamar in this project, the ambition of the reigning Catholicos Zechariah was a potent factor. By taking advantage of the proposed transfer, Zechariah was hopeful of succeeding to the throne of Etchmiadzin, an ambition which he later openly admitted.

The clergy of eastern Armenia derived its power from the four principal monasteries of Armenia which at the time were spiritual and cultural centers. These were: the monasteries of Haghbat, Artaz, Buchni and Tathev, the first three of which joined in the protest against the Cilician clergy.

As in all similar cases, here too, personal

ambition played a great role under the pretext of working for the common good. Three of the protesting bishops, Bishop Hovhannes of the Monastery of Hermon, Bishop Grigor Chalalbekian, and Bishop Thomas of Metzopetz who saw possibilities in the proposed transfer to become Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, campaigned vigorously, each in his own interest, for the proposed transfer.

As a result of the agitation, a national council was held in 1441 in Etchmiadzin, with the participation of 300 ecclesiastics—bishops, Vardapets, abbots—and an equal number of laymen from the nobility who, although not princes, nevertheless were scions of the nobility.

This assembly by unanimous assent decided to transfer the seat of the Catholicos to Etchmiadzin. But since a Catholicos of All Armenians already existed in Cilicia in the person of Catholicos Grigor Musabekiantz, the Council decided to invite him to Etchmiadzin, and from there to govern his flock. However, Musabekiantz refused to move to Etchmiadzin and remained at Sis. Musabekiantz' farsightedness in this refusal seems to have been vindicated in the light of present day developments.

Upon the refusal of Musabekiantz, the council decided to elect a new Catholicos for Etchmiadzin. The decision was easy enough; however, its execution was quite difficult, for the three ambitious bishops at once launched a campaign of rivalry, each trying to rally partisans for his candidacy. The ensuing contest failed to produce the expected results, none of the aspiring candidates having rallied a majority of the votes of the assembly.

Seeing that the election of any of the three aspirants would incur the bitter enmity of the disappointed two, and that the expected result from the transfer would be foredoomed, the assembly decided to reject all three and concentrate its vote on

a dark horse—a neutral person who would be absolutely independent. Such a person was found in Bishop Kirakos of Virap, a churchman who was secluded in the Plain of Ararat, a hermit and a holy man who had completely renounced the world. His surname of Virapetzi, meaning one who lives in a Virap, comes from the Armenian word Virap which means a dungeon in which he lived.

They sent a special delegation and brought over Bishop Kirakos from his cell, and unanimously elected him Catholicos. Etchmiadzin was endowed with a Catholicos now, and yet the Assembly said nothing about Cilicia, nor passed any decision. A decision in regard to Cilicia was a natural thing since it was the desire of the whole nation that Etchmiadzin would be the central seat of the Catholicos of All Armenians, and yet, Catholicos Musabekiantz persisted in staying in Sis, despite the wish of the nation and its explicit invitation. It would be natural to expect that the Assembly would force its decision upon Musabekiantz, and if he still persisted in his obduracy, excommunicate him, as had been done in the case of Aghtamar.

Thus, tacitly they accepted the existence of the Cilician Catholicosate as a special throne, much the same as Aghtamar had functioned for centuries.

Simultaneously, it seemed there was another tacit understanding. It was thought at Etchmiadzin that, after all, Musabekiantz is not immortal, and considering his age, he couldn't live more than 20 years at the most. With his death, it was hoped, his Catholicosate would come to an end.

This latter thought was also entertained in Cilicia. Although Catholicos Musabekiantz did not go to Etchmiadzin, he nevertheless raised no protest against what had taken place there. After all, it was a serious thing that a new Catholicos of All

Armenians should be created at Etchmiadzin while the Cilician institution still maintained its existence. Essentially, this was a violation of rights, if not a direct encroachment, and Musabekiantz had every right to protest, or take a direct stand against Etchmiadzin. The judicial lord of the Catholicosate of All Armenians was he himself. And although his seat was not at Etchmiadzin, nevertheless this was a contingency of political and historical events of the past. In the past, the Catholicosate had sustained many changes of location, from Etchmiadzin to Dovin, from Dovin to Ani, and from there to Dzamndav and Romekla, and finally to Sis in Cilicia, sharing the vicissitudes of the political authority. It followed that the See of Sis was the natural and legitimate continuation of Etchmiadzin. If Musabekiantz had wanted it, he could have refused to recognize the validity of the fiat at Etchmiadzin and could have continued to exercise his authority as Catholicos of All Armenians. Yet, Musabekiantz did no such thing and became reconciled with the fiat, thinking that, with his death, the clergy would not elect a successor and the Catholicosate would come to its end.

The Cilician clergy, likewise, shared this mind. The consensus of opinion was, after all, Musabekiantz was a consecrated Catholicos and he could not very well be dethroned from one day to another. It was not an unusual thing that, at various periods, more than one Catholicos held authority in different regions of Armenia. Proof of this was the Catholicosate of Aghtamar. It was both logical and proper that Musabekiantz should continue as Catholicos until his death after which the question would resolve itself with the dissolution of his institution.

Consequently, all the interested parties tacitly were agreed on the same solution—to wait to the passing of Musabekiantz.

Had affairs at Etchmiadzin taken a logical and normal course, no doubt there would no longer have been any need of a Cilician Catholicosate after the death of Musabekiantz. However, events in Etchmiadzin took an entirely different course.

Catholicos Kirakos of Virap was a native of Vaspourakan (province of Van), and although he had spent long years in seclusion in the Plain of Ararat, for those who were looking for a fight, however, he was still a native of Van. The historian says that, after he became Catholicos, all the important posts at Etchmiadzin were filled by bishops and Vardapets from Vaspourakan.

The first to rebel against this discrimination was the Monastery of Tathev which at the time was one of the principal Armenian religious and clutural centers and the opinion of whose bishops and Vardapets carried great weight. Moreover, this monastery had taken no part in the struggle for the removal of the Holy See to Etchmiadzin, a circumstance which materially enhanced the weight of its attitude.

Consequently, when the congregation of Tathev saw the domination of Etchmiadzin by the natives of Vaspourakan they raised their voice in protest. The protest was supported by the three bishops who had their personal designs on Etchmiadzin while Virapetzi (Kirakos) was not yet elected Catholicos who intensified the struggle to such extent that the air at Etchmiadzin was insufferable for Virapetzi.

After his election, in keeping with his saintly life, Virapetzi sent pastoral letters everywhere exhorting love and unity. He also sent an encyclical letter to the Catholicos of Cilicia, *acknowledging* his right to his throne, and *recognizing* him ecclesiastically as his second. However, unable to stand longer the insufferable air around him, he voluntarily resigned and left his throne vacant.

Upon his abdication, the formerly feud-

ing three bishops resumed their contest for the throne. The struggle finally was resolved by the election of Bishop Grigor Djalalbekian, one of the three, as Catholicos of Etchmiadzin. The remaining two bishops, as well as Catholicos Zachariah of Aghtamar, who had ambitions of his own, were dissatisfied with the election. However, before his election, Djalalbekian was shrewd enough to restrict the fight to a single front and did not create a second front. That is, he did not involve himself in a fight with Cilicia but acknowledged its right to existence, maintained cordial relations with it which was a practical admission of its judicial existence.

This was the situation when Catholicos Musabekiantz passed away in Sis. However, his death did not bring about the dissolution of the Cilician Throne as was expected. The Cilician clergy deemed it imperative and useful to elect a successor and to insure the continuity of the Cilician See.

To be vested with authority, the Catholicosate needed the support of the political power, something which was lacking both at Cilicia and Etchmiadzin. On the contrary, both thrones were subject to alien enemy powers. In this respect the plight of the two thrones was identical. Cilicia was surrounded by the Seljuk principality of Konia and the Sultanate of Aleppo, itself dominated by Egypt; Armenia and Etchmiadzin in the East were dominated by Persia, however, instead of being governed directly from the center, they were ruled by the whim of Khans who were appointed by the king. Etchmiadzin was subject to the Khannate of Erivan and this Khan joyfully agreed to the convocation of a National Assembly in Etchmiadzin to elect a Catholicos because, he figured, the presence of the Armenian Supreme Spiritual Head would offer him opportunities for exploitation and a larger income.

There was a time when, profiting from

the confusion at Etchmiadzin, Catholicos Zachariah of Aghtamar suddenly seized the throne and proclaimed himself Catholicos of All Armenians. Catholicos Djalalbekian and his followers appealed to the intervention of the Khan of Erivan who made life so miserable for Zachariah that he ran away from Erivan by night and returned to Aghtamar, leaving the throne to Djalalbekian. The presumption is that the Khan was heavily bribed by the incumbents of Etchmiadzin.

There was no essential difference, therefore, between the two Sees, from the standpoint of political and Mohammedan oppression. Furthermore, the Cilicians clearly saw that the situation at Etchmiadzin was most distressing. The two frustrated bishops on the one hand, and the Monastery of Tathev on the other hand, had created such a warring atmosphere, and the internal anarchy was so universal that Etchmiadzin presented a sorry picture. There was even fear that the Khan might intervene and suddenly abolish the Catholicosate. In such a contingency, it was feared that the Armenian church would be without a head.

The Cilicians were very unhappy watching these sad developments at Etchmiadzin, as a result of which Catholicos Djalalbekian was finally forced to accept one of the rival bishops as co-occupant of the throne, and later, a second co-occupant in order to thwart a brewing rebellion.

Seeing all this, the Cilician clergy could no longer thrust the leadership of Etchmiadzin, and concerned for the future of the Armenian church, decided to elect a successor of Musabekiantz to preserve the continuity of the Cilician See. An election was held and Bishop Karapet of Eudocia was chosen successor. In this manner, driven from causes which emanated from Etchmiadzin, the See of Cilicia was continued despite the general expectations.

Later, when the two Sees fell out, the

Cilician bishops and their Catholicosi pertinently pointed out that the natural and legitimate successor of the Illuminator was the See of Cilicia, and not Etchmiadzin. As long as the Illuminator's legitimate successor stood, they contended, the election at Etchmiadzin was illegal.

This, of course, is one of the weapons used in self-defense by the two Sees. The fact is, if the Cilicians did not want to abolish their See, the real reason was the anarchy at Etchmiadzin.

With the election of Catholicos Karapet of Eudocia, the See of Cilicia retained the unbroken chain and through successive elections has come down to our day.

This state of affairs continued for approximately 200 years, until 1633. It cannot be contended that during this period the twin thrones were without controversies. But these controversies were restricted to the usual routine. There is no record of any controversy affecting respective jurisdictions until 1633.

In 1633 we find two men at the helm of the two Sees: Catholicos Simeon at Cilicia, and Catholicos Philippos at Etchmiadzin. To the great misfortune of themselves and the Armenian people, these two high-strung and reckless men clashed with each other. Catholicos Philippos, younger of the two and therefore more temperamental and ambitious, assuming the airs of Catholicos of All Armenians, wrote an encyclical letter to Catholicos Simeon. This letter has been lost but the answer of Catholicos Simeon has come down to us, a comprehensive reply of 15-20 large-sized pages, which gives us an idea of what all Catholicos Philippos had said, a letter which would be unworthy of even the most common layman.

Philippos' letter raises questions of jurisdiction, swindlings, simony, apostolic delegations, etc., all of which is given a devastating answer by Catholicos Simeon. This

controversy lasted for years until Simeon, who was the older, died and his successor, Nerses Sebastatzi, was elected Catholicos in 1647.

Catholicos Nerses, who apparently was a man of even temper, more statesmanlike and more experienced, tried to find a way of resolving the quarrel. After a series of negotiations it was decided to hold a conference in Jerusalem. This conference took place in 1652, during Easter, in Jerusalem. The two Catholicosi met at Aleppo and together departed for Jerusalem, along with their followers. Catholicos Philippos was accompanied by 14 Vardapets among whom were a number of diocesan prelates; Catholicos Nerses was accompanied by nine bishops, three Vardapets, one monastic and one layman. The conference was occupied with questions of church discipline, jurisdiction and border disputes, and issued a series of resolutions consisting of thirteen articles which Tavrizhetzi has transmitted to us.

The writ of agreement between the two Sees consisting of 13 articles as handed down by Tavrizhetzi clearly proves that there were no differences of opinion in regard to their respective jurisdictions. Had there been any such differences, the matter would have been discussed and fought out on the floor, and the controversy would have been reflected in the final contract. On the contrary, the contract clearly shows that each side respected the existence, the authority and the jurisdiction of the other. Its preamble starts with an affirmation of "the love and unity" which exists between the two Sees of Cilicia and Etchmiadzin, adjustments of jurisdictional frontiers are made by mutual agreement, and rights of ordination and spheres of influence are clearly defined. A close examination of the contractual agreement clearly shows, however, the extent of the spiritual anarchy which prevailed in the church, beginning with the high ranking bishops down to the

lowly priests, to such extent that the conference threatens to unfrock such clergymen who disobey the rules of the church.

This means Etchmiadzin accepted the right to existence and the legitimacy of the Cilician See, a circumstance which leads us to presume that then, too, the two Catholicosi and their accompanying bishops and the Vardapets perhaps had the same worry in regard to the security of the Armenian church which was entertained by the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Armenian National Council in 1870's. Both Sees were under Mohammedan domination and the fate of both was uncertain as far as the future was concerned. The existence of either one was likely to be jeopardised at any time. Although we lack any historical proof, but judging from developments of today, we can easily infer that these men exercised great wisdom in preserving the existence of the two Sees side by side, for, they could not foresee which of the two, under Mohammedan oppression and fanaticism, might come to its end. Should such a misfortune befall one of the Sees, the other still could preserve the continuity of the Armenian church.

Whatever the true motive, the fact is, the struggle between the two thrones came to a definite end, the controversy was resolved, the two sides became reconciled with each other on the principles of love and unity, and both thrones retained their existence without denying each other's jurisdiction or authority.

Thereafter, even if they had minor controversial questions, these did not impair the cordial relationship between the two thrones until 1865, a period of more than 200 years. This means, every 200 years a crisis has come to disturb the relationships of the two Sees.

In 1865 Catholicos Kirakos II Achabahian of the Cilician See passed away. Catholicos Achabahian was an esteemed, highly respected, renowned personality, noted for

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his great works, whose memory is still cherished by the Armenians. His death marked the beginning of a new series of intrigues around the vacant throne which lasted 5-6 years. A Bishop named Nicolos set into motion his plots, won over his partisans, and through the collaboration of three bishops secretly was consecrated Catholicos. However, the nation did not accept either his ordination or consecration, and the Patriarchate of Constantinople did not recognize his illegal act. Finally, at the behest of the Patriarchate, the government intervened, and Catholicos Nicolos was forced to abdicate and retire to the Monastery of Armash near Nicomedia (Ismid) where he remained until his death.

This situation lasted until 1871 when Bishop Muguerdich Keysizian of Marash was elected Catholicos.

By this time, however, a constitutional movement had been started in the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the greater part of the interior provinces. A new set of law and order was established and everything was done according to the constitution. The natural tendency of the Patriarch and the nation, under this setting, was to bring the Catholicosate of Cilicia under the same law and order as prescribed by the national constitution.

Before attempting the reform of the Catholicosate, however, a controversy was waged on whether or not the Cilician See should be continued. The old times were gone, the stage before the ambitious clergy was closed, and the nation had taken charge of its affairs. The Patriarch and the National Assembly elected by the vote of the people found it meaningless that the nation should have two Catholicosi at the same time. This mentality was so strong with the Patriarch and the National Assembly that there was a time when they thought of abolishing the Cilician See as a superfluous institution. But there were those who thought the exact opposite, and quite

wisely, for the spectre of a great peril hovered over Etchmiadzin at the time.

As in ancient times, during the Byzantine period, there had been a danger of merging the Armenian church with the Greek Orthodox Church, and much later, during the Cilician kingdom, chiefly from political considerations, there had been thought of merging with the Roman Catholic Church, so in 1870's there was a danger of merging with the Russian Church. As early as 1828 when Russian armies occupied Erivan and Etchmiadzin, some 8-10 years later the Russian Government drafted an administrative code for Etchmiadzin called *Polozhenie*, materially restricting the jurisdiction of the Catholicos. Besides, it was felt that the Russian government was following a special policy toward the Armenian people as a limited minority group which later on found expression during the reigns of Makar and Khirmian Catholicosi, with the closing of Armenian churches and schools and the seizure of the estates of the church. Sensing all this, and foreseeing the future, Armenian national leaders in Constantinople deemed it advisable to re-establish the Catholicosate of Cilicia and proceeded with the election of a new Catholicos. This whole concern was condensed in Odian's celebrated formula: "For the sake of the Cilician Etchmiadzin."

This was done because, for a people which is deprived of political authority, the important thing is its spiritual head, and that head, no matter in what territory his seat is, is bound to exert his influence upon the people of his government even if a part of that people lives outside and is subject to other states.

And since Etchmiadzin was in Russian territory and Russia was in permanent hostility with Turkey, it was advantageous, if not necessary to Russia that the center of the Armenian people be located in her territory and their spiritual head be subject to her direct authority. This being the

case, the millions of Armenians in Turkey would, perforce, follow the policy of their spiritual head which would be tantamount to serving the imperialistic aims and policies of Russia.

In view of all these considerations, the leadership in Constantinople deemed it wise to perpetuate the See of Cilicia, and, according to orders from Constantinople, the national assembly convened in Cilicia and in 1871 elected Bishop Muguerdich Keyfsizian Catholicos of Cilicia.

After this election, the question of political influence was once again revived in Turkey. The new Catholicos, restless by temperament, exceedingly ambitious and greedy for money and power, not only refused to recognize Etchmiadzin's sovereignty—a question which had been inadvertently agitated by Catholicos Gevorg IV of Etchmiadzin—but questioned even the authority of the Constantinople Patriarchate to exercise its right in political affairs as defined by the Ottoman Constitution.

The Catholicosate of Cilicia within the Ottoman domain was the spiritual center of a limited circle, without any political prerogatives. The word "political" is used here, not in the sense of a governmental prerogative, but insofar as it pertains to the disposition of secular affairs outside of the church jurisdiction, much the same as, today, the Armenians call their national administration "The National Political Council." The Turkish Constitution calls it *Medjlisi Djismani* (Secular Council), in contradistinction of *Medjlisi Ruhani* (Religious Council).

In this sense, the political, or secular right belonged to the Patriarch of Constantinople, exercised over the Armenians of Turkey. However, Catholicos Keyfsizian even dared to deny the Patriarch's right, and when he went to Constantinople to present to the *Sultan* the assurance of his loyalty, as was the custom—an intriguer and a cunning man—he contrived to obtain

an impartial edict according to which he would have exclusive right to exercise both religious and political (secular) authority in Cilicia, independently of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

What was the meaning of this edict of the Ottoman Government? The Turkish government, of course, knew that the right belonged to the Patriarch, as prescribed by itself. It also knew that, with this erratic edict, it intended to create a new political situation. The Turkish government was creating an Armenian religious center within its domain which would be subject to its authority. If this scheme went unnoticed and was successful, the next step, undoubtedly, would be to extend the authority of the Cilician See over the Armenians of entire Turkey, to convert Cilicia into a Turkish Armenian Catholicosate, and thus, neutralize the influence of Etchmiadzin which, in the Turkish view, was a channel of Russian political influence. However, the valiant Patriarch of the day, Nerses Varjapetian, opposed the plan and lodged a vigorous protest against this violation of the Patriarchate's jurisdiction, and to make his protest count, tendered his resignation to the *Sultan*. The *Sultan* was forced to yield and rescinded his former edict in favor of Catholicos Keyfsizian.

In reality this was a contest between Turkish and Russian influences which failed, and Catholicos Keyfsizian departed for Cilicia vested with only his religious authority within his domain.

By an evil fate, both Catholicos, Keyfsizian and Gevorg IV, both temperamental and highly strung, and exceedingly jealous of their prerogatives to the point of being ambitious, revived their quarrel and opened a new period of misunderstandings.

Gevorg IV is one of our most worshipful patriarchs. One of his works alone, the founding of the *Gevorgian Jemaran*, is enough that his memory should be invoked with reverence and blissful gratitude. For,

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beginning with his day to the present, practically all the outstanding leaders of the Armenian people—intellectuals, clergymen, educators and public servants—are the graduates of this institution.

An accomplished and highly qualified intellectual, an impeccable churchman, endowed with administrative experience, a prelate of long years, a former Patriarch of Constantinople, and from there having ascended the throne of Etchmiadzin, Gevorg IV was one of the most illustrious Catholicosi.

However, as events proved, his temperament was incompatible with that of Catholicos Keyfiszian and the controversy between the two took such a sharp turn that Gevorg IV, by virtue of his pontifical authority, and ignoring the mutual understanding of past years, and especially spurning the wise formula of Odian "For the sake of the Cilician Etchmiadzin", even if he did not go so far as to issue an anathema, nevertheless proclaimed the Cilician See a secessionist and a heretic, rejected the legitimacy of the bishops ordained by the Cilician See, and went so far as to incorporate a provision in the Armenian Mashtots (Prayer Book) forbidding Cilician ordained bishops to officiate within the jurisdiction of Etchmiadzin unless they first knelt down at the altar of the Holy Cathedral, renewed their allegiance to Etchmiadzin, and repented of their error.

This state of affairs continued until the death of Catholicos Gevorg IV. His successor, Catholicos Makar of Teghout, had a short life, but even this short period was perilous, for, it was during his reign that the Russian government for the first time closed up the Armenian schools of the Caucasus.

After his death, in the 1890's, Muguerdich Khrimian, affectionately called by the Armenians as "Hairik" (Little Father), was elected Catholicos. Three years later Catholicos Keyfiszian of Cilicia passed away and

the conflict between the two Sees automatically came to an end until 1920 when Bishop Sahak Khapaian was elected Catholicos of Cilicia and the relations of the two Sees entered its normal course.

The two Catholicosi were old friends. Khrimian had been exiled to Jerusalem by Sultan Hamid where he spent a number of years at the monastery of St. James at a time when Bishop Sahak was Director of the Institution, which meant he had been Deputy Patriarch. This association at the monastery had cemented the friendship of the two men.

Thanks to this personal friendship and the zeal of the two men for the safety of the Armenian church which superceded all personal ambition, a new period of fraternal love between the two Sees was begun, so much so, Khrimian sent a special representative of his to attend the ceremony of Catholicos Sahak's consecration. This wise gesture on the part of Catholicos Khrimian was the first step which paved the way for future cordial relations between the two Sees and which was a positive indication of Etchmiadzin's official recognition of the Cilician See.

A second proof of Catholicos Khrimian's wise policy was to follow. When after his election, Catholicos Sahak was preparing to go to Constantinople to present to the *Sultan* his compliments and the assurance of his loyalty, Khrimian issued an encyclical letter in which he authorized Catholicos Sahak, in the name of Etchmiadzin, to ordain as bishops all those Vardapets who had won their episcopal certificates pending their ordination at Etchmiadzin. This was not only a recognition of Cilicia's religious jurisdiction, but was an identification of the two Sees as regards their ecclesiastical authority.

Furthermore, in the ensuing years, in all of his letters Catholicos Khrimian addressed the Catholicos of Cilicia as "his brother," "his co-equal," and similar cordial superla-

tives. He further removed all the causes of the feud between the two Sees by removing from the Armenian Mashtotz (prayer book) the discriminatory passage inserted by Catholicos Gevorg IV, and sent copies of the revised Mashtotz to Catholicos Sahak.

This spirit of mutual love, mutual recognition and mutual respect officially prevails to this day. The new article of the church constitution drafted at Antelias in connection with the election of the Catholicos of Cilicia in 1941 which provides for mutual participation in the elections of the Catholicos of either See with two delegates respectively is irrefutable proof of this cordial relationship.

Catholicos Khrimian was succeeded by Catholicos Gevorg V Sureniantz who continued the policy of Khrimian with the exception of one matter which pertained to the case of Bishop Mushegh Seropian as Prelate of America. All the same, until the death of Gevorg V., friendly relations were maintained between the two Sees. As an additional indication of this spirit, when Catholicos Gevorg V completed his draft for church reforms, he submitted the draft to the prelates of the Cilician See for their study and suggestions.

With the passing of Gevorg V the throne of Etchmiadzin was left vacant while Catholicos Sahak continued his pastorate of the Cilician See. The Soviet government, in examining the situation, was confronted with the question: Shall we give Etchmiadzin a new Catholicos or not? Thinking as a Bolshevik, we know that the answer was no. When the Soviets took over the power in 1917 they liquidated hundreds of thousands of clergymen within the Soviet Union. When they took over the power in Armenia in 1921 they did the same thing in Armenia. They liquidated thousands of clergymen, seized the churches and converted them into theaters, warehouses and stables, and reduced Etchmiadzin to an obscure monastery.

A government which, according to the party creed, considers religion as an opiate, which destroyed the churches and liquidated the clergy, naturally would not think of reviving a religious institution such as Etchmiadzin by permitting the election of a new Catholicos. As a result of this policy, the throne of the Illuminator was left vacant for 6-7 years.

As to the Cilician See, the Bolsheviks thought Catholicos Sahak, who already was in the twilight of his life, would soon die and his throne would be vacant. They thought it would be impossible to hold a new election.

This assumption was supported by the fact that the Cilician See was hopelessly divided between the Dashnak and anti-Dashnak factions, a rift which steadily was widening. The division was further aggravated by the Red intrigues and interventionist tactics. Thus, they thought, the election of a new Catholicos would be impossible.

However, these calculations went awry. Catholicos Sahak, seriously concerned with the future of the church, and foreseeing the disastrous consequences to the church after his death, had the wisdom of appointing a co-occupant to the throne while he was still alive. But before the appointment, he submitted the project to the high ranking clergy and the national leaders of the Dispersion.

All were unanimous that a co-occupant should be elected, and they offered as their candidate the name of Bishop Babgen Guleserian. After obtaining the approval of the people, both in point of the principle and the candidate, in 1931 Catholicos Sahak invited a national assembly of the four dioceses of the Cilician See. The Assembly unanimously elected Bishop Guleserian as co-occupant of the Cilician See.

Up until this election the Soviet government of Erivan which had given no thought about the vacant throne of Etchmiadzin

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suddenly came to life. If Catholicos Sahak's days were numbered, his co-occupant of the throne Catholicos Babgen, on the other hand, was only 60 and might quite reasonably survive some 20-30 years longer. By that time the buffeted Armenian people could recover itself and discover a way of perpetuating the Cilician See.

Such a state of affairs, however, is not acceptable to the Bolshevik rulers, for, they have known, and they now know that, despite their unparalleled persecution of religion and their atheistic propaganda, the Armenians are basically a devout people, passionately devoted to their Spiritual Head, and wherever that Head may be they will cling to him.

The Bolsheviks thus reasoned that, if Etchmiadzin was without a Catholicos, the Armenians of abroad would rally around the Catholicos of Cilicia and this would be a mortal blow to their prestige. To prevent such a calamity and to insure the loyalty of the Armenian community of the free world to Etchmiadzin, after a vacancy of 6-7 years, they suddenly decided to go through with the election and in 1933 Archbishop Khoren Mouradbekian was elected Catholicos of Etchmiadzin.

However, as in the case of Catholicos Sahak, the calculations of the Bolsheviks miscarried, and as the popular Armenian adage goes, Saturday arrived before Friday. Catholicos Babgen, who had been called in to insure the continuity of the Catholicosate after the death of Sahak, was overtaken by a mortal illness and suddenly died in 1936, thus again jeopardizing the status of the Cilician See with its 87 year old Catholicos Sahak.

Immediately after the passing of Catholicos Babgen, the Bolsheviks of Armenia, who in 1937 had ruthlessly exterminated the flower of the Armenian intellectuals, also assassinated Catholicos Khoren and cast his lifeless body in the front yard of the Monastery. They had created such an air

of terror around Etchmiadzin that no one of the Monastic Order or of the people dared to pick up the body and give it a decent burial. For days the corpse remained in the yard and decayed.

Through their intrigues and obstructionist tactics the Bolsheviks intensified the partisan fight among the Armenians of abroad, particularly in Syria and Lebanon which are subject to the Cilician See, to the point of riotings and bloodshed. By such tactics the Bolsheviks hoped to thwart the election of the Catholicos, and consequently, did not press the case of Etchmiadzin. It was in pursuance of this policy that, immediately upon the death of Catholicos Babgen, they assassinated Catholicos Khoren. Their aim was to leave both Sees without heads. They did not even think of electing a *Locum Tenens* in Etchmiadzin.

Then came the death of Catholicos Sahak and the first question on the agenda became the election of his successor. However, the Bolsheviks once again failed in their aims and in 1940 Petros Sarajian was elected Catholicos of Cilicia. Having officiated scarcely a few months, however, Catholicos Sarajian unexpectedly died and once again the stage was set for the Bolsheviks.

In the ensuing efforts to elect a successor, finally a sort of constituent assembly was convened to draft a supplement to the Cilician church constitution which was not contemplated in the National Constitution. This supplementary code was designed to settle among other thing the specific conditions of electing the Cilician Catholicos, and in a special article provision was made for both Cilicia and Etchmiadzin to participate in their respective elections through two respective representatives.

Upon this decision, the Constituent Assembly reconvened to proceed with the election, and in this connection an invitation was sent to Etchmiadzin to participate

in the forthcoming election with two delegates.

Etchmiadzin (i.e., the Bolshevik government) promptly utilized this opportunity and hastened two delegates to Antelias: Bishop Arsen Kilidjian and layman Arakelian.

The candidate of the overwhelming majority of the electoral college was Archbishop Garegin Kachatourian. The two delegates of Etchmiadzin opposed this candidacy, and defying the will of the overwhelming majority, walked out. This sabotage would have been futile were it not for the shortsightedness and the simple-mindedness of the Monastic Order of Antelias who followed the two delegates and walked out of the assembly, headed by Archbishop Yeghishe Karoyan. Upon their withdrawal the assembly questioned the wisdom of going through with the election and went home.

There were those who ascribed the obstructionism of the two Etchmiadzin delegates to the personal vengeance of Chekist Archbishop Kilidjian against Archbishop Kachatourian. Kachatourian had been appointed a special investigator in a controversy centering on Kilidjian when the latter was Prelate of Bagdad. Kachatourian had found Kilidjian guilty and had sentenced him to confinement in the Monastery of Jerusalem. Kilidjian was now being revenged on his persecutor!

It is quite possible that this revenge was a factor in Kilidjian's conduct. However, if Kilidjian had come to elect a Catholicos, and not to thwart his election, he would not have dared to have taken such a negative course, contrary to his instructions. The secret must be sought in the instructions of the two delegates which could have been nothing else but to frustrate the election.

Thus, for the time being, the Cilician election was defeated, but the Bolsheviks became aware that the Cilician diocesan authorities were determined to go through

with the election and, as a counter measure, they were forced to elect Archbishop Gevorg Choerekjian *Locum Tenens* of Etchmiadzin.

This state of affairs continued for two years, and finally, in 1943, the Cilician Monastic Order having come to their senses, and general agreement prevailing on the person of the candidate, Archbishop Garegin Hovsepian was elected Catholicos.

Immediately upon this election, the Bolsheviks at Etchmiadzin called a national assembly to elect their Catholicos. Cilicia took part in this assembly with five delegates. For reasons known to the Bolsheviks alone, however, no election was held and the assembly contented itself with declaring the *Locum Tenens* as the nationally chosen Catholicos of All Armenians.

What is the explanation for this peculiar behaviour? The Catholicos of the Cilician See was elected but the man was not on the spot. Archbishop Garegin was in the United States. He was a man who had spent 15 years in the Soviet hell and was familiar with the general situation in the Soviet Union. He knew what had happened to the Armenian church and the clergy, and therefore, he was not a desirable personality. After his departure from Armenia he had refused to return there, contrary to his instructions from Etchmiadzin. He had not even transmitted those sums of money which he had raised in the United States for the renovation of the Etchmiadzin Cathedral.

And since, during the state of war, the Catholicos-elect could go to Lebanon only through the permission and the accommodation of the U.S. government, the Bolshevik government, thanks to the popularity as a wartime ally she enjoyed in those days, tried to stop his passage to Lebanon. And the Soviet government succeeded in its design. The U. S. Government delayed the de-

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parture of Archbishop Garegin for two years.

There is nothing surprising in this, because, in those days, until the end of the war in 1945, the western powers, England and the United States, made all sort of concessions to Soviet Russia in the interest of policy. In the light of these concessions, the granting of a simple request of the Soviet Ambassador to delay the transfer of a clergyman was a trivial matter.

It was not until 1945 that Catholicos Garegin arrived at Lebanon. The interim of the two years was utilized by the Bolsheviks to negotiate with the Catholicos-elect, exacting from him definite promises and assurances favoring *their* policies; and *only afterwards* was he permitted to depart from America.

Later events fully confirmed this assumption. Immediately upon his arrival at Antelias in 1945, Catholicos Garegin hastened to Etchmiadzin to preside over the election of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin. No doubt, this was the result of his agreement with the Soviet representatives in America. How else to explain that a man who for years had spurned the instructions of Etchmiadzin to come home, the man who had refused to transmit the sums he had raised in America for the Cathedral of Etchmiadzin, would now dare to set foot on the soil of Armenia?

Thus, once there was an incumbent to the throne of Cilicia, the Bolsheviks could not very well leave the throne of Etchmiadzin vacant, and in the very same year, 1945, they elected the *Locum Tenens* Archbishop Gevorg Cheorekjian Catholicos of All Armenians.

It is plain that the Soviet policy toward Etchmiadzin is governed by the shape of the Cilician See. When the latter is in a crisis, or in danger of disintegration, there is no Etchmiadzin; but the minute it shows signs of a revival, so moves Etchmiadzin, elects a *Locum Tenens*, elects a Catholicos,

and so it goes. And all this is the result of political calculation and expectations.

The latest manifestation of this policy is seen in the interregnum between 1952 and the present. Catholicos Garegin died in June of 1952 and since then the Cilician See was directed by the *Locum Tenens* Archbishop Khat Achapahian. Catholicos Cheorekjian died on May 9, 1954 and his throne was left vacant until 1956. Repeated efforts were made to elect a successor to the Cilician throne but for three and a half years the pro-Soviet bloc, inspired by the Soviet government, frustrated it through obstructionist tactics. Meanwhile, true to Soviet form, as long as Cilicia was in a crisis, no effort was made to elect a successor at Etchmiadzin. When it became apparent that the Cilician community was determined to go through with the election, regardless of Communist opposition, the Soviet made its move on September 30, 1955, Bishop Vazgen Baljian, an unknown clergyman who was the chosen candidate of the Soviet, was hastily elected Catholicos of Etchmiadzin.

This move was made in order to use the authority of the new Catholicos to influence the pending Cilician election, insuring the candidacy of a man who would be acceptable to the Soviet. The Cilician community had set its final date for the election February 14, 1956, and Catholicos Vazgen, contrary to all precedent, flew to Beirut to attend the elections. He did his best to prevent the election of the majority candidate, Bishop Zareh Payaslian, and to force a candidate who would be *persona grata* to the Soviet. Failing in this, he tried to postpone the election.

Matters came to a head on February 29th, when the electoral consistory elected Bishop Zareh Catholicos of Cilicia with 32 votes of 36 cast, a clear and conclusive majority. Thereupon, Catholicos Vazgen walked out of the assembly and departed for Cairo, Egypt. Here, he held a conference of his

bishops and issued a series of ultimatums addressed to Catholicos Zareh which, if accepted, would have reduced the See of Cilicia to a parish of Etchmiadzin. Catho-

licos Zareh categorically rejected Catholicos Vazgen's demands as clearly beyond his jurisdiction, and there the matter stands at this writing.

POEM

*I was held by a stranger.
Suddenly I saw you, small, because you were so far
The perfect circle of the night,
Moon and your smile were there.
Your coat was new and you were young.
I started to run to you, so fast, so fast —
Tho' something bound me to whence I came.
Quick view of lake and trees I saw.
There were pine nettles on the ground.
Strange shadow patterns of black;
Strange beautiful and curious to me.
They beckoned and I wanted to stop,
But you would be there only a cloud-changing moment more.
I had to run so fast, so fast.
And when I reached you,
There was the quiet and the smile of you.
And there was the perfect moon
With its web of rays around you —
Clear with the clear of heaven.
Your hands, so known to me.
Your smile.
Amidst that vague substance of your smile
Which only the moon rays equalled,
I heard—'come home and stay awhile'.
And suddenly I was saved, Mother.*

CHARLOTTE MARKARIAN

FREE COMMUNICATION UNDER INTERNATIONAL LAW

IV

GEORGE P. RICE, Jr., LL.B., Ph.D.

"...to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small. . ."

—CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS, I.

I

The increased insistence upon protection of human rights for all men has its origins in the belief that such guarantees are essential to the preservation of world peace. At no other single place discovered by the writer has the problems of human rights been more carefully and authoritatively considered than in the autumn 1949 number of *LAW AND CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS*. It is in order, therefore, to consider the appropriate general views and suggestions of writers in this journal as well as their particular remarks on freedom of talk and thought.

*The Covenant on Human Rights.*¹ The Covenant on Human Rights under the United Nations Charter is an integral part of primary unit called the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Taken together, they present the standard of achievement set for all peoples, together with a statement of moral and legal obligations upon the government and nationals of the countries which accept them. The designers of

the Covenant intended it to be acceptable as part of the law of nations and hence had as a primary aim presentation of substantial rights in legal form. As is common with municipal constitutional law, the basic problem was the distinction between the assertion of individual rights as against the inherent power of the sovereign to assert the common welfare. Of special concern for this paper was the effort of the drafting committee to secure to the individual the right to enter and leave his country under international guarantees. Closely associated with the English Bill of Rights of 1628 and the American Bill of Rights of Revolutionary vintage are the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth Articles, (cited in III of this series). Here the committee found great difficulty in setting expedient limits to legal boundaries of the relations between individuals and their governments. "Freedom of thought, conscience, and religion was construed to include freedom to worship in public regardless of non-conformity to the official forms of public worship in countries with

¹ A. N. Holcombe, "The Covenant on Human Rights," *LAW AND CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS*, XIV. 413-437, 1949.

² Holcombe, *op. cit.*, p. 416.

established churches and regardless also of public opinion in countries where a peculiar creed is particularly unpopular."² The standards of limitation for these activities were declared to be those which are "pursuant to law and are reasonable and necessary to protect public safety, order, health, or morals, or the fundamental rights and freedoms of others."

It is clearly evident here that a definition in terms of specific application is necessary for the expressions used before they can be implemented by statutes or other legal procedures. The problem of definition, therefore, is one preeminently before the revisionists.

Professor Holcombe finds similar problems of definition and implementation of rights centered upon the concepts of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, and with the right to join associations.³ Any advance in the international concept of these rights can, of course, be made only when accompanied by equivalent limitations upon municipal law. So complex were the committee's problems here that consideration of them was postponed until a succeeding session.

Coming to the fore in deliberations on these Articles was the important question of precedence as between substantive and procedural aspects of rights, and the committee appears to have decided to give pride of place to procedural, in determining the content of the Covenant.⁴

The details of efforts to resolve procedural problems in the Draft Covenant serve to emphasize the irrepressible conflict between Soviet and non-Soviet attitudes. Article VII of the Declaration asserted the general equality of men before the law. Article VIII declared the right of everyone

to his remedy before suitable national tribunals for violation of constitutional or legal rights. Article IX upheld the guarantee against wrongful arrest, incarceration, or exile. Article X puts forth the right of everyone to a fair and public trial, and Article XI defends the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty and immunity from *ex post facto* criminal laws. The determination of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment raised again the issue of meaningful definition, and reliance upon due process and its attendant, habeas corpus, was made. The vindication of the rights listed in these Articles was a general duty, but provision was made in Part I of the Draft Covenant to restore to the sovereign any powers incompatible with these sections in time of war or public emergency. Here, then, is a considerable weakness in the legal guarantees, since a government may determine for itself what are public emergencies justifying the denial of individual rights.

The abridgement of freedom of speech under law is an obvious danger here, and the committee sought to handle it by adding Article XXI to the Draft Covenant, so as to deal with incitement to violence through advocacy on questions discriminatory. The work here was not completed, however, pending further communication with member nations. Article XXII dealt with the acts of those who abused freedom of speech, themselves not believing in that right, yet exploiting it in order later to deny that right to others.

It is interesting to note that discussion on these questions put the Soviet representatives on the horns of a dilemma: was it more to their advantage to secure freedom to exploit subversive propaganda abroad, or to secure the right to suppress it at home and in the Iron Curtain countries? Mr. Holcombe thinks the latter.

II

The early experience of the Commission produced salient points useful for future

³ American jurisprudence should be helpful here in speech cases.

⁴ Note that while the Declaration cites rights of privacy, asylum, marriage and family, and acquisition of property, it had not devised ways and means of securing them by law.

guidance. For one thing, it is evident that two schools of thought prevail as to the intricacy and extent of the rights to be discussed. The American point of view seems to favor direct, simple, and short statements easily comprehended and enforced. The Soviet appears strongly in favor of an elaborate statement of rights, with heavy emphasis upon the economic and social.⁵ It is evident that a telling blow may be struck for world human rights in the deliberations of the Commission if its recommendations move in the direction of an uncomplicated and workable "bill of rights" rather than an impressively long and involved tablet which may be difficult to interpret, to enforce, and which may cause lengthy discussions which serve only to impede the advancement of problems under consideration.

Another profitable piece of advice gained in these deliberations was the caution against the use of terms such as "emergency" and "discretion" which tend to open doors for the violation of chartered principles and rights at the wish of a signatory whose motive might be prejudiced.

The establishment of a kind of code led naturally to the consideration of ways and means of implementing it. Unlike the United States and Great Britain, the United Nations does not possess a powerful judiciary, or even an historic precedent in terms of respectfully received case law. Thus on this topic of implementation a deep schism became apparent. The Soviet group held that the execution of these rights and their protection was essentially a matter for the individual national state suing of Article II of the Charter,⁶ and they advanced the argument that there can be no international apparatus for the settlement of problems and the assurance of these rights. If the Declaration were to be implemented in

practical fashion, the agreement would have to be the force and status of a treaty. To be sure, under such a treaty a violation of a human right might find its way to the Security Council, but if the offending nation were a member thereof and possessed of veto power, of what avail would recourse to that tribunal be? Little. Happily for the experience of the future planners, the Soviet view found small support.

The opposing view held that protection of human rights was not an exclusive national concern, and that the machinery of protection should be under the general supervision of the United Nations. An International Bill of Rights, in effect, was what was needed.

The method of implementation had a number of choices advanced by their proponents:

1. Reliance upon the creation of jurisdiction in an international judicial body—the American view.
2. Acceptance of a political mechanism patterned after the model of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition—the British view.
3. Establishment of an administrative unit, such as a Permanent Commission on Human Rights—Australian and others.

As to the ways and means of bringing a case before the appropriate tribunal, past legal experience suggested the use of Petition. Who might bring it? Almost all agreed that national states might do so, but sharp debate occurred on whether private persons, groups, or organizations should be granted this right. If such were permitted to do so, it is evident that a vast accretion of status to the private person would occur and that his relations with his own country would undergo a tremendous change. The views of the nations varied, from outright defiance by Russia to cautious acceptance in principle by several of the Western nations. Unhappily for their successors, the

⁵ Holcombe, *op. cit.* 422.

⁶ Article II.7 of the United Nations Charter.

Commission decided finally to leave this question unresolved.

Professor Holcombe ended his paper by defining the problem of future construction in these words:

"The task remaining for the present Commission on Human Rights would not be to draft a Covenant designed to put the United Nations at one stroke in the position reached by the United States after the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. Instead of trying to reform immediately the legal relationships between the individuals throughout the world and the particular states in which they reside, the efforts of those who desire to promote greater respect for human rights throughout the world by law would be directed toward promoting greater respect for the rights of persons regarded as citizens of the world. This means, among other things, insuring the right of persons everywhere to travel to the seat of government of the United Nations, to be informed concerning what is being done there, to report these proceedings to their countrymen without interference by the government of their own state, to criticize the attitude of their own government toward questions under consideration by the organs of the United Nations, and to urge the adoption by their own government of such policies in international affairs as meet with their approval."⁷

III

*Human Rights under the United Nations Charter.*⁸ Mr. B. V. Cohen, a former councillor of the State Department, offered a suggestion which would enable the General Assembly to exercise supervision over progress in assurance of human rights in the several nations and provide golden opportunities for publication and praise of the

good and condemnation of the bad by world press and opinion. In part he recommended: "It would, for example, be very helpful if the General Assembly should call upon all member states to create national Human Rights Commissions to report periodically to their respective national governments, and through those governments to the United Nations, on what is being done, and what further might be done in their respective countries by teaching, education, and progressive measures to make human rights and freedoms more secure."⁹

Sessions of the General Assembly have not lacked, within the past ten years, notable examples of cases involving human rights: the refusal of Soviet Russia to allow the Russian wife of the son of the Chilean ambassador to leave Russia; the Australian indictment of systematic suppression of civil and religious liberty in Hungary; and the Indian contention of discrimination against nationals in South Africa. These cases revealed typical examples of the sort of things which might come before the General Assembly, (which, incidentally, held all three within its competence), showed how that body might assume interest in matters contended by some to be of domestic jurisdiction exclusively, showed that the Assembly was uncertain just how far to go toward settlement, and revealed the dilatory tactics of some members by the inconsistency of their support from session to session.

Tact and delicacy are obviously keywords for future revisionists. Yet it is clearly evident that their basic approach must not be containment or suppression, but rather positive and creative.

IV

*A British View of the Covenant.*¹⁰ There is classical authority for assuming that na-

⁷ Holcombe, *op. cit.*, pp. 428-9.

⁸ B. V. Cohen, "Human Rights under the United Nations Charter," *LAW AND CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS*, XIV. 430-7, 1949.

⁹ *supra*, p. 433.

¹⁰ S. Fawcett, "A British View of the Covenant," *LAW AND CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS*, pp. 438-450, 1949.

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tural law for the ascertainment of human rights can be found by the high exercise of reason.¹¹ It is also a fundamental assumption of prime philosophy that men are not only born free, but endowed with rationality. Acceptance of these postulates leads one to the conclusion that arbitrary acts of dictators and governments which are contrary to the law of nature cannot impair the natural and inalienable rights which are common to all men. These few sentences suggest the underlying beliefs expressed in the Human Rights Covenant and Declaration. It is asserted of Mr. Fawcett that the common law of England predicates that the individual rights and freedoms are unlimited and that only the needs of society require definition and limitation for the common good.¹² Thus from the English point of view, the force of the law is not exercised to assert the status of civil liberties, but rather is directed against those who would delimit them unwisely and unreasonably.

Two large questions loom on the horizon from the British point of view;

1. Can all of the rights mentioned in the Covenant be legally enforced, and are not some of them altogether unenforceable?
2. Does it not appear that certain rights have been granted with a liberal, not to say ideal largesse, without accompanying remedies for their violation?

The analysis of the implications of these questions easily divides the basic rights concerned, into three categories: (a) those which all men enjoy, or should, and which are legally enforceable; (b) those which are normally enforceable at law, but which may be subject to restriction in certain cases;¹³ and finally what Fawcett calls "so-called rights, which are rather political de-

mands, which have an appropriate place in the Human Rights Declaration but not in the Covenant, which is a legal instrument."¹⁴

While recognizing the great difficulty of formulating the nature and definition of rights, the British view agrees with the American that implementation is the great problem of the Covenant. By implementation, in the British analysis, is meant two things: (a) execution of the Covenant; and (b) its enforcement. *Execution* is obtained when a national state makes the Covenant a legal force within its jurisdiction and takes appropriate steps for its enforcement at law. *Enforcement* implies recognition by the United Nations of failure of a national state to meet its recognized obligations under the Covenant and taking its own proposed steps to remedy the violation.

The apparatus of membership in the United Nations is faulty under its provision which allows a state to become a party to the Covenant merely by that act of joining.¹⁵ Meantime, as in the case of many "iron-curtain" countries, the municipal law may be greatly at variance with the requirements of the Covenant. In effect, the national state has joined a club and gained the prestige which follows membership without having its credentials examined to determine if it can discharge its potential obligations. **THE REVERSE SHOULD BE THE RULE: No state should be accepted as a signatory until its municipal law has been revised and amended to bring it into conformance with the Covenant.** Such standards may result in fewer members at first, but will result in a firm foundation erected in good faith and with a bright future.

We must determine, too, what portion of the territories of a given national state will be the *situs* of application of the

¹¹ H. Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, Bk. 1, par. 10, Amsterdam, 1631.

¹² S. Fawcett, *supra*, p. pp. 438-9.

¹³ This paper, pp. 14-19, for example.

¹⁴ Fawcett, *opus cit.*, p. 441.

¹⁵ Article II.

Covenant. Where federations exist, will all colonies, protectorates, and the like be included? This problem should be answered by the planned revision in the form of a clause guaranteeing colonial and other dependent territory application.

Finally, one seeks an answer to the query, "By whom will human rights be enforced?" One answer is to leave the enforcement to the national states, and in particular to signatories of the Covenant. International law furnishes plenty of precedents for such action where a national of one state is victimized in another. It would not suffice in situations where a state has invaded rights of its own nationals. Yet these would likely be the crucial tests of the efficacy of the Covenant and the places where its application and enforcement would be most needed. It is inferable that non-signatory states might request member states to protect human rights within their borders. This still leaves the question of what to do with a powerful member state which will not admit its infringement of Covenant obligations.

Possibly recourse to individual petitions or claims against such states might be considered. Lauterpacht would likely endorse this suggestion.¹⁶ It is beyond debate, I think, that the time will come when this will be the accepted procedure. An INTERNATIONAL COURT OF HUMAN RIGHTS could be established to hear and determine these causes of qualified members acting in good faith. It would, of course, be under the supervision of the United Nations and published proceedings.

In sum, revision must consider the distinction between basic and inalienable human rights, enforceable by law existent or potential, and those which are political, or social, and so phrased as to be vague

and tenuous. It appears also that until new substantive international law comes into being, including establishment of an International Court of Human Rights, the national states must be expected to enforce the Covenant before the present International Court of Justice.

*Legal Problems of Freedom of Information in the United Nations.*¹⁷ The General Assembly of the United Nations looks with a most friendly eye on the right to freedom of information. Yet the problems involved have not, by and large, received very wide recognition in publications by the legal¹⁸ or teaching professions.¹⁹ Hence, the appearance of a careful analysis of the legal problems of freedom of information in the United Nations by a scholar, Z. Chafee who has spent most of his life in study and publication on problems of communication,²⁰ must be greeted with enthusiasm. His article, here examined, is concerned primarily with Article 17, with which he had intimate personal experience as a draftsman, though he also has good and useful things to say toward general advancement of the solution.

Chafee begins with a declaration of the basic importance of freedom of information, and points out that Human Rights in the several categories is the only Commission below the Councils which is specifically required by the Charter.²¹ Before the Commission on Human Rights, meeting in 1947, decided upon a final text, it decided to await data from the Sub-Commission and the Geneva Conference.²² The members of the Sub-Commission, which began deliberations early in 1948, is composed, not of

¹⁷ Z. Chafee, "Legal Problems of Freedom of Information in the United Nations," XIV. LAW AND CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS 545-583, 1949.

¹⁸ Cf. INDEX TO LEGAL PERIODICALS, VI, VII, VIII, IX, and Supplements.

¹⁹ Quarterly Journal of Speech.

²⁰ For example, his FREE SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES, New York, 1948.

²¹ *ibid.*, Index.

²² U. N. CHARTER, Art. LXVIII.2.

¹⁶ H. Lauterpacht, "THE SUBJECTS OF THE LAW OF NATIONS" 64 LAW QUARTERLY REVIEW 97, 1948.

formal representatives of the several governments, but of experts from twelve of them. Such men serve not as officials of their nations, but as officers of the United Nations, and hence achieve a greater degree of elasticity of thought and action in the councils.²³

The legal scholars and journalists who worked on Article 17 divided their labors into twelve topics, the results of which will be summarized presently.²⁴

The major legal problems they foresaw and sought to answer included:

1. "For what sort of world would the Covenant be in force?"
2. "The Covenant compared with our own Bill of Rights."
3. "Would Article 17 be part of an unconstitutional treaty?"
4. "Is Article 17 invalidated by the 'Domestic' clause of the Charter?"
5. "Should Article 17 be self-executing?"²⁵
6. "The Structure of Article 17."
7. "Should Freedom of Information be protected against only Governmental interference?"
8. "The necessity of some sort of limitations."
9. "One blanket limitation or several specific limitations?"
10. "Should the specific limitations be phrased broadly or narrowly?"
11. "Implementation and sanctions."
12. "Express safeguards."

These divisions are cited in detail to convey the intricacy of the task which lies ahead.

As to the first, the Commission felt it was

²³ Chafee, *supra*, p. 545.

²⁴ N. B. "Article 17" was the label used in 1949. All of the material covered here is concerned with freedom of *information*, rather than the later version of Article 17, dealing with the right to be owner of property, found in Bishop's text, p. 211. To avoid confusion, read "freedom of information" for Article 17 hereafter.

²⁵ Cf. *op. cit.*, pp. 558-565 for Chafee's sub-heads on self-execution of treaties.

working for the future, rather than the present, looking forward to the day when nations would willingly embrace the opportunities presented by the United Nations. It was stressed that the Human Rights set down embodied for the first time the idea that all nations should give guarantees for the protection of the basic rights of their own citizens as well as for resident aliens. The close relation between the contents of the Article and the means of its implementation was stressed, and this should be a useful guidepost for a future *modus operandi*.

Second, rights protected by the Covenant are held essentially the same as those in the American Bill of Rights' first ten amendments. A distinction does exist, in that the American states sought to restrain the powers of their central government, whereas the United Nations' central authority does not possess comparable powers.²⁶ A closer parallel is found between the Covenant and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the American Constitution in limitation of powers. The comparison further points out the American constitutional design to limit exercise of authority in two distinct domains: interstate and foreign matters and those relating to the state's relations with its own citizens. It is perhaps accurate to say that the comparison with the United Nations places that body's development at a point where the United States was just after the Civil War. Just how long a time must elapse before the United Nations can effectively protect citizens' rights from violations by their own governments is a debatable question. The experience of the U. S. Supreme Court points to the passage of about eighty years.²⁷ But the time must be when the jurisdiction of the United Nations can be expressed in a clause suit-

²⁶ The veto power of the Security Council. The U. S. Constitution has nothing comparable.

²⁷ Chafee, *op. cit.*, 555.

ably close to the language of the Fourteenth Amendment.²⁸ But for some time to come publicity will be the chief weapon of the United Nations' efforts to secure human rights—receipt of complaints, discussion in documents, impartial investigation, and the like, thinks Chafee.²⁹ And the international makers of law must keep constantly in mind that the rules they draft should be fitted to the needs of the epoch in which they live, insofar as practical application is concerned.

Third, would Article 17 (1949 version) be part of an unconstitutional treaty?³⁰ Apparently not. It is pointed out that "... freedom of information is no longer a local concern. It is something which nations already put into treaties. It is in several of the peace treaties concluded since 1945, and most of the nations at the Geneva Conference approved the British draft convention, which dealt with nothing except freedom of information."³¹

Fourth, it is necessary to judge briefly the effect of Article 2, Section 7, of the Charter. This is the troublesome clause which contravenes the activities of the United Nations in matters of domestic jurisdiction. This clause states an apparent contradiction, for it cannot be taken as literally intended, lest all the work and activity done under the Human Rights interests of the UN be meaningless. To resolve the dilemma of contradiction between the Human Rights Covenant giving certain powers and Article 2, Section 7, denying domestic jurisdiction, it is necessary to apply the old legal doctrine of conciliation between two mutually contradicting principles or provisos. Grant-

ing there is not at present an absolute right to enter a domestic concern, the UN has surely the right (and has already exercised it) to prepare studies, reports, and recommendations on such a matter. The facts seem to point to a conservative exercise of powers which will be readily recognized by all parties, and a slowly expanding jurisdiction as the power and prestige of the UN increases.

Fifth, it appears undesirable that the treaty should be self-executing in the United States. A self-executing treaty is one which, when the required acts of acceptance have been completed by governments concerned and in good faith, becomes operative *per se*. No further action of the High Contracting Parties is needed. On the part of the United States, it seems desirable to make provision for a check in the nature of some act of Congress to make the treaty or covenant self-executing. The weight of authority and case law in the United States indicates this to be more in line with American procedure and policy.³² Very considerable revision of the domestic law of the United States would also be required. The views of M. O. Hudson on the practical application of portions of the Charter to American domestic law are of value here and might be read.³³

Sixth, it may well be argued that (as has been indicated elsewhere in this paper) there is extreme need for the art and science of definition to be applied to the structure of the three articles under discussion. Such labors should include (a) an affirmative description of the freedoms of thought and expression to which signatories will lend moral and legal approval; (b) they must set forth the permissive limitations on these liberties, somewhat after the fashion of the

²⁸ Notably, "...nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. . . ."

²⁹ Chafee, *op. cit.*, 555.

³⁰ U. S. CONSTITUTION, Article II, Sec. 2.

For an affirmative answer, see C. B. Rix, "Human Rights and International Law," 35 AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION JOURNAL, pp. 550, 554, 618, 1949.

³¹ Chafee, *op. cit.*, p. 557.

³² *Foster v. Neilson*, 2 Pet 253, (1829.)

³³ M. O. Hudson, "Integrity of International Instruments," XLII AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, pp. 105, 107, 1948.

decisions of the United States Supreme Court in equivalent cases; (c) safeguards against abuse after acceptance must also be hewn out.

Seventh, the study of the history of the fight for freedom of expression through the common law shows that while the original legislation was designed to prevent encroachment by the government, (such as the English licensing of the press in the sixteenth century), there can be invasions and violations of individual rights by associations and other individuals. A common but unresolved example of this sort of thing is found in the practice of political parties in power, whereby freedom of utterance is discouraged by raising property taxes on the estates of the opposition party. At present redress under law in such cases seems most difficult. Deprivation of the right by such individuals and organizations is a serious inroad upon civil and political liberty. Yet it seems undesirable to raise the issue to the level of an international grievance in a matter of this kind, and the Sub-Commission in this session felt that the force of public opinion and the education of the community to proper standards might well be the force to be applied to right the matter.³⁴

Eighth, it seems, *prima facie*, necessary to recognize that freedom of information can be no more absolute on the international level than on the domestic. Some precautions and limits must be set. The world commonwealth has other and important values to be protected—peace, administration of justice, and security. But on the international level this Article appears to set no mandatory action—penalties *may* be established and applied. The wisdom of this appears when the principle is laid beside the First Amendment guarantees of the United States Constitution and no conflict is found to exist.

Ninth, the nature of the limitations is important. Shall a single general safeguard be laid down, or should the provision include several to include a variety of presumed needs? "This is one of the most complex and baffling of all the legal problems raised. . . ." The United States appears to favor a blanket provision with regard to the substantive rights concerned, a view not shared by most other Parties. The objection appears to be the utility which could be extracted by Parties unfriendly to human rights as a matter of individual interpretation of cases. On the other hand, a list of specific limitations on press, radio, television, and the like might be stressed and stretched *ad infinitum*. Perhaps the best argument to be advanced for a general limitation upon these freedoms is that it could be spelled out in a series of judicial decisions and thus provide a body of international case law to serve as precedents. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that an International Court of Human Rights is a necessary corollary here.

Tenth, assuming the revisionists decide to accept what appears to be a majority view and establish specific limitations adapted to special instances, how carefully must the language for their expression be construed? One deals here with imponderables, a linguistic twilight zone, since the distinction between good and harmful speech is often difficult to make and a matter of particular circumstance. The task of consolidating a vast number of national legal systems dealing with the tort of defamation and slander, for example, is prohibitive and takes one far into the recesses of comparative law. It seems wise and practical to decide in favor of broad phrasing of the limitations, a decision supported both by practicality and the design of long range planning.

Eleventh, one comes now to the consideration of implementation. There are two primary tests here: one is to get the signa-

³⁴ Chafee, *op. cit.*, p. 368.

tures of the Parties, and two is to get assurance that the promises made will be kept. External sanctions are here of dubious value, running as they can from diplomatic protests, to petitions to the UN, to suits in an international court, or even war. Moreover, a sanction which can be ignored with impunity is worthless.³⁵ Helpful here might be reliance upon what have been described as internal sanctions.³⁶ What will the right-thinking men and women of a given national community uphold and support as a matter of fair conscience? This question, properly answered, calls for a vast amount of thought and discussion, but ascertaining

³⁵ American experience in the post Civil War South with the Fifteenth Amendment indicates a probable contemporary reaction to a similar statute.

³⁶ A. V. Dicey, INTRODUCTION TO THE LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION, 8th ed., pp. 77-79, 1915.

it will provide one of the most important of the international *open sesames*.

Finally, what about express sanctions? Only two appear to be both practical and likely to appeal to the general conscience. One is the peace-time elimination of prior censorship, the other the principle of strict adherence to the rules of law which have been clearly, definitely, and legally laid down, insofar as penalty, liability, or restriction be concerned.

This paper, then, has sought to reach into the heart of substantive and procedural problems involved in establishing free information among nations with proper safeguards. The difficulties of the problem are made even clearer if one compares copies of the three working drafts of the appropriate Article provided by Chafee.³⁷

³⁷ Chafee, *op. cit.*, pp. 582-3.

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GEGO'S LITTLE ACRE

AVETIS AHARONIAN

One hot summer evening an old man was passing through the streets of an Armenian village in the Plain of Ararat, driving before him a loaded donkey. He was a tall man, lean and wiry, with a luxuriant graying beard which covered his chest. It seemed nature had concentrated the full essence of his body in this flowing beard and equally flush mustachios, the grandeur of which was enhanced by twin thick eyebrows which, like twin wisps of white clouds, shaded his face. Hidden under the shade of the brows twinkled twin small, deep-set eyes. He wore an old, patched over and weather-beaten military coat which had served him for years — his only cover in all seasons — and a pair of thick, mended military shoes which he dragged heavily over the hot soil. A battered, shapeless fur cap of sheep skin completed his ensemble.

He walked at a slow, heavy pace, lightly leaning on his thick long cane. From the red dust of the trail on his cap and beard, it seemed he had traveled a long way. He was sunburnt and weary, and every once in a while, he pulled off his fur cap and wiped off the perspiration from his face.

The direct beams of the twilight were still burning, the air tingling, and the dust rising from the ground lazily spread itself in the air like a vast, sprawling blanket. The mud walls of the village huts were baked by the heat of the sun, as if forged in a huge furnace, giving it a dull, dry

and hopelessly drab appearance. The shadows of the walls were shooting off long, grotesque images, and in places women and children were seated in groups to cool off, surrounded by huge mastiff dogs who lay there with half-closed eyes, panting heavily.

"It is Uncle Gevo, Uncle Gevo," the women murmured as the tall old man with the mien of a Biblical Patriarch passed by heavily after his donkey, and leaning on his cane, greeted the neighbors right and left, with an appropriate word for each.

"Good evening, Sona, my daughter. Is your child well?"

"Thank you, Uncle Gevo. The child is doing well, thank God."

The old man smiled with a sweet, benign smile.

"Did you water your vegetable garden, Sinam, my little sister?" he turned to another aged woman.

"The boys are watering it, Uncle Gevo."

"That's good, that's good," and Uncle Gevo kept on.

Feeling the nearness of the house, the donkey accelerated his speed, forcing the old man to keep pace.

"Take it easy, easy there, good creature. We'll soon be there," he murmured compassionately.

The nearer they came home, the faster the animal ran, blowing his nostrils and panting, to reach there as soon as possible and to be rid of his heavy load. In his haste, the animal stretched his tail like a

straight arrow, strained his neck to the ground, his ears flapping a harmonic tempo, until his legs tangled and kicked up thick clouds of dust. The animal was really pitiful.

"Uncle Gevo, your donkey is in such a hurry. Why is he running so fast. Looking at him you would not think it was in him."

"He comes of good stock, Hairo, I can't keep pace with the godless creature."

Presently, the donkey plunged headlong into a company of children who were having fun with a couple of fighting cocks. The animal was so ludicrous with his tail sticking out, his huge, grotesque head, and his nostrils belching fire, that the children forgot the fight and burst into a hearty chuckle. They started to throw rocks at him. As the old man called them down, it seemed the children were looking just for this, and now they left the animal alone and concentrated on the old man with their catcalls.

"Gego, Gego, Gego."

Their catcalls struck the old man like lightning, as if the whole world had collapsed from an earthquake. He froze on the spot, bristled his brows, and looked around as if to make sure that it was he whom they were calling Gego. When the truth sank in, with an incredulous expression on his face, his weight fell on his cane and he stood there motionless, as if he was ashamed to look at the sun, the sky and the earth, while the children, coming closer, kept up their derisive chant of Gego, Gego — a scornful surname which the godless village had tacked on to him with vulgar and callous indifference, as a hallmark of his poverty.

Aroused by the children's shouts, the sleeping dogs sprang up and rushed at the old man who, like a man who had suddenly been aroused of his sleep, straightened up, raised his cane, and brought it down with a resounding crash

on the body of the first dog that met him. It was a telling blow which concentrated his entire pent up hatred and bitterness. The dog fell like a felled ox, then scampered up and legged it away whining, the whole pack on his tail. The children fell silent, awestruck. The long whining wail of the dog could still be heard from the distance. Just then the head of a woman appeared at the door and the old man heard the insulting word clearly.

"May you go to perdition, Gego."

Again it was the cursed Gego! The sun sank down and the shadows hung — the day was coming to its end — and what a bad ending for the day — How many doors he had knocked at, to sell his meager wares, and now the climax, this accursed Gego!

"A plague on you, you evil Satan," the old man hissed through his teeth as he walked on. The donkey had disappeared, for he knew his way. Already he had stopped in front of his master's home, panting and blowing at the nostrils, his hind legs crouching, while his front legs staggering under the weight of his load.

Finally the old man made his home. "Almaste! Zartar!" he called.

An aged woman with a dark face hurriedly stepped outside. She was a short, dark complexioned woman, somewhat plump but agile and strong.

"Is it you, Gevorg, darling," the woman said tenderly.

"It is I, woman, come help me unload this animal. The poor creature is all in."

Just then there appeared on the threshold of the door a girl of about 17, his daughter Zardar, tall and lean, dark complexioned like her father, and wiry and sprightly like her mother.

"Father dear!" the daughter greeted her father.

"Zardar, my darling, my child, take the donkey inside and throw a blanket on him.

He is perspiring. And feed him."

The girl took the donkey inside and tended him, while the mother was dusting off the old man's overcoat. Then the girl came in to take off her father's shoes.

"They are so heavy, Father."

"Pull them, my child, pull them. They are so heavy. They carry the weight of sin, piled there by a heartless world."

The old man, generally jovial and witty, who knew how to laugh and make laugh even when he was dead tired, was very down-hearted that day. The mother and the daughter exchanged glances. That evening no one spoke at dinner.

II

That evening Uncle Gevo sat on the doorstep of his house, lit his pipe and puffed on it for a long time, sending upwards thick wreaths of curling smoke. Meanwhile, he kept gazing in the distance, waiting for a random neighbor to pass by. He had so much on his chest which he wanted to unload, deep-rooted grievances against the village, against the world—his heart was brimming over. There were many returning from the farms, but none approached him.

Night fell and he was still alone, meditating on his fate. He was a poor man, had inherited no land from his father, he was a farm hand, working for neighbors who were short of working hands, and exchanged his share of the produce for wheat with neighboring villagers, to eke out his living. He managed to live after a fashion, but he had no complaints. His name was Gevorg, which the villagers abbreviated into Gevo, something which did not disturb him, since it was the custom in the village to abbreviate names, such as, Sarkis to Sako, Mkhitari to Mkho.

However, one day the old man had been deeply disturbed to learn that, while the villagers called him Gevo in his presence, in his absence they called him *Gego*, the

derisive and humiliating surname, as the kids that day had called him. He knew this, and yet, no one had dared to call him *Gego* in his face, but always addressed him as Uncle Gevo. It is quite true that even the name Gevo was quite transparent, clearly showing the Gego underneath, but at least the name Gevo carried an external respectability. And yet, that day the children had torn the veil and had openly insulted him.

"Whelps! Pups! The spawn of dogs!" the old man hissed through his teeth, "a plague on your parents!"

The malice of the village, cold and inexorable like nature, laid its leaden weight on the weak, and, in the classification of the property owner and the dispossessed, the strong and the weak, the clever and the impotent, the village distributed the surnames according to one's material standing. The baptismal basin could not save the man, and the name of the poor and the helpless is always twisted, distorted and dragged to the ground, as low as the earth and ashes.

Landless, poor, old Gevo the farm hand could not be exempt from this stricture. So, the village dubbed him *Gevo*.

Against this wicked scorn of the village, the always rebellious, reticent and brooding Almaste, the wife of old Gevo bore her share of the insult. They accused her of having brought a malignant disease during the epidemics, they called her "Evil Almo," and hated the poor soul. Even Zardar, his only daughter who was dubbed Zardo, had her frequent clashes with her playmates over the debasing name of Gego. The neighbors called her an "hermaphrodite," and a "truculent girl." The donkey himself, the fourth member of the family, was not exempt of the mockery whenever he passed through the village. This poor animal, a poor excuse of his specie, a veritable skeleton with wasted sides and a huge head, was

indeed a sight. Donkeys, generally, are a sorry lot, but the sorrow of this one had something intellectual in it which weighed heavily on the plight of old Gevo. Moreover, he seldom brayed, and that in a thick, deep-set rumble, more like a sobbing which was never completed, but was cut short in his stomach. The old man loved his donkey like the light of his eye, and he was always broken whenever he heard that shortcut, unearthly braying.

And whenever the poor creature started his animal sobbing, his master would soothe him, "There, there now, take it easy. Take it easy, old boy." Then, as an afterthought, he would add, "Poor creature, you, too, never saw a happy day!"

That was the way with the old man and his family. There was an old feud between that family and the village, a silent, smouldering feud whose outward expression had been crystalized in that hideous surname of Gego, but whose real meaning lay in the old man's pride and his rebellion against the outrageous affront. And the one who suffered in this unjust feud was the old man Gevo, while the village remained undisturbed and inexorable.

Once again he ran over the happenings of the day. His heart was verily bursting from the pain and the hurt. Puffing on his pipe, which sent upwards clouds of curling smoke, seated there under the wall, the old man was talking to himself, he had a grievance, he had things to say in the stony silence and the pitch darkness of the night, heavy words of pain and suffering. And there was not a soul in the street to whom he could unfold his heart, except the rustle of the wind, the rolling of the dusk under the walls, the mad barking of the dogs and an occasional hooting of the owl or the creaking of the wheels of a belated cart pushing homeward from the fields.

He was all alone in the deserted street, his entire life spread before his soul, like a

sorrowful infant who cries his pain to his mother. And, alternately shifting from indignation to pain, and from pain to indignation, he was searching his life like the physician who searches the wound with his scalpel.

His head was a whirlpool of mixed pain and hurt. He thought seriously of braving the whole village on the morrow, to cry out his pain and suffering accumulated during the years, and to demand that they stop calling him Gego. In his imagination, he visualized the course, cynical and evil faces, the smirking, perfidious lips. He was hearing the rabble's ribald guffaw, and through the chuckle the gigantic Gego, shooting from a hundred lips. And against that howling, heartless mob he would be standing all alone, poor, propertyless and helpless—earth and ashes.

He crouched there on the doorstep, his body shrunk, squeezing his teeth tight to crush the pain of his soul.

"The snake does not change his skin, Gego," the old man wailed, "you can not rid yourself of your shame. Your baptismal basin, the holy oil on your brow, have been desecrated. In vain you flutter in your nest; your curse was transmitted by your father—you have no land, yourself earth and ashes, and the earth is the lot of your head."

And it seemed to him this Gego was someone outside of himself, another being, a grotesque monster which had tied the evil of the world to his kite, to his fate and feet, planted on his righteous road. Wherever he turned, this monster was before him—his misery and suffering.

He had a strong sense that Gego was not a name, but the stigma of his poverty. Gego was his heavy, mended shoes which gnawed at his feet on the endless, dusty roads, and would keep on gnawing until his death. Gego was his old coat with ten patches, and who knows when or where the salesman had stripped it from the body of a dead

soldier. Gego was this lowly, smutty, pitiful hut in which the bleak winds keep howling, shaking the frozen rooftop, and during the spring and fall rainfalls, the water leaks and drips like drops of care. Gego is his miserable and tortured little donkey, the half-starved and sorrowful animal who has forgotten even his braying. Gego is his entire black existence, his life, his family.

The night was fast advancing; the stars were blinkin in the heavens. The old man, still seated in his place, had dropped his pipe, his head leaning against the wall, frozen there like a statue, his gaze fixed in space, he was staring at the universe, searching for a speck of comfort, the solution of his dark enigma, the answer to his tortured and despised existence. Presently, the shadow of a human figure loomed at the curb. As he passed before Gevo, the old man recognized him. It was Chalontz Sako, or, Beghlou Sako, as the villagers called him for his thick, imperious mustachio. He was a man of medium height, his head wrapped in a colorful kerchief, the cuffs of his trousers rolled up to the knees, barefooted, and a spade on his shoulder. Apparently he was just coming from an irrigation chore. Gevo thought the man was ignoring him, so, he spoke first.

"Good evening, good neighbor Sako. How come you don't even greet me? Man alive, is your mouth clamped?"

"Good evening. Oh it's you, Uncle Gevo. Forgive me, I did not see you. I am so tired. I have been irrigating the field all day. You know what? One has a thousand and one worries on his mind. It is our fate."

The last words were merely false modesty. Not only was Sako not poor, but he was the richest man in the village. "He owns the fire of God," the villagers said of him in awed admiration.

"Come, good neighbor Sako, let's you and I have a puff on the pipe," Gevo said obligingly, as he started to prepare the pipe.

Sako sat beside him, and as Gevo's flint match struck the spark, his face was illuminated. After lighting the pipe, Gevo drew two powerful puffs, then handed it to Sako.

"Well, here you are at last. It's so nice to have someone to talk to. The whole world seems deserted," Gevo said dolefully.

Sako was surprised to find the old man so dejected. He had never seen the cheerful, fun-loving old man like this before. Gevo seemed strange to him that night.

"What seems to be the matter? You look like the last rose of summer," Sako tapped the old man on the shoulder, "did anyone stop your donkey?"

The joke was ill-timed. Gevo looked at him sharply, then asked with intense seriousness:

"What is my name, neighbor Sako?"

"By Jove! What a question to ask. Your name is Uncle Gevo, of course."

"Ah yes, Uncle Gevo, my good lord of the village. Tell me Sako, is there anyone who has a voice in this village? Has this village an owner? The brats call me Gego in broad daylight. No respect for old age, no reverence for this graying hair and beard."

"Ah, I see now what's been eating you. Uncle Gevo, how could you let those kids get you?"

"The kids have heard it from their elders. My good man, here's an Armenian Christian, baptized in the holy basin, anointed with the holy oil, and given a holy name. Would you say Gego is a fitting name? God have mercy on us. This village has no owner, has no soul."

"Take it easy, Uncle Gevo. A man's honor is not tied to his name."

"Take it easy, Uncle Gevo. A man's honor brother Sako. As long as I have no honor, as long as I am poor, as long as I am a farm hand, I am Gego. This village has no soul and is idolatrous; if it had any soul, I too would have a patch of land, I would not be a farm hand for others.

I say, this village has no soul, it is heathen."

The old man's voice was trembling from emotion. To him, Sako was the whole village, the whole world, and he was bitter, bitter. Sako regretted that he had had this conversation. It seemed Gevo's words were meant for him, rather than the village, and he was eager to get out of there.

"Good brother Gevo, you are a wise man, you have seen the world, the good and the evil, you know that this is the order of the world. There is the man of property, and the man without the property. It is all a matter of fate. The world is a wheel of fortune, a roulette, today it turns this way, tomorrow, the other way."

"No, it does not turn, the wheel does not turn," interposed a voice coming out of the darkness. They turned around and saw a figure lurching to and fro, soliloquising.

"I say, no, the wheel does not turn. Ah I see, the wolf and the lamb are talking together. That's the way things go here. The minute a son of Adam is born, his fate is settled. One is born a wolf, the other a lamb. One will eat the other. If you are wise, you can tell who will eat whom. Ha, Ha, Ha!"

Standing there in front of the two men, the speaker was chuckling. It was Beno the village watchman, dead drunk, coming out of Hako's tavern.

"Huh, what were you saying?" Beno continued, leaning against his huge cane, "the wheel turns? Ha, Ha, Ha. No, the wheel does not turn, it turns only in your quarter of the village, until. Beghlou Sako, Prince Sako, Prince Sako, the wheel is yours, turn it, turn it. That's the way of the world, has ever been the way of the world, everytime a son of Adam is born."

"You are raving mad." Sako interrupted angrily, rising to his feet. "You are the village watchman and you are drunk. I

will take care of you later." And shouldering his spade, he was off.

"Good night, Uncle Gevo," his voice trailed in the dark.

Beno chuckled long after him.

"That was the fate of Beno too, the minute he was born. Come to your senses, you old man, that was your fate the minute you were born. Go in and sleep it off, go in and sleep. I will protect the village. Whether I protect it or not, there's no escape for them. The end of this place is thorn and thistles, the road of all is the same."

The drunkard went on his way chuckling, far in the distance one could hear the beat of his heavy staff and his incoherent ejaculations.

Gevo again was alone on his doorstep, his pipe long since extinguished.

"One is a man of property, the other is without property, you have no room between the two," he murmured to himself.

"Almaste, Almaste, are you asleep?" the old man called to his wife.

"I am still up, Gevorg dear," his wife called from inside.

"Has Zardar gone to sleep?"

"No, she is still up doing her knitting."

"It should be warm inside, woman. It is cool outside."

His loneliness was depressing the old man. The mother and the daughter came outside and sat on either side of him, pressing their heads against his shoulders.

"Father dear, Father dear," the girl murmured with infinite affection, while Almaste silently wiped off her tears.

Mother and daughter had listened to the conversation with Sako. They knew the old man's grief. High above, the stars were blinking and the skies were yawning languidly. The cold wind of the night drew the three kindred spirits closer together, pitted against an evil world. Far in the distance they could hear the voice

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"The end of man is thorn and thistles, the minute a son of Adam is born his fate is sealed."

III

This secret inner agitation tormented Gevo all summer and fall. The humiliating episode in the street had broken his spirit, and the degrading surname of Gego haunted him day and night. He had never felt the village's callous and cruel malice and his infinite misery so keenly. The longing for a patch of land which he could call his own was gnawing at his soul and consuming his body.

Soon winter came and the snow buried everything—the fields and the meadows and the valleys, including Gevo's great sorrow. The menfolk now whiled away the idle hours in the village coffee house, a sort of club where they played cards, backgammon, drank coffee and told tall stories. Gevo, too, attended the club where he had a seat, although on a lower level. But, after all, he was an old man and was entitled to a place. He became a part of the laughing and jabbering crowd. The rich landowners, such as Beghlou Sako, Bozikentz Kialash, Daghbashontz Touni, and the rest, took there vantage posts near the fireplace, according to rank. Gevo occupied the end of the line, and yet, even from this humble post, he towered over all of them and made a profound impression with his wit and wisdom. He was a great raconteur and he fascinated his audience with his stories, some very moving, others romantic, and still others laden with horror, but never dull.

Gevo was in his element during these recitals, proud and happy of his mastery, as well as the hypnotic spell which he cast on his audience. At times he would pause in the midst of his narrative and would sweep his audience with a challenging look, as if to say, "How now? Will you

dare to call me Gego? Speak up, you idolaters."

The winter passed and came the spring. Once again Mother Nature opened her fertile bosom and filled the air with her intoxicating fragrance. The whole earth was a huge workshop, traveling under the sun. The slumbering village came to life and the villagers turned to their fields. Gevo alone was left out, Gevo the rejected stepchild of the village, and the grief of his soul, rising from the fields, the meadows and the pastures, pressed heavily on his heart.

Unable to resist the call of nature, Gevo took his donkey along the fields, pausing at times, and watching wistfully the labor of the villagers, the oxen and the buffaloes which pulled the plow, the deep furrows, the turning of the cool, fresh soil. Deeply stirred by the sight, he would leave his donkey on the trail, cut across to the field, and would greet the plowmen wistfully, join in their singing, and pretty soon he would take a hand in it, issuing instructions.

"Ho lad, drive the red ox, that's it, the red one, push the red one." Gevo would give the orders as if he owned the field.

"Atta boy, Uncle Gevo, you show the boys how it's done," the foreman would cheer smiling.

At this the old man became animated. Ho lads, start singing the plow song—the *Horovel*—that's it, the animals like to pull to the tune of the music. And he would lead in the singing of *Horovel*, the plow song.

"Will you let me try one of the plows?" he turned to the foreman. And taking hold of the plow he would redouble his cheers and his singing, encouraging the animals, and as he watched the slicing of the rich soil he would surrender himself for the moment to the illusion of his long cherished dreams. Then he would drop the plow, triumphant and dripping with sweat, would scoop a handful of the rich soil, would

smell it and expose it to the sun. "What a soil! It's like rice, rice, good enough to eat."

Again he would return to his donkey, and trailing along the fields, and breathing deep the smell of the fields and the meadows, he would mutter like a drunk man, "O God, O God! O for a little patch of the soil."

When in the summer the ripened fields rippled like a sea of gold and the harvest was begun, old Gevo's secret grief became insufferable. During the days of the hand-out of nature's free gifts, the sense of his deprivation, like a cruel injustice, tortured his soul. When the whole world had its fill of this golden sea, how could he keep on begging his bread from strangers, the brand of the degrading Gego on his forehead, he kept thinking to himself and he led his miserable donkey.

And watching the harvesters, he could not resist the pull to return to work, like the old lion in search of his prey he would sniff the smell of the harvested wheat, would still cling to his illusion, and as in a dream, he would leave his donkey and would approach the reapers.

"God's blessing on your harvest, all power to you" he would cheer the harvesters.

"A thousand blessings on you, Uncle Gevo," the reapers would respond.

"Huh, the harvest is good, may God preserve it."

"Thank God, it is a rich harvest."

"Swing hard, lads, put more punch into it. Open your arms wider, ho lad, is that the way you embrace your sweetheart?"

A peal of laughter would greet the last remark.

"Look at this one, look at him," he would turn to another, "why do you swing your waist. I pity the girl who will marry you. Here, give me that sickle, let me show you."

And Gevo would take the sickle and in no time at all would pile up several sheafs.

"That's the way to do it," he would stop proudly.

"Uncle Gevo, you are plenty strong yet," the harvesters would compliment him.

"If I had your youth you'd see what real harvesting is."

And once again picking up his staff the old man would resume his trail through the sea of nature's bounties together with his donkey, and it seemed to him the whole world, the fields and the meadows, the plains and the valleys, the shepherds and the reapers were all in unison in calling after him Gego, Gego.

Soon his illusion was dissipated and his hopeless impotence once again started to stifle his soul.

"To be born of the soil and to die with the longing for the soil! O my God, my God!" he kept murmuring.

Then he would turn to his donkey. "What do you want, stupid creature? You want to return to the fields? No, No, There's nothing in it for you and me."

And the sad little donkey, tramping heavily through the clouds of dust, would shake his big, ludicrous and sorrowful head, as if in agreement with his master that they have no share in the bountiful table of this cruel world.

On such days the old man would return to his home heartbroken and downcast. He would fill his pipe, light it, and would puff on it silently. He would not answer the questions of his wife and daughter, and if he was seated on the doorstep, he did not accost the passersby nor expected their greeting. Hidden from the world, Gevo had a deep anguish, an anguish for a patch of land which the villagers understood not.

"What will it cost them if a dispossessed one has a little patch of land?" He cried with agony, and his soul was filled with bitterness against the village.

His mind was working fast now. It was

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a tough problem which needed a solution. Where could he find a patch of land, how could he lay his hands on it? A little patch of land as long as he had strength in his arms, as long as there was light in his eye. It was impossible to die like this. What would be the epitaph on his tombstone?

"Gego rests here. He died without owning a patch of land."

"Oh no, it's impossible to die like this. A little acre! A little patch of land!"

His whole being revolved now around that little word land. And he reconnoitered the entire stretch of the fields, the unclaimed, unreclaimed, arid and deserted wastelands. His very soul was begging for a little corner where he could pour the sweat of his aged brow.

And one spring day, far among the fields, at the base of a rocky hill, at the confluence of the two big village streams, three figures appeared—old Gevo, his wife Almaste and his daughter Zardar—the sad looking donkey grazing a little way off. It was a deserted triangular patch covered with thistle and wild brush which served for fuel. The soil was alkaline and useless, but could be fertilized with the rich loam from the banks of the village streams.

It was a hard and hopeless task which none of the villagers had undertaken, leaving the lot unclaimed. It was here that Gevo resolved to create his little acre. It took him a whole year to do the job. The villagers watched the project with cynical disbelief, made a joke of it and called it "Gego's little acre." Thereafter anything difficult of accomplishment was called "Gego's little acre." If the wheel of a cart was broken, if a cow went astray, or if a woman gave birth to a girl instead of the coveted boy, or the hail destroyed the crop, they called it "Gego's little acre."

But the old man did not despair. Together with his wife and daughter he cleaned the patch of its brush and the boulders,

carried on his back the rich muddy soil on the bank of the stream, spread it uniformly on the entire patch, levelled off the rough spots, filled the holes, and gave the patch an even and smooth surface.

The old man and his family accomplished the task all by themselves. By the time the job was finished their knees had been worn to the bone, their nails broken up, their fingers and their heels bleeding from the scratches of the thorns and the rocks. At this fearful price old Gevo exacted from nature his little acre. He stood at the head and took a deep breath. It was a veritable miracle.

But even the miracle did not disarm the wicked village. Gevo's little acre was so small, so ludicrous, that it scarcely covered half an acre, besides, it was a question if anything could grow there. Gevo's little acre was the topic of conversation in the streets, the public squares and the fields. Will it grow, or will it not grow?

"Bah, the subsoil is alkaline," some said cynically, "nothing will grow there, the salt will kill it."

"Of course it will grow, why not?" others argued sarcastically. "You plant wheat and you will get thistles, you plant barley and you will get thorns."

So, Gevo's little acre became the butt of fun and laughter. Gevo was deaf to it all and would not hear the malicious prognostications. He planted his acre, his own acre. For the first time in his life he planted the seeds.

"This handful for the birds of the air, O Lord."

And Gevo reverentially sprayed his first fistful of the seed in the sky.

"This one for the dispossessed, the needy and the poor, the beggars."

And Gevo sprayed the second fistful of the golden grain.

"And this one, what shall I say, O Lord, again to Thee, to Thee, to Thee.

against the pain, against the drought and against disaster—the disaster was the hail which word he did not want to pronounce —Ah yes, keep us from the disaster.”

And he sprayed the third fistful.

“Blessed be God!” Saying it, he threw the seed right and left, in copious fistfuls.

He planted and went away.

Those were the days of waiting, anxious, anguished waiting.

“Will it grow, or will it not grow?”

The village was humming with the gossip. Will it grow, or will it not grow? And how strong was the legion of those who really wished that Gevo's little acre would not grow. The rabble does not like to see the downtrodden man to rise to his feet. The evil and the malice was simmering in all souls like a boiling cauldron. Gevo was praying and waiting by day and night. And Gevo's little acre, far among the field, under the mild, warm autumnal sun, was nesting the grains in its lukewarm bosom and was smiling at the sun and the sky.

IV

For ten days, old Gevo waited patiently for his field to sprout. For ten mornings, without realizing it, but impelled by some secret power, he directed his steps toward his little acre, and each time he returned home at the half way.

“Let it sprout, let it sprout,” his lips murmured.

And the ten days were over. Late in the autumn, one bright morning Gevo set out for his field. The skies were clear, and the sun's rays were lazily flirtatious. The air was caressing, and each ray of the sun, like belated blossoms, were full of melancholy tenderness.

A huge flock of migrating cranes, having formed a triangle, were soaring high in the sky. Their sweet collective squawk carried a restful grace and benediction which quietly spread over the fields, panting in the thin mist.

Gevo came out of the village doubtful and turbulent, but the serene quiet of the fields, like a soundless lullaby, soothed and caressed his stormy soul. It was the creative song of nature ringing in his heart. “There is a God, isn't it so? How can it help but sprout? And what shall we say of my sweat and blood, the light of my eye? There is a God in heaven, how can it help but sprout, when all the other fields are sprouting?”

He screamed the last words.

“Well, well! How's everything with you, old man? Luck is against you it seems.”

Gevo turned around, it was Beno.

“You don't look so cheerful this morning, Uncle Gevo, why are you muttering to yourself?”

“Oh hello, Beno. I'm going to take a look at my field.”

“Your field?”

“Ah yes, my little acre. What's there so strange in seeing my field?” Gevo emphasized the word field.

“Your field?”

“Yes, of course, my field, my little acre. I planted the seed ten days ago. I'm going to see if it sprouted.”

“Oh I see. You're going to see if the seed sprouted.”

“Yes, I'm going to see if it sprouted.”

“Suppose it sprouted, what then, Uncle Gevo?”

“How come what then? We too are human beings, we too are grateful. Don't you see I wear a furcap like all other men?”

“Fur cap?”

“Yes, fur cap.”

“Didn't you have a fur cap without the field?”

“No.”

“You are loony, old man. One of your feet is on the brink of the grave, the other on the doorstep of the church, and yet you have planted a field. Stay as you are, a Gego, Gego. See, I am Beno. Gego, Beno

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or Sako or king, they all will pass through the same door."

"You are drunk."

"*Vallahi*, believe me I am not drunk. There is bread there—pointing to the distant village—I am going there. My field is there and the wine is plenty there. As you get hold of the world, so it goes. Believe me, if you steal, it goes stealing, if you plunder, so it goes, if you cheat, so it goes, if you drink, so it goes. One man will steal, another will plunder, another will cheat, and Beno drinks. Drink, Uncle Gevo, drink and stay Gego. Drink and you own the world."

"And you who drink, are you the owner of the world?"

"Ah yes, Uncle Gevo. As long as I don't drink I am an outcast like you, my purse empty, my hand empty, my stomach empty. Once I drink, I ride the red horse and I own the world. These fields, these meadows, these orchards, this village, and even this Mount Ararat are mine. That's the way it goes, old man. The world goes as you get hold of it."

"You have your wine and your world, Beno, I will have my field. You go your way and I will go mine."

Their trails parted.

"Go, Uncle Gevo, go. *Vallahi*, it's all the same with your little acre," Beno's voice trailed in the distance.

Having stopped, Gevo was watching the retreating figure. The drunkard was whistling as he trudged on towards the village.

By this time Gevo reached his field and stopped at the edge. The scene which unfolded before him surpassed his fondest dreams. The field was covered with a green carpet. The seed had sprouted.

The old man was watching the scene fascinated, his chest heaving to the point of bursting from the abundance of his happiness, breathing in the damp, fragrant air rising from the field. He was intoxicated.

The soul of the field was good, full of the goodness of the soil. He wanted to say something, something very good to the world, the sun, the birds, the hills, and the gigantic Mount Massis which loomed before him, something very sublime which would make the hills smile.

He stepped up on a huge boulder, he did not know why, and as long as there was any strength in his chest, he shouted in a loud voice.

"Gego, Gego, Gego."

The echo of his voice, Go, Go, Go, died down in the valley.

"God illuminate his soul," said the old man out loud, and suddenly burst into a hearty chuckle. Then his chuckle changed into crying and sobbing.

He stepped down the boulder.

"Did you break down, old man? Collect yourself. Here's your little acre, the miracle, the field of your child, the field of your Zardar," he was jabbering.

Standing there, he was looking at his field, like the lover who, at the moment of his passionate outburst, looks at his beloved. He wanted to embrace, to caress and to kiss this green soil and to become merged with it. Out of the boundless exuberance of his heart, he knelt down, took off his cap, set it aside, and brushed his face and beard against the cool green, smelling it, kissing it, and jabbering words which were neither a prayer nor a benediction, but a passionate, affectionate delirium which ended up in a sob. He again broke down. It was the tears of pain, hurt and misery of years which, having accumulated, was breaking the barriers and was rushing out in torrential spurts, wiping off his old affront.

And those tears were good, they were good.

Gevo stood up, wiped his eyes, put on his cap, and with slow, steady but happy steps, headed for the village. He walked as

if he owned the village, proud and independent.

"I will bury his drunken head," he said bitterly, "he, the owner of the world! Owner of the world, my eye."

This last shaft was aimed at the drunkard Beno. He started for the village with light steps, vigorous in his strides, his veins tingling with a youthful blood, his entire being filled with an infinite urge to speak out, to shout and to laugh in the face of the world.

At the village, instead of heading for home, for the first time in his life he made for the tavern of Kolot Hako in the center of the village.

"Greetings on you, good brother Hako," he called happily.

"A thousand welcomes, Uncle Gevo. What wind has blown you here?" reciprocated the stout, rotund, rosy-cheeked saloon keeper with a broad smile.

"The wind of Saint Jacob, good brother Hako, the wind of Saint Jacob. My little acre has sprouted. Fill her up. I am celebrating today."

The bartender filled the glass with the *Raki*—the potent whiskey of the natives. Gevo drank it down in one gulp, grimaced like one who is unaccustomed to drink, wiped his lips with his sleeve and banged the empty glass on the table.

"Ah, this is great! May the inventor of the *Raki* live a thousand years. Fill her up again. This is my day. I shall celebrate today. My little acre has sprouted."

He gulped down the second glass. By this time the potent drink went to his head and his eyes became a fiery red.

"Go ahead, put it down in your book, you Hako, the son of a dog, put it down in your *Daftar*. I will pay you when Gego's little acre is harvested. Gego! Do you hear? You son of a dog? Gego I say. No, no, Gego is dead. He died, Ha, ha, ha! I am drink-

ing to his departed soul. Fill her up once more."

The bartender filled the glass the third time.

"Ah yes, do you know Saint Jacob?"

Kolot Hako just grinned broadly, enjoying the old man's ecstasies.

"What are you grinning there like a monkey, you fool? Don't you know who Saint Jacob is?"

"Of course I know Saint Jacob, Uncle Gevo. The Saint Jacob of our Mount Massis, our eternal Ararat," Kolot Hako replied with a smile.

"Ah yes, the Saint Jacob of Massis. That was well said, the holy cross our witness that was well said indeed. Come, let me kiss you."

And the old man rost up and took the bartender in his skinny arms.

"I remember now. Saint Jacob appeared to me in my dream and said to me, 'Dig up this ground, Gevo, dig it up. Where I failed, you will succeed.' And I dug the ground, and now my field has sprouted. Let us drink, Hako, let's drink to my little acre, my little Zardar's little acre."

Hago raised his glass. "Here's to your little acre. Uncle Gevo. For each grain that you planted, may God give a hundred, a thousand."

"Ah, that was eloquent, very eloquent, Hako. Your lips are a temple, a temple."

They clinked glasses and drank bottoms up.

"Come to think of it, Saint Jacob failed but I succeeded. The poor old man wanted to climb the top of Massis and see the ark of Noah. He climbed up during the day and rested at night. But when he woke up he found himself where he had started. Each night the angel had brought him back. No mortal man should set foot at the top of this mountain. It was against God's command. And so, the old man never made it. But I have made it. Ha, Ha, Ha."

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Just then the village chief Kizir Hairo, sticking out his little goatee, his huge fur cap pulled down to his eyes, and cane in hand, barged into the tavern.

"Holy cow! Are my eyes playing tricks on me? What on earth are you doing here, Uncle Gevo?" he boomed.

"I was telling tht story of Saint Jacob, Hairo. Fill one up for Hairo, Hako, let's drink to Saint Jacob. Hairo, Saint Jacob appeared to me in my dream and my field has sprouted."

Hairo understood. He drank his glass, measuring the old man the while with a dubious smile.

"How many acres is your field, Uncle Gevo?" he asked.

It was a malicious question. He knew that Gevo's field was scarcely half an acre. The blow was so telling that, despite his intoxicated condition, the old man was shocked and stiffened.

"Kizir Hairo," he screamed, "my field is as big as my heart, one hundred acres."

It was already evening when Kolot Hako checked Uncle Gevo's account and the old man departed. As he swaggered along the street the passersby were surprised. They had never seen him drunk before. Gevo kept on his way, muttering to himself, "I made a vow to Saint Jacob. Gego is dead, and we drank to his soul. God illuminate his soul. Ha, Ha, Ha.My heart is a hundred acres, Kizir Hairo."

"Oh ho, back so soon? You've caught up with me, old man. Ha, Ha, Ha."

It was Beno, the village watchman, soused and swaggering, holding in his hand a clay jug of wine.

"I see, you've at last seen the light, Uncle Gevo. Drink, drink. No matter how great the millet crop, the sparrow cannot escape the hawk's eye. Drink, Gevo, drink. The parable of the lamb and the wolf has neither beginning nor end. The wolf and

the lamb, the hawk and the sparrow, it's all the same."

Gevo stood there, staring at the man, then Beno's words slowly sank in, he turned purple and screamed.

"Fool! You brute! What about my field? What about this he-man's fur cap?"

"Your field? Ha, Ha, Ha. How many acres is your field?"

Again the same cursed question, plunged into the old man's heart like a scalpel. And he screamed with rage.

"As big as my heart, do you hear? As big as my heart, you brute!"

And, as if aroused from the blow of a whip, he left Beno and swaggered toward his home. At the door his spirits rose again.

"Zardar my darling," he called in a joyous voice, "sing Le-le, sing a song for your field."

And without waiting, he started to sing the song in a throaty voice—Le le, chan le le, chan le le."

Almaste was so moved she laughed and cried at the same time.

V

It was summer again, the magic summer of the Ararat Plain when the sun's burning rays from above and the black, rich soil from below shower their bounties on mankind, when the fields wallow in gold and the air glistens in the sunlight. The summer of the Ararat Plain is fire, a gigantic furnace in which the worker toils, smiles, broils and pants as he drinks in the sun's flames.

It was harvest time again, the miracle harvest of the Ararat Plain. The heavens were raining fire, and the sweltering harvesters, their veins afire, their faces sunbaked, were swinging their sickles in serried lines. The heat was scorching. The lusty songs which the harvesters started in the morning would die down into a faint hum by noon time when they stopped for lunch. After lunch, they resumed the

harvesting, hundreds of sickles swinging, until the sheaves mounted. The first caravans of the ox-carts, loaded with the golden grain, started the trail to the thrashing grounds. The smell of the harvested wheat was in the air.

That year Gevo reaped his first harvest. He woke up early in the morning, highly agitated, almost pious and very solemn. Driving his little donkey before him, he hurried to his field with his entire family early in the morning. His little acre could be seen clearly in the distance like a lovely garden. In the meadow which surrounded the little acre on all four sides, one could see the cluster of olive trees, interspersed with equally tall and flirtatious sunflowers. A few stalks of corn and the fragrant hemp clung to the sunflower, thus completing the floral wreath around the little acre.

Gevo, his wife and daughter had created this lovely field working day and night from the beginning of spring till harvest time, now waiting for the sickle. And that year, outside of this field, Gevo had no other source of income. The little family arrived at the field at sunrise. Gevo lowered the scythe from his shoulder, and with a prayer of "Blessed be God" he started the harvest. He worked until noontime, and in the afternoon, and by nightfall the harvest was over.

It was such a tiny acre. And the three together counted the number of the sheaves three times—exactly forty-two sheaves. Gevo recalled Kizir Hairo's and Beno's insinuating question: "How many acres is your field?" He tried to repel the evil thought from his mind. "It's a small plot, yes, but it's my planting and my harvest," he repeated to himself.

Finally, they started the thrashing. Kevo spread the sheaves on the thrashing floor, hitched the donkey to the thresher, and Zardar, the daughter stood on it, whip in hand. And for fully two weeks Gevo made

more fuss than all the other threshers of the fields to the huge amusement and glee of the villagers.

When the threshing was over the grain made a small pile. Gevo winnowed the grain in the wind. The result was a small hill of clean, golden grain. It was now time to pay the debts. First came the agent of the village Lord to collect the tithe—ten percent of the crop.

"It is a fair claim," Gevo said, measured the grain and filled the sack. This made quite a dent in the little hill.

Then came the representative of the village priest to collect for the church. Then followed the superintendent of irrigation, the sheriff for the Kizir, the village chief, and the village watchman, each collecting his share.

"It's only fair," commented Gevo. But by this time the little hill was so dwindled that the wife could not hide her uneasiness. "There's nothing left for us, Gevo Djan," Almasse sobbed.

"God is merciful, woman. We are a family of property now. We own the grain and a threshing floor. There will be no God's blessing on our crop if the church, the waterman, the village lord and the watchman do not collect their share."

Gevo said this to comfort his wife but he could not help thinking of Hairo's and Beno's sinister question, "How many acres is your field?"

"Woman, a man's heart must be big," he added, but in reality he was answering the question which was plaguing him.

He again retouched the little pile when, lo and behold, the village priest came.

"God's blessing on you, Gevo, blessed be your little acre. I have come to bless your first crop."

"Bless, Father. My life a sacrifice unto you."

The priest blessed the crop, collected his share and departed. Gevo now was stand-

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ing in the midst of the threshing floor, gazing at his share which scarcely made a sackful for the winter. Finally came Kolot Hako, the tavern keeper, smiled at Gevo, halved the last sack and departed.

All that night Almaste bewailed their evil fate. "All this toil and heartache for nothing."

"Take it easy, Almaste my love. God is merciful. We still have our field, next year the crop will be plentiful. Don't we own a field now? We shall not die landless. . . ."

Came the autumn, bringing with it the melancholy clamor of the cranes. The fields were bare and Gevo's field was not planted for the second crop. He had no seed grain left. The scarecrow in the midst of the field flapped its sleeves in the cold wind, to drive away the birds when there was neither field nor birds. In the streets of the village, Kizir Hairo, sticking out his goatee, his fur cap pulled down to his eyes, was stomping the ground with his heavy cane, demanding the fall taxes. Old Gevo, who now owned a field, was not exempt from the tax. But where would the money come from? All that he had left was his pitiful little donkey.

Kizir Hairo summoned old Gevo before him and threatened to sell his donkey at auction, unless he paid the government tax.

"This field has turned into a curse upon us," poor Almaste complained. And poor Gevo tried to ward off her nagging. "A woman's hair is long, but her brain is short."

Kizir Hairo badgered the old man until finally they dragged the donkey to the market place to be sold at auction. It was a severe blow to the family to part with the creature who had been a part of their life. Almaste and Zardar took it very hard, they followed the animal to the street, crying and wailing after him. The old man scolded them for their weakness, sent them back

home, and himself headed the crowd to the auction place.

To pay the government tax, his donkey, his sad, poor little donkey was to be sold at auction. The animal was standing there, sadder than ever, his ears shrunk, his snout touching the ground, silent and pensive, as if pondering his fate. Gevo was standing beside him, his gaze far in the distance, the wide open fields. His face was pale and his beard was shaking. He had something to say but the words would not come out of his lips.

"O world! O fate!"

"Stop your whining, you old fool," the sheriff snapped. "God himself cannot annul the government tax. If you can't pay it, give up the field. If you don't want to part with the field, then the animal will be sold and your honor will be vindicated. Either the field or the donkey, take your choice."

Silence fell on the crowd. Gevo's beard shook, he was squeezing his teeth to prevent himself from screaming. The terrible words, "either the field or the donkey," were ringing in his ears until they turned into a deafening roar. The tense silence continued. All eyes were fixed on the pale, trembling old man who stubbornly stood silent, looking at no one, as if he had been transported into another world.

"Who among you will pay Gevo's tax and take over his field?" the Sheriff boomed.

"I will pay the tax," shouted one of the crowd.

All eyes turned upon the bidder. It was Kolot Hako.

"I will pay the tax," another voice shouted. It was Beghlou Sako.

Gevo still did not heed the bidding. The words still were humming in his ears: "Either the field or the donkey." His donkey, this faithful sharer of his fate, this tortured animal, then the field, the sunflowers, the fragrant hemp, Zardar with her liltng

song, and his field, his honor. his blood and sweat, his fur cap!

It was a terrible alternative. The tears were choking in his throat. And still, Gevo controlled himself. He had sworn not to break down in front of the unsympathetic crowd, in front of those smiling, malicious eyes which were fixed upon him from all sides.

"O world, O world."

He desperately wanted to cry out: "O world, my good brothers, you are all Christian Armenians, you have a God. Look at me, I am a man of no property. In the days of my adversity I built a small acre for myself, the support of my old age, the only comfort of my child. Can't one of you help me out, pay this tax? I will repay it afterwards. It will be the debt of my soul. Why do you want to deprive me of my field, of this poor animal?"

He wanted to say all this and to pour out his soul. And yet, he could not. His beard shook, his voice choked, he swallowed his tears, and his words of importunity were crushed between his teeth. He would not beg mercy from this godless village.

Finally, the Sheriff's patience was exhausted. "Don't stand there bleating like a goat, you fool," he shouted at the old man. "Who are you to have any pretensions to a field, you Gego, you penniless tramp? Give up your field, take your donkey and begone with you."

The insult was unspeakable. "Gego, penniless Gego," this public indignity right before the crowd. It followed that Gego was not dead, after all. The whole thing was an illusion—the field, the harvest and the honor—it was all a cruel illusion which vanished like the morning fog. His soul rebelled against the insult. It was as if they had seared his heart with a hot iron. He wanted to cry out, to utter a devastating curse, he wanted to burn up this village, to break the back of the Sheriff, to trample

this crowd under his heels as one tramples on the bunches of grape. For a moment he swayed back and forth, hung his head, and stood there motionless and silent.

The crowd was watching him and waiting tensely. Suddenly the old man threw himself to full height, his eyes flashed with an indescribable flame, and he screamed with all the power of his being.

"I am a poor man, and I am a tiller of the soil, Sheriff. Ah yes, I am very poor, but I never ate your bread, Sheriff. I have wrecked no man's home, Sheriff. I am a tiller of the soil and I am poor, I have not lived by the other man's sweat, Sheriff. I have earned my living, fairly and honorably, I have built for myself a little patch of land, I have moistened the soil with the sweat of my brow, I have put my soul into it, Sheriff, my very heart in it. I won't let you have the field. Sell the donkey, Sheriff, sell it, but I won't let you have the field. You may go, poor creature—he turned to the animal—you may go and become a sacrifice unto the field. You may go."

And the old man turned his back to the donkey and strode away through the crowd.

There was a deathly silence. The crowd stood frozen to the ground, then suddenly burst out in jeers. Gevo turned around and looked at them, gnashing his teeth. "Heathens! Godless!"

And so, Gevo's donkey was sold at the auction.

That night for long hours the old man comforted his crying wife. He pictured to her the future of their little acre, full of lovely prospects and hopes. He would plant cotton in the spring, he said, that would take care of all their needs.

"How many acres is your land?" a voice whispered in his ear.

"Keep a big heart in your chest, woman. God is merciful."

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The wife and the daughter went to sleep, but the old man was awake for long hours, the image of his sad little donkey before his eyes. In the village all activity came to a standstill and the tumult died down. It was late in the night. He slowly crept out of his bed and went to the stall of his donkey. The stall was empty.

He wept long and disconsolately. "O Lord, O Lord!" he cried agonizingly, either grant us the longing of the heart, or remove this heart so that we shall not feel the pain."

Out in the street, Beno the watchman was making his rounds.

"Vanity of vanities. The end of this world is vain. The foundation of this world is crooked. The minute the son of Adam is born. . . . it's all the same thing. . . ."

Gevo did not hear him. He was too busy crying out his heart. Only the darkness saw how the smiling, affable old Gevo could weep.

(A translation from the Armenian by James G. Mandalian)

MY PRAYER

*Lord, if the flower is Thy Hand
Touch me, show me Thy Way,
I follow Thee, on sea and land,
I, a tiny part of Thy Clay.*

*Lord, if the wind is Thy Voice
Speak to me, tell me,
How can I hear Thy Word, in the noise
Of this life and money.*

*I grew, I, a human plant
With sylvan beauty,
I grew on earth—Thy Bosom—
Waiting for Thy Light, Thy Eternity.*

*Life is rusty with the blood of crime
And my lily heart wans in bud,
Where Thou Art, Utterly Divine,
To preserve my love—Thy Word.*

*For Thee if I am a lost sheep
Forgive me Lord, and do not search,
Wherever I am, I am Thy Sheep
Love is my faith, and my Church.*

LOOTFI MINAS

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN EARLY ARMENIA

PART II

JAMES H. TASHJIAN

The Horse in Early Armenia; Equestrian Sports

The horse appears to have been present in Armenia at a remote time. Adontz reports the discovery of a "horse's tooth" among the debris of an underground rock tomb at Eylat dating from the Neolithic age.⁸⁷ The existence of this equine relic in a "human" sepulcher means perhaps that, in the "beginning" in Armenia, horses were a prized item of diet. With the advent, however, of the succeeding "age of metal", it appears that the aborigines of the Armenian highlands had learned to use the horse as a beast of service, for "fragments of bridles" have been identified among horse bones dating from that era.⁸⁸

The discovery at the same time of the remains of a "metal age" Armenian "cart",⁸⁹ suggests an interesting question. If as seems now apparent the earliest "Armenians" knew the horse, the bridle and

wheeled "cart", could they have known too the method of harnessing the horse to the cart? And if so, did the harnessing of a horse to a cart precede the mounting of the beast? The answer appears to be in favor of the latter.

During the Trojan War, which is believed to have ended about 1100 B.C., the Phrygian people are reported to have been numbered among the Asiatic nations which rallied against what was patently a "Greek" invasion of Asia Minor. Said Homer:

... The Phrygians that fight from chariots.⁹⁰

As we have already noted, the "Armenian" people are reported by Herodotus to have been the kin of the Phrygians;⁹¹ thus, when the Armenians finally entered "Armenia" they must have brought with them the Phrygian chariot — *but even if they did not, the native "Nairian," knew the use of the horse and chariot from a date approximating the events at Ilium* — as we shall see. There is however another interesting thing here. If the Armenian tradition is correct and if troops from "Armenia" itself were among the Trojan allies,⁹² then these soldiers must certainly have seen the Phrygian chariot, as well as, of course, the

⁸⁷ Adontz, *op. cit.*, p. C. The Neolithic (New Stone) Age is believed to have ended about 4,000 B.C. Neolithic sites in Anatolia and Armenia are also reported by Prof. C. S. Coon, *The Races of Europe* (New York, 1939), p. 83.

⁸⁸ Adontz, *op. cit.*, p. 9. We cannot here discuss the problem of the homeland of the horse, but Arthur Vernon, *The History and Romance of the Horse* (New York, 1941), p. 26, says: "The story of the horse in his relation to the history of the human race, . . . begins in that little corner of the ancient world that hovered about the Mediterranean Sea. . ." This geographical generalization of course would include Armenia.

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*

⁹⁰ *Iliad*, X.430.

⁹¹ Herodotus, VII. 73.

⁹² *MK*, I.19.

wheeled war vehicles of other friends and of the foe, and brought the good word back with them on their return to Armenia—that is, again, if “Armenia” hadn’t already known the horsed military rig!

We now have interesting corroboration that the Nairi people of Armenia had domesticated the horse by about the era comprehending an inscription of Tiglath Pileser I (c. 1100 B.C., the date ascribed to the fall of Troy) who, upon entering the land of Nairi, found twenty-three kings of the confederation facing him with,

... their war-chariots and their troops. (In the ensuing battle Tiglath reports he captured) 120 of their war chariots, the steeds with their trappings. . . I imposed upon them as a tribute 1,200 horses.⁹³

Thus we have manifest proof that the Nairi people used the horse with chariot, and we may assume that they also employed mounted cavalry. The Armenian steeds were traced and bridled and were considered so valuable by the Assyrian



ASSYRIAN MILITARY CHARIOT, BEARING BOWMAN, ADVANCING AGAINST URARTUAN INFANTRY. FROM THE SHALMANESER RELIEFS.

monarch that he took a tribute of 1,200 of the animals. Shalmaneser III (860-824) reports in his Monolith inscription that he took from Nairi:

... chariots, forces (that is cavalry), horses trained to the yoke . . . On my return to the sea (i.e. Van) I received tribute of . . . horses.⁹⁴

⁹³ Conveniently found in, *Assyrian and Babylonian Literature* (Robert Francis Harper Introduction) (New York, 1904), pp. 19-20.

⁹⁴ *Ibid*, pp. 34-35.

King Shamshi-Rammon (824-812), involved in one of those eternal and baffling “Armenian” wars, similarly reports he took from Nairi “horses trained to the yoke”⁹⁵—still another tribute to the Nairi art of horse-training.

The great Shalmaneser III (860-824) entered Armenia to quell the Urartu. He came riding his chariot—a rough and dangerous passage. His celebrated friezes show the monarch’s army locked in battle with the enemy. But this is no ordinary picture of warfare! Here the Assyrian knighthood



PLUCKY URARTUAN SOLDIERS ATTEMPT TO STAY AN ASSYRIAN CHARIOT CHARGE BY SEIZING THE BRIDLES OF THE ENEMY HORSES.

must cope with a new tactic; brave Urartuan soldiers have seized the bridles of the Assyrian chariot horses—are obviously trying to bring them to a halt so that the infantry, armed with swords and javelins, can get at the enemy charioteers. This leads one to believe that such tactics were regularly practiced by the Urartuans. On viewing the admittedly grandiloquent Shalmaneser reliefs, Olmstead wrote:

... the captive horses recall to us that Armenia has always been famous for the fineness of its breeds.⁹⁶

Similarly, the kings of Biaina (Urartu or Van), have themselves left us valuable testimony as to the high regard

⁹⁵ *Ibid*, pp. 46-47.

⁹⁶ A. J. Olmstead, *History of Assyria* (New York-London, 1923), pp. 112-113. See also, D. G. Hogarth, *The Nearer East* (New York, 1902), pp. 198-199, who gives testimony of “the hardy type of horse, excellent for military purposes”, found in contemporary Armenia. There are too many laudatory notices of the Armenian horse to note all here.

for the horse held by the nation. Thus, King Menuas, son of Ispuinis, took,

... the many possessions of the sons of
Diaus, horses, horsemen, chariots, char-
rioteers,⁹⁷

while father and son collaborated in taking from "the children of Etius" (near Armarvar) "sixteen horses".⁹⁸ Argistis reports he took 1,280 horses in one campaign; 606 horses from the Minni as well as (ransacking) their "cavalry quarters"; 790 beasts from another people; 286 elsewhere; "80 horses (from Babas)" and, "the chief (?) of the riders the rank and file". Then, he mentions 25 horses taken, 170 more, 308 more; and in a return campaign against the Etiuians, he captured "... its goods, the harness (?), the cavalry quarters. ..." and over 1,200 horses.⁹⁹ On a stone later found at the Church of Sourp Sahak, at Van, the same monarch recorded the capture of 4,426 horses, and that he "captured the cavalry, the horses and the officers."¹⁰⁰ King Sarduris summed up the booty taken in one year of campaigning with a terse ledger item, saying,

... 25,000 women folk, 6,000 slaves
I carried away ... its cavalry captive. . .
(in all) 2,500 horses (I took).¹⁰¹

At least the king had the goodness to rank the women before the horses! In the same inscription, he takes pains to let it be known that he took,

... in the battle (?) the chief of the
cavalry of the city of Dhumeskis.

Thus, it appears that it was the height of achievement to take in combat the head of the enemy cavalry.

It is interesting to note that despite the

superstitious or "religious" nature of the proto-Armenian — their votive lists have been preserved — and despite the obviously indispensable role of the horse in their domestic and military affairs, the Urartuans appear not to have used the horse in sacrifice to their gods. Lambs, oxen, sheep — all in varying numbers to accord with the stature of the god — are recorded as having been offered to this deity or that — but there appears to be no mention of the horse in this respect.

This is all the more remarkable for we are told by the reputable Xenophon that when he and his companions of the *Anabasis* journeyed through Armenia on their way to Thalassa, they noted herds of fine Armenian horses — smaller than the Persian horses "but far more spirited" which, they were told, were intended as payment of tribute to the king of Persia.¹⁰² The Greek soldier-philosopher says that the Armenians sacrificed the horse to the sun.¹⁰³ It is interesting to ask: when did the Armenians fall to sacrificing the horse? Was this a custom introduced perhaps by the Hellenic-Phrygian "Armeni" folk, or was it, better, a Zoroastrian religious cabalism following on the advent of Median, or Persian influence in Armenia?

An obscure passage in Tacitus apprises us that the Armenians were still sacrificing the horse in the days of Tiridates I (c. 55 A.D.). During the course of a campaign, the Roman and Armenian allies bided on the banks of the Euphrates to

¹⁰² Xenophon, *Anabasis*, IV.5.34. Says Xenophon in his *Treatise on Horses* (as quoted by Patrick Chalmers, *The History of Hunting*, London? p. 66): "(The hunter-charger) must have size and substance and well knit limbs. . . broad chest . . . good full tail . . . muscular thighs. . . and must be strong. These are the qualities prominent in Tuscan, Armenian, Achaean and the famous Cappadocian horse, and such are the horses for hunting wild beasts or for use as chargers of war. . ." See also Strabo, XIV. 16.

¹⁰³ Xenophon, *Anabasis*, IV. 5.35.

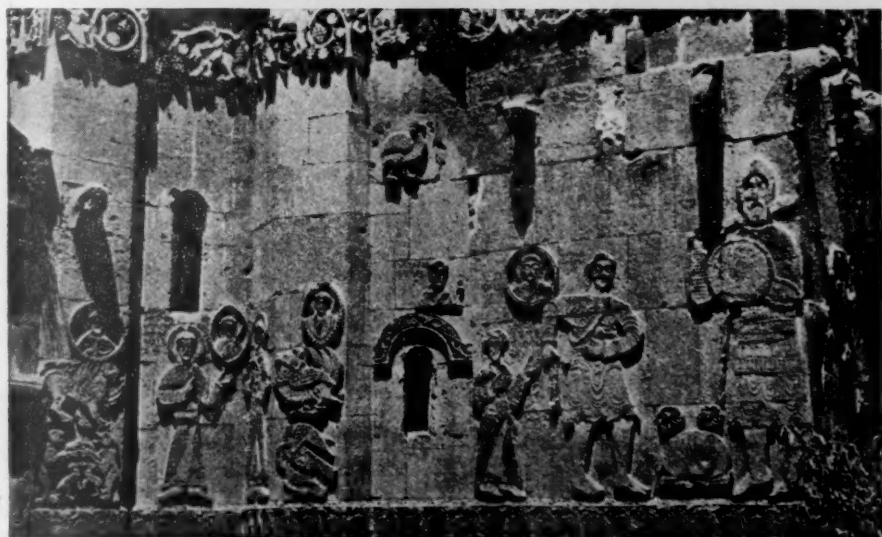
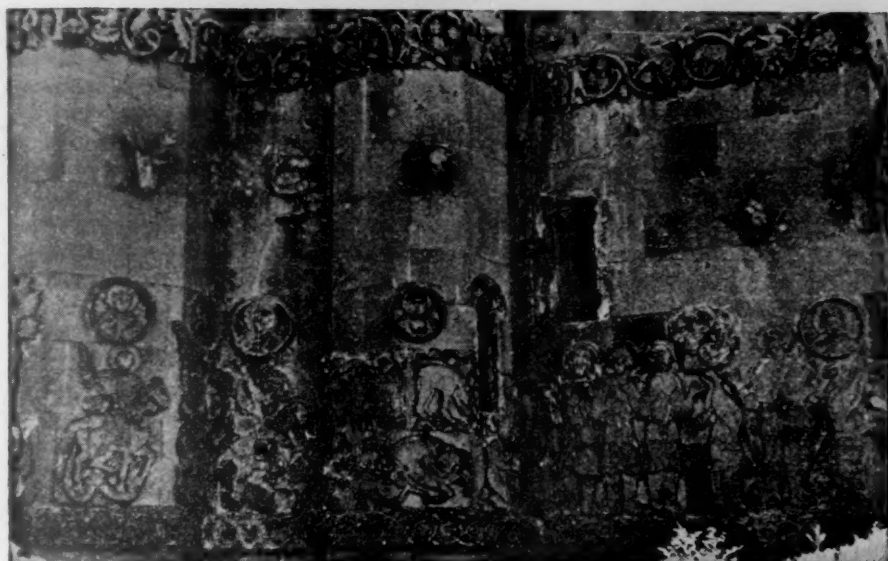
⁹⁷ A. H. Sayce, *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Van* (in "The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society", n.s., London, 1882), pp. 540-543.

⁹⁸ Sayce, *op. cit.*, pp. 550-553.

⁹⁹ Sayce, *op. cit.*, pp. 571-620.

¹⁰⁰ Ibid.

¹⁰¹ Ibid, pp. 635-640.



The beautiful reliefs of the Armenian Cathedral on the Island of Akhtamar betray the deep Armenian affection for the active, outdoor life. (Above) St. George attacks the dragon, David slays the lion, and beasts of prey project, like gargoyles—all under the magnificent hunting scenes entwined in the vine scroll. (Lower) animal figures, with Armenian saints, and (far right) David and Goliath.

worship their gods. The Romans, says Tacitus:

... offered a swine, a ram and a bull; the others (the Armenians) a horse which he (Tiridates) had duly prepared as a propitiation to the river god.¹⁰⁴

The fame of the Armenian horse and rider did not escape the chroniclers of the Holy Bible. The prophet Ezekial (c. 600 B.C., or about the time Urartu-Biaina fell) reports as present in the bazaars of Tyre:

... They of the House of Togarmah (who) traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen and mules.¹⁰⁵

Certainly, the potential of the "spirited" Armenian horse, so plentiful in the country, must have suggested itself early to the inhabitants of horse-conscious Armenia. The military axiom, "Get there fustest with the mostest" was not first propounded in the American civil war; it comprehended the very considerations which so strongly commended cavalry warfare to pre-machine man. The need for speed and dexterity in riding for successful mounted operations must have led people to cultivate the art of riding the horse as efficiently as possible. To develop speed riding alone, competitions must have been held. To a pastoral and agricultural nation brought up practically on their indispensable horses, and a nation moreover devoted to the mounted sport of the hunt, early equestrian games must have been a common thing.

It comes as no surprise therefore to note several references to horse-tracks, or hippodromes, in early Armenia. Eznik¹⁰⁶ speaks of the "grvantz", that is the arena or

circus, possibly comparable to the western "balistra". To Samuel Kamrdjadzaretzi,¹⁰⁷ a horse-track is a "murtzaran", while Faustus of Byzantium calls it "tziarshavi hurabarak,"¹⁰⁸ and says such equestrian sports arenas were found in the cities of Shahabivan and Zarehavan. Moses of Khoren refers to the hippodrome as "tziens-tasan"¹⁰⁹ and "tsiartsakaran".¹¹⁰ "Tziens-tatsik asbarez" is also said to have been used.¹¹¹ The city of Van had a famous old "hippodrome".¹¹²

What sorts of contests were held in these "hippodromes"?

Popular among the early games were horse races and chariot races. It is safe to say, however, that the popularity of the standard horse race was seriously challenged, at least after the advent of the Christian era, by what appears to have been the game of polo. In this respect, the following story from Moses' work must be analyzed. Here again, Moses describes another moment in the difficult life of Sapor, son of the king of Persia, who was sent to Armenia to rule the Armenians:

... At another time, during the course of a game played with staffs (*Armenian—maganagan khagh*), it happened that Chavash Ardzrouni twice took the ball away from Sapor. Giving him a blow with his staff, the king said to him: 'Learn thou to know thyself.' 'I know myself,' responded Chavash. 'I know that I am of a royal race and of the blood of Sanassar, and that I and my brothers possess the right to kiss the pillow of the kings if only by virtue of our name! And saying these words so full of contempt (for Sapor), he galloped like a flash out of the hippodrome.'¹¹³

Now, the key words which betray a

¹⁰⁴ Tacitus, *Annals*, VI.37 (p. 217 Modern Library Edition).

¹⁰⁵ Ezekiel, XXVII.14. See also, *ibid*, XXXVIII. 6. On the identification of Togarmah with Armenia, see the brilliant discussion of the subject in George Rawlinson, *The Origin of Nations* (N.Y., 1881), p. 183.

¹⁰⁶ Eznik, "Refutation of the Sects" (in Armenian), 56.

¹⁰⁷ See Fr. V. Hatzouni, *Hantesakan Ousmounk Hin Haiotz Metch* (in "Navasart Monthly", Buenos Aires (Oct. 1955), p. 5.

¹⁰⁸ Faustus of Byzantium, *op. cit.*, IV. 58 and IV. 15.

¹⁰⁹ MK, II.88 and II.79.

¹¹⁰ MK, III.55.

¹¹¹ *Navasart Monthly* (Sept., 1955), p. 8-9.

¹¹² *Ibid*.

¹¹³ MK, III.55

mounted sport in the passage above are "tziatzakaranen arpayaknats lihner" — an "obscure" passage¹¹⁴ which we have rendered, "galloped like a flash out of the hippodrome" although it perhaps would be more accurate — and less comprehensible — to translate "like a flash from the hippodrome" — leaving out "galloped". But there is here a moment of speed — of the speed of light — a flash! — and this with the fact that game was played in the hippodrome (horse area) leads in all common sense to decide on a mounted sport. To call it hockey,¹¹⁵ or to refuse to grapple with the problem,¹¹⁶ betrays ignorance on one side, and temerity on the other. It cannot be argued, moreover, that the game played "with staffs" cannot be polo because polo is today played with mallets; in the earliest days of the sport, polo *was* played with staffs; the mallet is a comparatively recent innovation. What is more, we know that polo is known to have been played in "Persia" from 2,000 to 4,000 years, and hockey, on the other hand, is first pictured in the Grecian friezes. Sapor was a Persian, the enemy of the West. Would he have played a "Greek" game? Would the Persian scion, moreover, "debase" himself to play on foot when horsemanship was the glory and the honor of his people? There seems little question here that the story indicates polo was a well-known sport of Armenia.

What happened was that Sapor must have twice driven the ball towards the opponent Armenian goalline with Chavash, a member of the opposition, twice

intercepting, clubbing the ball away from Sapor and perhaps reversing the fortunes of the game — much to the discomfiture of the Persian polo-playing prince, the victim of the "steal."

An entertaining story offered by a historian of the days of the Arabs and Franks, Matthew of Ourfa, is just as assuredly a "polo" episode and thus gives us notice that the game remained in Armenia after the lessening of Persian influence.¹¹⁷ Here Matthew relates that Terenik, King of Antsevat, relieved the hero Abulgharib of command of his army, whereupon, in his moment of blind rage, Abulgharib contrived to have Terenik captured by the Arab force. But let us follow the language of the scribe:

... That day Varak (Monastery) and all monasteries anathemized Abulgharib... And he, coming to his senses wept from contrition, for he was a devout man of god and he exceedingly regretted the shedding of the blood of Armenian braves. And then Abulgharib inquired of the King (and found) that Abulhaja the Amira had set Terenik free of his chains and he took him out at all hours to join the sports (games) team in the Meydan (public square or arena) outside the city of Her. And hearing this, Abulgharib was exceedingly glad and he secretly sent a messenger to Terenik and said to him: 'At a certain hour I shall be at a certain place. Therefore, be ready with all your might, mount a swift horse and try to meet me.' And one day Abulhaja entered the games with a large company of his freemen, surrounded by thousands of his soldiers, and Abulgharib lay in his rendezvous with fifty men. And Terenik asked the couriers a swift horse and he was given his wish. And then Terenik separated himself from the company and headed straight to the place where Abulgharib was hidden in the thick forests of Her, and having mounted his swift steed, he left the company and was off...

¹¹⁴ See the Malkhasian translation of MK (Cairo, 1953), p. 406, and note 321.

¹¹⁵ "Navasart Monthly" (Sept., 1955), p. 9. See also, J. A. Krout, *Annals of American Sport*, (vol. XV, The Pageant of America, N. Haven, 1929), pp. 271 and 274, for a discussion of the histories of polo and hockey.

¹¹⁶ Fr. V. Hatzouni (in *Navasart Monthly*, Oct. 1955) fails to tell us if the game under discussion was played on horse or foot; the reader is lead to believe that he favors the latter.

¹¹⁷ Matthios of Ourfa (or Matthew of Edessa as he is known to Western scholarship), *Chronography* (Vagharshabat, 1898), pp. 30-31. We are indebted to Mr. James G. Mandalian for the decipherment of the difficult Armenian of this passage from a historian whose work deserves an English translation, so full is it of material of value to the student of the Crusades.

And the Arab soldiery, in chasing him ran right into Abulgharib's ambush and were routed!

Evidently what happened was this. There was a great polo match that day in the Meydan,¹¹⁸ and the Amira and his retinue arrived and took their place among the thousands of spectators watching the sport. Terenik was a participant — a great horseman, and his demand for a suitable horse was quickly met. During a scrimmage at an end of the field, Terenik just kept his horse going on, right out of the bounds of the area — and to freedom!

It was inevitable that Western ways would doubly influence the inhabitants of Lesser Armenia during the days the kingdom acted as the ally, operational base and granary of the Crusaders. It is no wonder then we find evidence that the Armenian knighthood adopted the games of their Christian cousins, and often vied against them in the tourney or joust. Thomas of Walshingham, the 14th century English chronicler, tells us that in 1362, a tournament was held at Smithfield, London, during which Armenian horsemen took prominent part. "The Armenian horsemen," he wrote, "were especially taken notice of by the King and Queen of England, who had honored the tourney with their presence."¹¹⁹

To the lay folk of Armenia, the nobility and the landed, the breeding and possession of five horses was a must, a symbol of wealth and of social standing. To the religious, it was a manifestation of vulgarity and vanity — a vanity foreign to the teachings of the church, a materialism that transcended all good taste. Thus:

... Diran had two steeds who seemed to fly through the air without touching the earth, horses as swift as Pegasus. Tada-

keh, prince of the Peznouni, rode them one day and boasted that he was more magnificent than the king. . . ;¹²⁰

on the other hand, Bishop Khat, of Pakrevant, was a fine man, but Moses (himself a cleric) says one fault could be found in him:

... he was affected in his clothing and loved horses. (So finally after much clerical gossip came to his ears) he laid aside his magnificent garments. . . and covered with hair-cloth, he rode nothing other than an ass up to the day of his death.¹²¹

It was the unfortunate Diran's love for horse flesh that was to lead to his demise. Here, Faustus of Byzantium tells the story:

... King Tiran had a horse which astonished everyone. That horse was of a deep chestnut color, a brave steed of heroic appearance, greater and taller than all other steeds, with matchless perfection and beauty, of which there was none comparable.¹²²

When the vile Pisak, the King's chamberlain, went to Persia on a mission, he informed Varaz Shabouh of Azerbaijan of the wonders of Tiran's steed. Varaz demanded the horse from Tiran. The latter tried to present Varaz with another horse as if the beast were in reality "Pegasus", but Pisak tore aside this ruse. Whereupon Nerseh, the King of Persia, entered the picture, and had Tiran blinded for insubordination, or whatever you might call such a thing!

There are any number of other interesting notices on the wide-spread affection for equestrianism among Armenians. When Vasak mustered the Armenian army he had "sixty *plour* horsemen, well trained lance cavalry" which means, he had a large number of trained cavalymen, and if we are to be precise in our reading, 600,000, perhaps, of them!¹²³ A writer of another cen-

¹²⁰ MK, II.52.

¹²¹ MK, III.31.

¹²² Faustus of Byzantium, *op. cit.*, III.20

¹²³ *Ibid.*, IV.21. We cannot devote ourselves to a discussion of the fame and numbers of the Armenian cavalry throughout early history, but

¹¹⁸ Polo fields often comprehended the principal square, or meeting place, of eastern cities. The great "square" of Isphahan, Iran, originally was used by the Shahs as a polo field.

¹¹⁹ Thomas of Walshingham, *History*, III.33.

tury, Zarkaria Catholicos¹²⁴ says that Armenians were so accustomed to the horse that both bride and groom were taken and fetched on horse to the church, as well as a large part of the bridal party. Sargavak Vartapet (12th C.) reported that:

... Horsemanship and bowmanship, and the use of other arms cannot be acquired without instruction and without training from childhood, likewise wrestling and other formal exercise.¹²⁵

And to conclude, we see evidence of the horse as a national means of transportation — for we see Armenia honeycombed by relay routes:

... Ervant... on horseback, burned up the relay route between his camp and his capital, and changing mounts without stopping at each stage where fresh horses are taken, continued his flight.¹²⁶

Water "Sports"

In a passage written quite obviously to emphasise the greatness of Artashes I of Armenia, Moses of Khoren reports that those kings who had preceded Artashes:

... had neither navigation on the seas (lakes) of our country, nor voyages on the water-ways, nor fishing tackle,¹²⁷

a condition which, he says, Artashes corrected. Modern research has largely dis-

this would be an interesting field of study for the military scientist. That the Armenian cavalry was known and feared by others is shown in the works of the Latin and Greek writers, as viz.: "... for the Romans were to be exposed to a cavalry (Armenian) trained in the use of arrows" (Tacitus, *Annals*, XIII.38). Plutarch (in *Lucullus*) reports that Tigranes mustered 55,000 (sic!) mounted men as part of a total army of 260,000 which took the field against Rome. Eutropius, *Abridgement of Roman History*, VI.19, says Tigranes' army which faced Lucullus numbered, among other troops, "600,000 cuirassiers" — that is, armored horsemen. Faustus of Byzantium (V.43) calls the Armenian cavalry "tziov yermak". 600,000 cavalry for Vasak is a fantastic figure—an exaggeration.

¹²⁴ As quoted in "Nevassart Monthly" (Sept. 1955), p. 9.

¹²⁵ Sargavak Vartapet, *Sopherk*, III.36.

¹²⁶ MK, II. 46.

¹²⁷ MK, II.59.

proved this picture of such a drab state of affairs in pre-Artashes Armenia, except that in the matter of antique experience with the fish in early Armenia there still exists a good deal of confusion.

Authorities are still at loggerheads on the matter of the possible existence in proto-Armenia of a cult dedicated to the worship of the fish. This scholarly indecision, of course, prevents us from dating with any certainty into remote antiquity an Armenian interest in the fish or in the taking of the fish. Samuelian¹²⁸ contends there is practically no evidence of a fish cult in early Armenia "because there were no large bodies of water with large and varied representatives of pisces", but Adontz¹²⁹ reports the existence of great stone fish figures in Armenia which "probably represented a cult". These are undoubtedly the "hewed dragons — stone fishes" on the slopes of Mt. Aragatz.¹³⁰ Lynch further confuses the issue:

... There can be no doubt that at an epoch contemporaneous with the outpouring of lavas a lake or lakes extended from Erzinjan, Erzeroum and Pasin across the region now occupied by the Central Tableland, and through Kinis to the plains of the Murad and Sipan.¹³¹

If this is true, then in earliest days a large body of water did exist in centermost Armenia. We know nothing, however, about possible water life of that time, and therefore the subject of antiquity in that respect remains undetermined. That the Assyrians knew "Armenia" as "Nairi" — that is "Land of Rivers" — in the early pre-Urartu days is another indication that Armenia harbored a large watershed at least as early as the second millenium Before Christ. The proto-Armenians, it can then be logically argued, must have been fa-

¹²⁸ G. Samuelian, *op. cit.*, p. 54.

¹²⁹ Adontz, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹³⁰ Khatchatrian, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

¹³¹ Lynch, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 403-404.

miliar with bodies of water, their traversal and the life found in them.

Uartuan remains give us no hints that the folk were familiar with methods of fishing. No Uartuan objects resembling fishing equipment appear to have been found. It would not be surprising if sport fishing, as we understand the term, was not practised by the Uartuan. His great lake, Van, is so saturated with carbonate of soda that only one type of fish is known to have subsisted in it. Lynch¹³² identifies this creature as "resembling a large bleak" — that is a small specie allied to the carp family — hardly of "game" genre or size.

In highly salty Lake Urmia, no fish may exist, and there is little quotable literature on fish of sporting character in the rivers of Armenia, even though fish appear to have been in places plentiful as, for instance, in the waters near Garen (Erzeroum) where "a great quantity of fish" were found.¹³³

Lake Sevan appears to be a completely different story. Here is found one of the truly great fresh water game species of the world, the famed *ishkhan* (prince) fish which Lynch says is a "salmon trout of delicious flavor".¹³⁴ We have testimony now on hand which points to the existence of the Sevan salmon-trout as early as the second century B.C., and just as interesting, that the Armenians sought it as a game fish.

Identical inscriptions on two sandstone steles dug up in the region of Lake Sevan in 1932 report (in Aramaic characters) that:

.... Artashes, the king, the son of Zariadres, here drew the trout.¹³⁵

¹³² Lynch, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 46. See also, Pliny, *Hist. Naturalis*, VI.31, who says there is only one type of fish in Van. MK, I.11, reports Haik and his army advanced on Van "the waters of which contained as small fish."

¹³³ MK, III.59.

¹³⁴ Lynch, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 208.

¹³⁵ A. Safranlian, *Armenia and Rome between*

In other words, Artashes was so pleased with his fishing luck at Lake Sevan that day that he had two steles engraved chronicling the memorable event! We don't know what method was used by the monarch in catching his fish — whether Artashes stood on the shore or went out in a boat; whether he used a rod or hand-line; if he still-fished or trolled, or what he used as bait. Or did he use the net? It would be a fair guess from the language used — "drew the trout" — that a line of some sort was employed. At any rate, here archaeology has brought to light the "fishing tackle" of Artashes' time mentioned by Moses!



MOUNTED FIGURE, WITH POLE AND LOOP, OBVIOUSLY MEANT TO SECURE THE UNWARY FISH.

The Armenians of a later period may have devised a unique method of fishing. In a relief found at Ani (c. 1000 A.D.) a mounted man appears to be trying to slip a noose attached to a long pole over the head of what appears to be the crude representation of a fish.¹³⁶

The great rivers rising in Armenia and

200 B.C. and 325 A.D. (in *The Armenian Review* vol. VI, 4-24), p. 63-64. The reference is to King Artashes who, in 190 B.C., established his "Artaxiad" dynasty in Armenia.

¹³⁶ Fr. V. Hatzouni, *Badmionthium Hin Hai Daratzin*, (Venice, 1924), p.206, pl. 66.

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the commercial possibilities alone accorded by these streams as highways to southern marts at an early date led the Armenians to devise boating equipment suitable for water-borne trade. Thus, Herodotus describes the "coracles" of the Armenian merchants which he himself observed in 5th century Babylon. These vessels, he says, sail down the river from Armenia to Babylon and are made of leather and wood:

... For when they have cut the ribs out of willows that grow in Armenia above Babylon, they cover them with hides extended on the outside, by way of a bottom; neither making any distinction in the stern, nor contracting the prow, but making them circular like a buckler; then having lined this vessel throughout with reeds, they suffer it to be carried down by the river, freighted with merchandise . . . The vessel is steered by two spars and two men standing upright, one who draws his spar in and thrusts it out.¹³⁷

There are small and large coracles, Herodotus continues. "The largest can carry a cargo of 5,000 talents. . . Every vessel has a live ass on board", and the larger ones carry several of the beasts; after arrival at Babylon, they sell the (willow) ribs of the craft and all the reeds "by public auction"; "then having piled the skins on the asses, they return by land to Armenia", since it is impossible to sail back because of the swift current of the Euphrates. We may add that vessels of the self-same type may be observed even today in use on the Iraqi rivers.

This is not however the first account of the use of boats in relation to early Armenia. In an inscription of Shalmaneser II, of Assyria,¹³⁸ there is a reference to a campaign against a "king" of southern Nairi who fled by boat over Lake Van. The Assyrians embarked after him and a "naval battle" was fought "in the middle of the

sea". It would appear that the fugitive king and company were making for Akhtamar Island, and sanctuary. Later accounts attest to boating activities on Lake Van, but we have seen no classical account of "pleasure" boating or racing of any kind.

The oldest extant Armenian tradition reflecting a knowledge of the art of swimming among Armenians is that which concerns the highly romantic story of the beauteous maid Tamar, and her lover. Now, Tamar lived on that island in Lake Van which is known today as Akhtamar, while her swain was a mainlander. It is said that each evening the young man would swim the channel separating the mainland from the island to his lady love — being guided to the point of rendezvous by the flicker of a lantern placed in a tower by Tamar. One evening (alas!), Tamar's folks got on to the young lovers' secret and removed the guiding beam, whereupon the lonely nator swam hopelessly off course in the pitch dark. Finally, as his strength ebbed and he was about to sink under the waves—another victim of love—the Armenian Romeo exclaimed: "Akh Tamar. . . !" (*Alas, Tamar. . . !*) — and so the island is known today.

This legend undoubtedly memorialises long distance swimming feats — to the island and back! — on the part of the sturdy Armenian young men of the Van regions. Akhtamar is two miles from the nearest shore. It is interesting to compare the Tamar legend with the Greek story of the love-sick Leander and his prodigious natations.

Two passages in Eghishe¹³⁹ and other references in the classics, indicate that Armenian armies were quite familiar with the military engineering problem of fording or crossing rivers expeditiously in force. One

¹³⁷ Herodotus, I. 194.

¹³⁸ See account in A. H. Sayce, *The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Armenia* (in "The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" (n.s.), (London, 1882), p. 394.

¹³⁹ *Varianantz War*, chapters 3 & 6, where he speaks of the Armenians crossing the Kura and Dughmood rivers, respectively.

is tempted to ask: did the Armenian soldiery, like their Assyrian colleagues, at an early date float across streams clasping inflated animal bladders for buoyancy. . . an ancient version of the modern "water wing" accessory to swimming?

Armenia has its own proud Horatius who, after a memorable deed of arms,

" . . . with his harness on his back plunged headlong in the tide."¹⁴⁰

Except that, in addition to being fully armored, Tiridates the Great, king of Armenia, and a great athlete of whom we shall speak at length later on, carried *his horse's gear*, and led the beast safely through the torrent:

" . . . His Horse being wounded, Tiridates was not able to keep up with the remnants (of Carinus' army); then putting his weapons and harness on his back, and leading his horse, he crossed the wide and deep expanse of the Euphrates by swimming."¹⁴¹

Winter Lore; Mountaineering

In Xenophon,¹⁴² we have an early account of the severity of the Armenian winter and the depth of snow that often accumulates there. Having to live with this cold and its concomitant natural impedimenta, the people must have been constrained to devise methods against being snow-bound throughout the winter-season. There appears in fact to have been a high degree of winter-lore in Armenia at an early date.

Xenophon relates that when the "chief" of the Armenians observed the Greek mounted soldiers wallowing around in the deep Armenian snow, he showed the visitors from the West how to tie "little bags" over the hoofs of the horses, "for without such bags (the horses and cattle) sank up to their bellies."¹⁴³ Is there an earlier historical account of such a unique method?

We know, then, that the matter of mounted travel through the snow was "solved" after a fashion by the Armenians. More interesting, there appears to be evidence that "pedestrian" movement through the snow as well had been licked.

Now, it would appear perhaps unscholarly to suggest on the basis of the admittedly slight evidence at hand that "snow-shoes" or "skis", or rude variants thereof, were known to the early Armenians, but there are at least two suggestions in early literature that just that might have been that the fact! Mekhitar Kosh, a reputable scientist-historian, reports that at one time the young blades of Armenia were accustomed to make wagers on who could "run the fastest" from a height to a lower declivity or else "race through the snow the fastest", and here one may take his own choice as to snow-shoeing or skiing. It would seem incredible that the sport in question comprehended the laborious, definitely unsporty exercise of methodically trudging through deep and exhausting snow without mechanical aid. Kosh is corroborated by Sembat who speaks of "running down from a height" as a sport.¹⁴⁴ At any rate, it cannot be over-looked that some form of snow-sport is referred to here.

Armenians were without question fearless mountaineers, and early devised equipment to aid them negotiate the rocky slopes of their beloved ranges. In relating the story of Samuel Mamikonian (Fifth century) and his attempt to apprehend the three nobles, Moses has left us an astonishingly precise description of an item of Armenian mountaineering equipment and its use. The fugitives, he says, were forced,

" . . . into a very strongly situated cavern (which had) no real entrance but only a strongly fortified place of exit on the side. Before the opening of this cavern was

¹⁴⁰ T. B. Macauley, *Horatius*, verse 59.

¹⁴¹ MK, II.79.

¹⁴² *Anabasis*, IV.4.11, and IV.5.12-13.

¹⁴³ *Ibid*, IV.5.36.

¹⁴⁴ Fr. Hatzouni, in "Navasart Monthly", Oct. 1954, p. 6. He quotes Kosh and Sembat, writers of Cilicia Armenia.

a jutting needle of rock, and above it was a projecting ledge which looked over the yawning chasm of a deep valley . . . Samuel ordered a box to be bound with iron so that they could put intrepid men into it and thus lower them to the opening of the cavern in this contraption by means of chains. But this did not prove to be successful because thick bushes kept the box from reaching the place.¹⁴⁵

This appears to be one of the earliest accounts in history of a piece of rude equipment from which the modern "breeches harness" method of lowering or raising a person might have evolved. The story suggests that the box idea was basically sound, except that the rigid compartment couldn't be lowered by straight gravitation to the hidden cavern opening because of scraggly stumps and vegetation which obviously held up the passage downward of the bulky "mountain bathysphere", or else fouled the chains on which it swung.

Elsewhere, the same writer has this to say on the matter of Mt. Aragatz:

. . . But the mountain to the south which faces the sun is an aged mountain among youthful mountains; its white summit, which rises ever so gently into a peak, cannot be reached in less than three days by a traveler furnished with a good belt, according to what one of us reports.¹⁴⁶

Here is, surprisingly enough, the "climber's belt" which is still standard equipment in mountaineering today. To this belt is fastened the end of a rope, the other end of which is in turn fastened to a companion climber. According to Moses, someone (obviously a climber who had essayed the three day struggle up Aragatz) had told him that the difficulties of the climb made it imperative that the securing belt be used! If there is an earlier reference in literature to the mountain belt we have not seen it.

Moses also accords us a precedential reference to dogs trained to search out travelers marooned among deep mountain snows

— the proto-type of the famed St. Bernard strain of Switzerland!

. . . . Oleh, sister of Abgar, was traveling through Armenia in winter and happened to be in the Gortounk mountains when her party was buried and scattered by an avalanche of snow. . . . Prince Sanatrouk's nurse, Sanod . . . took the still tiny infant, held him to her bosom and remained with him in this manner under the snow through three days and nights. From this event comes the fable that a beast of a new type, marvelous in form and white in color — and sent by the gods — protected the child. But in the light of the information, here is the fact: a white dog belonging to the people who were sent to find the lost travelers found the child and his nurse. This child, then, was called Sanatrouk after the name of his nurse — that is to say, 'tourk' (gift) of Sanod.¹⁴⁷

Travelers through snow-bound Armenia must have been in constant fear of avalanches. In what mountainous country are they not? "King Diran," says Moses, "perished under an avalanche of snow while on a journey."¹⁴⁸

Navassard — The Armenian 'Olympics' — And 'Olympics Sports'

The first organized "sports festivals" in early Armenia appear to date from a time posterior to the beginning of the Greek Olympic games; but this in no way should be taken as testimony against the obvious antiquity of the Armenian affection for the outdoor life, physical education and sports,¹⁴⁹ especially since authorities are in fair agreement that the Greeks learned their sports from Asia Minor — wherein lies Armenia — and from Egypt.¹⁵⁰

The Armenian Olympics games were the New Year festivals of the "Navassard". Says Ananikian:

¹⁴⁷ MK, II.36.

¹⁴⁸ MK, II.62.

¹⁴⁹ The first notice of organized sports in the Greek records is the extensive description of the funeral games of Patroklos in the 23rd *Iliad*. The formally kept Greek Olympics records start in 776 B.C.

¹⁵⁰ This fact is adduced by any authoritative general encyclopaedia article on *Athletics*. See especially art. in *Encyc. Brit.* under that title.

¹⁴⁵ MK, III.45.

¹⁴⁶ MK, I.12.

... These (games) according to the later (eleventh century) calendar, came toward the end of summer and, beginning with the eleventh of August (Julian calendar), lasted six days, but originally the Armenian Navassard was, like its Persian prototype, celebrated in the early spring.¹⁵¹

This tells us very little, however, about the antiquity or age of the festival. Moses himself seems unaware of the great age of the Navassard games, for he wishes to date the "general holiday" of Navassard from the post-Tigranian era in Armenia:

... The last Tigranes, king of Armenia, wishing to honor the tomb of his brother Majan, the high priest, in the burg of the idols situated in the canton of Pakrevant, raised an altar on his tomb so that all passersby could enjoy thereat the benefits of sacrifice, and so that travelers might usher in the evening. (King) Vagharsh later established a general holiday at the beginning of each year — at the opening of the month of Navassard.¹⁵²

Interesting though this might be, it fails to throw much authentic chronological light on the subject. We know that this Vagharsh was not a son of Tigranes II (d. 55 B.C.), as Moses later swears, and consequently on the basis of the reference above, the festival cannot be dated back with certain to the immediate post-Tigranes period. If we are to assume that here Moses is actually talking about the Arsacid king of Armenia, Vagharsh II (178-217 A.D.), then we may suggest that Vagharsh might have felt that the festival established by his Artaxiad predecessor Tigranes was worthy of being expanded into a "general holiday" ushering in the new year and paying tribute to the Armenian gods through sports, festivities, and sacrificial rites.

It would be the height of folly however to settle on Moses' reference to Navassard as dating the origin of the festival. First of all, the Armenians were acquainted with the Greek Olympics games BEFORE the days of Tigranes and Vagharsh, and it

would seem incredible that a national Armenian counterpart were not to have been conceived. And secondly, *there are Armenian traditions which date back the Navassard festival at least to the times of Artashes I (190-159), the fountainhead of the Artaxiad Dynasty.* For instance, an eleventh century Armenian intellectual, Gregory of Magistros, remarks that while on his death bed Artashes sighed:

"O! Would that I might see the smoke of the chimneys,
And the morning of Navassard,
The running of the oxen and the coursing of the deer!
(Then) we blew the horn and beat the drum as it beseemeth Kings."¹⁵³

Here we have the failing monarch yearning for the New Year, not especially because it meant for him another year of life, but because it would mean he would once again be in the midst of play — the horn, the "rodeo" games, the throwing of the ox, the drum, the hunt. How far back before Artashes' time these games went, we don't know.

Like the Greek games at Olympus, dedicated to the god Zeus, the earliest Armenian games appear to have been held as a propitiation for the Armenian head god Aramazd, the source of all abundance.¹⁵⁴ Religious connotations of the games, though of interesting character, cannot concern us directly here, except that there are indications that in later pagan days at least Aramazd himself was not alone of the gods and goddesses of Armenia honored by the people at Navassard. From what information there is at hand, we gather that the early games were held at Taron, the "Armenian holyland" (Olympus), the seat of the gods; but it is evident that at a later time local versions of the Navassard were held in the various locales, as part of communal celebrations. With the advent of

¹⁵¹ Ananikian, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

¹⁵² MK, II.66.

¹⁵³ As quoted by Ananikian, *op. cit.*, pp. 2.

¹⁵⁴ Ananikian, *op. cit.*, pp. 20-24.

Christianity, the pagan festival of Navassard was succeeded by the Christian Vardavar which, strikingly enough, retained many of the elements of the heathen rituals.

The great Armenian novelist, Raffi, describes Navassard-Vardavar of early Armenia in this brilliant language:

... The new year was the signal for the beginning of a new life. On this festive occasion (of Navassard) Armenia was bound to show to her gods the fruits of the progress made during the past year. Vahagn demanded bravery, Anahit, arts, and Astghik, love and poetry. Contests were held, of bravery, ingenuity and skill. The poet sang the song which he had composed, the musician played on his instrument, the wrestler regaled his powerful muscles, and the craftsman, the product of his skill. There were jousts and tournaments, there were duels between men, or the gladiator against the mad bull brave men, or some wild animal. There were horse races, or footmen who competed with fleet reindeer. The victor was rewarded with one of those rose wreaths which adorned the Temple of Astghik. . . .¹⁵⁵

To those eager to see Roman, Greek, Persian, or what-not influence on everything early Armenians, the description of Navassard above would prove a veritable bonanza. Yet, the impression one derives in reading relevant literature is simply this: Navassard, as a whole was peculiarly and uniquely "Armenian", neither "eastern", nor "western" — neither "Greek", nor "Latin", nor "Persian". It was more a fair than a festival or games, with a multitude of activities in the field of athletics, the arts, the crafts, and religion. Where the inordinate stress on hunting or animal games at the early Navassard suggests Persian influence, the emphasis on the arts and crafts as part of the fair divorces it from Persia and in fact fails to wed it legally to the west. There is not a single hint in the early writings of a Bacchanalian-Dyonisiac connotation to Navassard. There were no mass intoxications, no intemperance. It was a nation's—a god-fearing nation's—moment of

atonement, of thanks, of love. It was as national an hour of piety and idealism as were the early Greek Olympics festivals; and though it per force contained many of the elements of the Greek fete, it yet was of a timbre and character unique to the Armenian nation alone. In this celebration, hunting, as we have seen, and straight athletics, played a large and honored role. Let us look at the Armenian experience with the so-called "Olympics" sports.

The Javelin Throw

From the few notices we have already offered in this paper, and other which we have on hand, it seems quite plain that the use of the javelin, or lance and spear —



AN ARMENIAN INFANTRYMAN, BEARING BOW AND JAVELIN, AS DEPICTED ON A ROMAN COIN.

the former, the thrown bolt, the latter the thrust weapon — was quite widespread in early Armenia, something which should not astonish us since the pointed "spear" weapon was a standard weapon of earliest *homo homo sapiens*. Because the instrument so effective a weapon of warfare and the hunt, could its possibilities as a piece of athletic equipment have escaped the Armenians — especially since the javelin throw was a standard event of the Greek Olympics²¹⁵⁶

¹⁵⁵ Raffi, *Samuel*, ch. 9. See English translation, in *The Armenian Review*, vol. 1, #3; p. 150-151.

Perhaps the earliest echo of the use of the javelin as anything but a combat weapon comes to us through Moses in a story he tells of Arsaces, king of Armenia and son of Valarsaces:

... Taking his javelin, the point of which Arsaces had whetted well and which he had plunged into the blood of reptiles, he hurled it while on foot, and made it penetrate deeply into a column of hard stone, which he had erected by the shore of the sea. This column was honored for a long time by the people of Pontus, as if it were a work of God.¹⁵⁷

And then Moses goes on to report that later Artashes angrily knocked this "column" into the sea.

Now, cannot this story be interpreted logically in the following manner? To celebrate their victory over the people of Pontus (as the story tells us), the Armenians may have had a series of victory games in which Arsaces himself participated. The javelin throw event at those games proved especially memorable (and we can observe that there is special emphasis placed on the keenness of the bolt — and javelins we know are ground to a fine needle-point for sports competition) for Arsaces must have hit the standard (called the "column" by Moses) flush on the button! The throw, then, must have been for both *accuracy* and *distance*. We may also suggest that Artashes himself, envious of his illustrious predecessor's feat, must have done him one better and, in a visit to the site, may have toppled the standard over into the sea — with a more powerful throw than even that of Arsaces!

Another early reference to the spear, lance or javelin, is found in that interesting portion of Moses' *Mistory* which deals with the story of Barouyr, who was "the actual

ancestor" of the Armenian nation, according to the same scribe:

... Barouyr attached to himself a great number of warriors, well versed in the use of the small javelin, the bow and the sword.¹⁵⁸

In the times of Tigranes "The Dragon Killer", whom we have seen to have been a javelin star in his own right (see footnote 42), says Moses:

... The men who were formerly armed with stakes handled the sword and the lance.¹⁵⁹

an interesting passage which suggests that before the advent of metal in Armenia, or at least before the establishment of a central government of law and order, the Armenian soldier or huntsman carried a stout wooden pole sharpened well at one end — the ancestral "spear".

The Armenian spearmen, that is infantrymen, were called "*dikavorats*" if we are to believe Moses:

... Arkam of the Mouratzans, who was an intrepid man and chief of the spearmen (*dikavorats*),¹⁶⁰

which appears to connote the existence of an elite organization spearmen led by its own commanding officer.

Hurling the javelin for accuracy, as we have seen, appears to have been an early Armenian exercise. Before he attacked a terrible adversary in a duel of thrown spears (javelins), Vahan Amadouni addressed the following prayer to The Almighty:

... You, who led the stone hurled by David straight to the forehead of the haughty Goliath, direct my javelin to the eye of my terrible adversary.¹⁶¹

And we are proud to say that just that transpired! The armed Persian "giant" toppled to the ground struggling to extract a

¹⁵⁶ As early as the 18th Greek Olympics, the javelin throw was part of the Pentathlon. See Grote, *Greece*, vol.V, p. 55.

¹⁵⁷ MK, II.9.

¹⁵⁸ MK, I.21.

¹⁵⁹ MK, I.24.

¹⁶⁰ MK, II.46.

¹⁶¹ MK, III.9.

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javelin thrown prodigiously into the target of his eye.

There is of course the classic duel between the hero Manuel Mamikonian and the despised traitor Meroujan Ardzrouni. Faustus of Byzantium¹⁶² says that the two great warriors met on the field of battle and hurled javelins at each other, and both were unhorsed — and nothing more — by the force of the bolts "because they were both powerfully built men". This would be the perfect picture of a joust, except that the rest of the story betrays the terrible character of the event and the temper of the times. When Manuel's lance bearer, the Lord Babik of Siuni, saw the hated Meroujan flopping around on the ground, he pinned him to the earth with the point of his lance, while Manuel's squire came up and decapitated the man with a stroke of his sword! The terrible decimation of Meroujan's corps followed — but there is no indication that Manuel had a word of regret to deliver concerning the terrible dispatch of the man he had dueled to so inglorious an end. The story does not bring luster on Manuel as a champion of the javelin. But the rules of sports are forgotten on the grim field of battle; and the destruction of the foe is coveted more than the rose wreath of Navassard.

Sword-Play; Fencing

The several references we have given anent the early Armenian experience with the sword must suffice. Any further development of the theme would be redundant. It should be noted, however, that it was deemed so imperative for the stripling "officer candidate" to be a good swordsman that he was very often given a special "fencing" coach. The heft and the ponderous weight of the Armenian M-1 military sword made it imperative that the wrists and arms of the swordsman be strengthened

and toughened so as to allow for facile wielding of the weapon. Special exercises were designed for this purpose. Swords were used by both infantry and cavalry. The "child who still was without hair on his face", Artavast Mamikonian, is said to have entered the field of battle against his father's wishes, threw himself into the midst of the melee, and impaled "with his sword"¹⁶³ a number of Meroujan's soldiers. King Varaztad was a great swordsman,¹⁶⁴ as we shall see. A description of the altar of King Kagig Ardzrouni reports that this beautiful piece of work had a relief depicting "teams" standing against each other "with presented swords" — the picture of a tournament or a joust.¹⁶⁵

Boxing

Moses¹⁶⁶ has King Varaztad twice emerging victorious in boxing matches, and Gregory of Narek tells of "the boxers stripped down", while the Armenian translator of Chrysostom added *gratis* to the text that boxing was well known among the Armenians,¹⁶⁷ a statement which we have no right to dispute. As in Rome and Greece, Armenian boxers seem to have contended in the absolute. There is no recorded notice of use of the savage "cestus".

Wrestling

Wrestling was high among the physical educational and athletic activities of early Armenia. Eghishe speaks of "wrestlers stripping down and anointing themselves with Christ's oil so that they could not be thrown" — which of course was the practice too in the West. Eznik of Goghb expresses his envy at the wrestling prowess of his pupils, while the later writer Aristakes of Lastivert recalls the "wrestlers of Kars" and a "wrestling ring" in that same city.¹⁶⁸

¹⁶³ *Ibid.*

¹⁶⁴ MK, III.40.

¹⁶⁵ "Navasari Monthly", Sept. 1955, p. 5.

¹⁶⁶ MK, III.40.

¹⁶⁷ "Navasari Monthly", April, 1955, p. 10.

¹⁶² Faustus of Byzantium, V.43.

The Armenian Church, to which the guardianship of the nation fell after the fall of Armenian royalty in 1375, regarded wrestling highly as a body building exercise for Armenian youth. Church holidays in Taron, Vaspurakan, and elsewhere, were featured by wrestling round-robins, and the sport appears to have been extremely popular. Early Armenian wrestlers oiled themselves down until they were as slippery as eels. Absolutely forbidden were blows of the hand or foot, and a fall was scored when the opponent's waist was pinned flat to the "mat". Victor and vanquished alike were required by rigidly enforced rules to clasp each other's hands before and after each bout.¹⁶⁹

Weight Events

The early Armenians knew a series of related events — all connected with the throwing of weights of various descriptions — as "glartsagutyune".¹⁷⁰ If we were to search for a modern Olympics equivalent, we would have to settle on the hammer-throw and shot-put — but it was obvious that there were some purely Armenian wrinkles.

It is plain that the earliest object thrown by the Armenian athlete was the stone. We know that at least during later times, staffs and clubs (i.e. "the hammer"), were also used in the arena and battle field. The stone throw was the "shot-put" of early Armenia.

Stone-throwing soldiers — with or without slings — specializing in this type of missile warfare (the "artillery" of the times) had to be men of brawny arms and steely chest muscles; and there are indications that special conditioning exercises for prospective "weight throwers" were given by experts.

Taking the stone, the early Armenian athlete would poise himself, run forward a number of steps, dig his left foot into the sod, pivot around it, and release the egg-shaped weight as he came about full force — much like the modern shot-putter who, however, does not enjoy the benefit of a running start.

In the story of Tork Ankeghia, which we have already studied, we see ancient evidence of stone sports in Armenia.

"Larakhaghutyune" — Tight-Rope Walking

One of the more interesting purely Armenian sports was the exacting exercise of "Larakhaghutyune", or "tight-rope walking", which is remembered as being among the earliest sports activities of the nation by such classic writers as Lazar, Faustus, Moses, Agatangelos, Eghishe and Gregory Magistros.¹⁷¹ The subject of the Armenian "tight-rope" sport is such a fascinating one that it should be a matter of special treatment. Here we can render but the bare skeleton of the matter.

The sport seems to have been intimately tied with religion, the early "Larakhags" being dedicated to the service of St. Karapet of Moush, in the precincts of which monastery select youth were trained for the profession. It appears not to have been enough for a young man to be strong and agile; a deep faith in Christ and Nation had to be manifested before the "Larakhagh" candidate was accepted into training for the craft. It would also appear that the early "Larakhags" were young men of extraordinary beauty and it is interesting to note that an old tradition assures us that the young candidate had to experience a certain type of "call" dream before he might be accepted for training.

An almost cabalistic ritual was indulged in before the athlete ascended to his "wire"

¹⁶⁹ See discussion of these passages in "Navasart Monthly", April, 1955, pp. 8-9.

¹⁷⁰ For a good discussion, see "Navasart Monthly", Sept. 1955, p. 6.

¹⁷¹ See "Navasart Monthly", Oct., 1954, p. 7 et seq.



ARMENIAN "LARAKHAGH" EVENTS. (LEFT) THE ROPEWALKER HAS CAKES OF SOAP LASHED TO HIS FEET: (RIGHT) RAZOR-KEEN SABERS MAKE THE SPORT MORE EXACTING.

— but on this we cannot pause at the moment. What interests us here is that the athlete carried a long balancing rod as he trod his long-strand linen "wire". There were more sensational aspects of the sport. The feat, though in its simplest form difficult enough, was not always accomplished feet to wire! Often, the "Larakhagh" strapped pieces of soap and other like substances to the soles of his bare feet and, blindfolded, would thus inch his way over the teetering wire, from station to station. Another variant had the athlete tying on razorsharp sabers to his feet and, again blindfolded, making his way over the rope! (See illustrations.) Perhaps a more comical sight, but no less dangerous than the other variations of the tight-rope sport, was the event which had the rope-walker essaying his bit with masked eyes — and a brimming pot of water balanced delicately over his delicately balanced body!

Dashes and Track Meets

It is known that competitive running over short distances — now known as dashes — was practiced by Armenian youth in

early times. The Armenian translator of Eusebius¹⁷² interpolated the Armenian word "hasevarik" — dash — into the text though the word differed from the Greek word being translated. We know that the "hasevarik" corresponded to the modern dash in the track meet. A distance was stepped off, a prize was laid over the finish line, and the nimble youth scampered down the prepared lane — the first getting to the prize becoming the permanent possessor thereof.

Armenian track meets were called "Ars-havan" in the Fifth century A.D. These meets were similar to the Greek concept of the track meet, with a series of dashes and distance runs being held. The Armenian historian John Catholicos¹⁷³ says that during his young manhood King Ashot the Iron of Armenia on many occasions displayed his fleetness of foot in public contests of the "Arshavan".

Weight-Lifting

Weight-lifting, undoubtedly closely con-

¹⁷² *Cbron.*, I.300.

¹⁷³ *Hist.*, 305

nected with the "stone" sports of early Armenia of which we have already spoken, was one of the earliest sports of the Armenian Navassard games. Agatangelos, Lazar of Pharbe, Moses of Khoren, Mekhitar Kosh, speak of it.¹⁷⁴

Kings Tiridates and Varaztad

Two extraordinary notices found in Moses attest to the athletic prowess of two early Christian Armenian kings and, at the same time, comprehend important evidence of the close cultural ties maintained by the Armenians with the west in those days.

The first of these two athlete-monarchs was the very man who decreed Christianity as the state religion of his people, Tiridates the Great; and if, because of this, Moses had failed to adduce names, facts and figures in witness of the unusual athletic talents of the man, the historian would have been led to wonder if what Moses had left us re Tiridates were nothing more than the effusive praise of a devoted Christian cleric for the sainted lay father of the Armenian church:

... The historian later recounts Tiridates' feats of valor. In his infancy, this prince loved to ride horses and was very accomplished in this. He handled weapons with dexterity and ardorously learned the other lessons of war. In accordance with the order of the Pythian oracle in the Peloponnesus, he showed his superiority in competitive sport (Arm. — *mrtanaks*) over Cleostratus the Rhodian by merely seizing him by the neck and overpowering him. He surpassed too Ceras of Argos, a man who could tear the hoof off an ox. Tiridates seized with one hand two savage bulls by their horns and tore them off by twisting them. Wishing to drive his chariot in the races at the hippodrome, Tiridates was overturned by the proficiency of his rival and fell to earth; but seizing his opponent's chariot, he brought it to a halt to the great astonishment of everyone. ...¹⁷⁵

Then follows a recount of Tiridates' feat in swimming, as previously touched upon in this paper.

From the above quote, it would strongly appear that Tiridates participated at the Olympics themselves, or else, at one of the lesser Greek sports festivals, perhaps one held at Delphi, the site of the famed Pythian oracle which he is said to have consulted. All this undoubtedly took place during Tiridates' years of exile in the West, before his return to Armenia and his kingship. Tiridates is remembered as a wrestler, and two of his victims are remembered by name. They must have been renowned grapplers to have found their way into a nationalistic Armenian writer's work. In throwing Cleostratus, Tiridates appears to have clamped on a head-lock, for a strangle hold would, sir, have been out of question. His defeat of Ceras must have been the result of overpowering bodily strength, for his opponent was a man of brute power.

More interesting, Tiridates seems to have appeared in the circus games, for we find him seizing "with one hand two savage bulls by their horns", which he deftly tore off (and quite a trick, try it some day!). This undoubtedly recalls his participation in animal baiting events of the western arenas (and thus Tiridates appears to have been the first Armenian matador, or our first rodeo champion). Then, we find the young prince busy in the chariot races, and it is interesting to see that his superior sense of sportsmanship (how could Tiridates have been anything but a great sportsman?) and princely aplomb were so outraged by a beastly, ruthless opponent, who in his quest for victory resorted to the stratagem of upsetting Tiridates' vehicle — and sent him sprawling in the courseway — that Tiridates just fastened on to the evil one's horse bridle, and brought the contraption to a halt — and that too we should try some day!

Moses continues:

¹⁷⁴ See "Navasart Monthly", April, 1955, pp. 6-7

¹⁷⁵ MK, II.79.

... Upon one occasion, Tiridates surpassed that certain Elhahan of the Old Testament by lifting his lance in defense of an equal number of wounded. Covered with wounds, Tiridates' horse fell under a hail of arrows and, as the animal fell, the king was thrown to the ground; but he immediately jumped to his feet and made a great number of his enemies bite the dust. Then taking the horse of one of his adversaries, he bravely leaped on its back. At another time, while marching on foot of his own free will, Tiridates repulsed a troop of elephants with his sword.¹⁷⁶

Tiridates must have loved walking for exercise. At an rate, Moses concludes his eulogy in this fashion:

... I cannot speak of the dexterity of his arms, nor of how many of his enemies rolled to the earth after being felled by him. I compare them with the fish which after being caught in the net of the fisherman bound all over the earth when thrown to the soil from the net. (When Tiridates was caught by the king of the Pasils' whip, he) disengaged himself with violent strength and cut his enemy in two with a blow of his two-edged sword. The horse of his adversary was decapitated by the same stroke.¹⁷⁷

And sir, how is that for just plain strength! The Armenian picked up his great broadsword, swung it cleanly through the torso of his enemy — and just as neatly through the neck of the latter's steed!

The subject of King Varaztad is perhaps of even greater interest:

... In the twentieth year of his reign, the generous Augustus Theodosius the Great placed Varaztad, a certain man of the Arsacid race, on the throne of Armenia. . . He was a spirited, strong and vigorous man, a person of high courage and of great talent in archery. At the time of Sapor's flight, he had gone to the Court of the Emperor where he had signaled himself from the very first by emerging victorious in boxing matches first at Pisa and then at the City of the Sun, in Hellas, where he had destroyed some lions in broad daylight. For this feat, his glory had been extolled and proclaimed by the athletes themselves at the Olympics games.¹⁷⁸

¹⁷⁶ MK, II. 82. Elhanan (or Eleazar) defended with his lance 300 wounded men. See I. Paralip. XI.12. See also II. Samuel, XXIII.24.

¹⁷⁷ MK, II. 85.

¹⁷⁸ MK, III.40.



STATUE OF TIRIDATES, THE ATHLETE-KING OF ARMENIA.
(Marble, Louvre Museum)

This statement bears some interested study on the part of classicists. Moses makes it plain that Varaztad participated in the Olympics games themselves, and we know that Pisa, where too he competed, was located just east of Olympia. But where this "City of the Sun, in Hellas" (*Heliopolis*?) might have been, we don't know. No city of that name was found in Greece at that time. Langlois¹⁷⁹ suggests that the name of this city has been altered by copyists of Moses' text. But it can be as reasonably suggested that Moses here refers to a Grecian city either consecrated to the worship of the sun, or else famed for a temple to the sun found within its confines.

¹⁷⁹ Langlois, vol. II, p. 154, col. 2, note 2.

We see that Varaztad was a perfect classical Olympian type — “spirited, strong, vigorous, (of) high courage, (with) great talent in archery”. He was a boxing champion twice over — at Pisa and “City of the Sun”, where also he grappled with and destroyed lions in the circus for which he was “proclaimed by the athletes themselves at the Olympics games”!

Here was an athlete!

We may suggest an identification of Moses' Varaztad with him of whom the Encyclopaedia Britannica speaks. The final Olympics champion, it says, was “a romanized Armenian named Varaztad”.¹⁸⁰ Such an identification means the discounting of large chronological difficulties. For instance, King Varaztad of Armenia is known to have ruled 374-378 A.D., while Theodosius did not take the crown before 378 — the same year Varaztad was deposed — and Theodosius became Augustus only in the following year! He did away with the Olympics games in 394, or sixteen years after Varaztad fell as king; therefore, Varaztad could not have participated in the 394 — or final — Olympics, except perhaps as an exile from Armenia. But this would mean that Varaztad would have been, in 394, a forty-year-old-or-so, Olympics champion — which would of course have been incredible. What is more, Moses makes it quite plain that Varaztad had fled to the West in the general exodus of the Armenian nobility in the pre-Meroujan days, or in the 360's. Varaztad, then, must have participated in either the 360, 364, 368 or 372 games.

However it might be, there seems to be much logic in identifying the Varaztad of the carefully-kept Greek Olympics records with the great athlete-king of Moses' chronicle.

¹⁸⁰ Enc. Brit. (11th Ed.) vol. 2, p. 444. It bases its information obviously on the records of the games.

“A romanized Armenian named Varaztad”! Romanized indeed! Here we can heap contempt on scholarship! So “romanized” was King Varaztad of Armenia that, soon after his accession, he openly and bitterly bucked the wishes of his Roman overlords and, like a man “who had been accustomed to audacious enterprises from his childhood”,¹⁸¹ he scorned them. The price of his “romanization” was exile to a far off land after only four-years of reign!

To Moses, the young Varaztad, was a hero indeed:

.... On the evidence of his exploits against the Longobards, I dare to compare him with the Tiridates; for although five of the warriors of this enemy fell upon him, he slew all five of them with blows of his sword. Having arrived one day before a strong place, he struck seventeen men standing on the ramparts with his arrows and the wounded men fell one after the other from the top of the wall — like unripened figs which fall in a storm.¹⁸²

But read on:

.... (When pursuing some Syrian bandits after he became king, he came to the Euphrates where the bridge had been destroyed by his enemy) But after crossing a channel of the Euphrates by means of a bridge these brigands toppled over the timbers after them. When Varaztad reached the place, he leaped over the Euphrates, and in so doing, surpassed even the jump of Chion the Laconian which was twenty-two cubits in length. One believed that one saw Achilles leaping over the Skamandros.¹⁸³

And here is food for thought! The continent inference is that Varaztad, in leaping over the Euphrates, must have broken the record in the “long jump” (running broad jump?), then held by a certain Chion of Laconia. We are here asked to believe that Varaztad's leap must have been better than thirty-three (33) feet in length (a cubit is 18 inches in English measure)! For what it is worth, the modern Olympics world

¹⁸¹ MK, III.40.

¹⁸² *Ibid.*

¹⁸³ *Ibid.*

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record for the running broad jump is 26 ft. 5 5/16 inches (Jesse Owens, U.S., 1936); for the Hop, Step and Jump, it is 53 ft., 2 1/4 inches (A.R. da Silva, Brazil, 1952).

Faustus of Byzantium's curious dichroism in relation to Varaztad betrays the grudging respect this noted Hellenophile had for a man who dared oppose Theodosius. Varaztad, says Faustus, was an "infant by age, brave hearted, with mighty hands, and great courage; but he was light-minded,

like a child minus brains — a child-mind.¹⁸⁴ He was obviously all these awful things to to Faustus because he attempted to sunder the chains of Byzantium that encircled Armenia; but even Faustus must admit that this "child-mind" was a man of memorable physical prowess!

¹⁸⁴ Faustus of Byzantium, V.34. The writer (V.35) says that a certain Bاده, of the Saharouni family, was Varaztad's guardian, teacher and coach.



URARTUAN EMISSARIES (THREE CENTRAL FIGURES) ARRIVE FOR DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE ASSYRIANS. THEY BRING A STURDY ARMENIAN WAR HORSE AS A GIFT TO THE ASSYRIAN KING. (From the Assyrian reliefs.)

O n S t a r s

P. K. THOMAJAN

Always, there has existed a mysterious attraction to be in the limelight, which has lured mortals in much the same manner as the candle draws the moth.

Those who arrive out of the darkness of the unknown into the arc light of fame, shine for a while, only to fade out with the waning of the fickle public's veering whims . . . a dramatic passage from obscurity to oblivion.

Almost everyone has the desire to be famous, to be crowned with the halo of glory. The beaten path has ever straitjacketed the flighty wingings of the spirit. All humanity strains and strives for artistic self-expression, which permits the soul to function freely and transforms earth into a paradise.

The public knows what it wants — after it sees it. The public makes stars and elevates them to dizzy heights. It also invests them with ideal attributes secretly cherished in the hearts of millions.

Some stars have been made overnight, but the majority of them have been made in years of trying days. Authentic stars are composed of gleaming materials. Most of them start as diamonds in the rough. Experience polishes them, then they radiate until their light can no longer be hidden under a bushel.

Originality of personality, the power of being supremely one's own self with a vigorous verve, marks the star or the star-to-be.

So many think that they feel the call whisper, so few hear it shout with a thundering command! The latter go to their individual marks like an arrow released from a taut bow.

THE PROFESSOR REBELS

BY ARMEN SANINIAN

"Vardanian, get ready for your interrogation," the Inspector announced, opening the door of our prison cell. It was night, but no one had gone to sleep yet.

I was seized by a new terror. What interrogation? Again the beating and the mauling? But why this time?

The old, diminutive Professor who had never joined in the prisoners' conversations approached me. His hands were shaking. He was shaking his white beard at me, uncombed for months. There was a distinct luster in his usually smoldering, small but intelligent eyes.

"Lower your head, I'm going to tell you something," he said to me as I stood at the cell door, waiting to be taken away. "I beg of you, bring me a cigaret when you return," he whispered bashfully, lest the others heard him.

I protested vehemently that I could do no such thing, but he was insistent. "You are young," he said, "you are clever. Snatch one from the Interrogator's desk. Gather the remnants of the ash tray, do any thing, anything. I am not fussy. Anything which can be smoked will do. Say that there is someone in the cell who will die unless he has a small drag. Do it for me, I beg of you."

Finally I promised him I would do my best. I simply could not refuse the old man.

My escort led me to the front yard of the prison. Outside, the cold was brisk, dry and peaceful. We entered the interrogation building and started to climb the stairs. We came to a halt in front of a door

and my escort knocked on the door.

"Yes?" a gruff voice boomed from the inside. My escort stopped me at the door, walked over to the desk and handed over the paper of my safe delivery. I scrutinized carefully the entire room. There were no torture implements and the Interrogator was alone. That pleased me.

When my escort had departed, the Interrogator stood up and, without any introductory remarks, shouted at me, "How come you've been dumped here?"

I looked around me, thinking he was addressing someone else because I had not been dumped there but was standing on my feet.

"I'm talking to you, you," he again shouted at me.

"You have summoned me," I said meekly.

"Yes, I know, I called you. Don't be teaching me what to do. I mean, what are you doing in this prison?"

"They brought me here. How else could I come here?"

"They brought you, they brought you? If you had told them that your place was the slave labor camp they would not have brought you here."

"Whom should I have told? What slave labor camp? Who asked me? You forget I am a slave. And why should I have told them? The slave has no right to speak."

"I know you are a slave. I am angry at you because the state has suffered a great material loss on account of you. By this time you could have cut down a few

thousand pieces of timber. How come you were thrown here? We don't need such slaves."

"In that case set me free so I can go."

"What? You won't see the day. Do you think I will go cut down trees in your place? No, No, No. You are the one who is going, You."

"Set me free so I can go."

"You have a good appetite. If we set you free you naturally will go."

It was the first time I was meeting such an interrogator, who knew how to shout, how to talk to a slave and say absurd things.

"But why should I go to cut down trees?"

"It is your fault that you fell down."

"I have not fallen down, they threw me down."

"It's all the same thing. To me, an interrogator, it's the same thing. I need men, men. Do you understand?"

"But how long will you need men?"

"That's the way it is. Now go. Tomorrow you will be led to the labor camp."

"Citizen Interrogator."

"I said, go."

"One moment. There's an old prisoner in our cell who begs you to give him a cigaret. He told me to tell you, if he doesn't get a smoke today he will die."

"Let him die. It will be one less toad from the swamp. Tell him that."

"Shall I take him your exact words?"

"Tell him exactly these words."

"But if you kill all your slaves so easily who is going to cut down your trees?"

He looked at me fiercely and stamped his foot. "What?" he shouted, "you've come here to help me formulate our government plans? I said Go."

I ran out into the hallway where my escort was waiting for me. On my way to the cell I was thinking how disappointed the old Professor would be when he found out I had returned without his cigaret.

In Soviet prisons the question of smoke

for habitual smokers is even more insufferable than their deprivation of freedom, the continued starvation, or even the torture. The habitual smokers want to smoke, but there is no tobacco. Tobacco is forbidden, just like freedom. Many are cured of the habit, but the greater part can't stand it and suffer excruciating pain. The interrogators take advantage of this psychological weapon. During the interrogation they slowly roll a cigaret, dangle it before the prisoner temptingly and luxuriate with generous, lusty drags until the prisoner goes mad. Finally, at the psychological moment, when the prisoner's resistance has collapsed, they offer him a bribe and force him to sign a false confession.

The Professor was one of those addicts who thought he would die if he didn't have a smoke. He was impatiently waiting for me at the door of the cell. He knew the answer from his first look at my face.

"He did not give you a cigaret."

"No."

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Let him die. There will be one less toad in the swamp.'"

The Professor sprang to his feet and I was quite surprised to see that much agility in an old man.

"He called me a toad?" he shouted, boiling with rage. "Yes."

"Me a toad?"

"No, Professor, you are a man."

"But you said he called me a toad."

"That is quite true."

"I can't understand how I can be both a man and a toad."

"I, too, can't understand."

"It then follows that I am a toad?"

"I did not say that, Professor."

"But you said the Interrogator said so."

"Yes, it was the Interrogator who said it."

"I don't get it. I don't get it at all," he repeated, clapping his hands together.

"There is nothing to understand," a pris-

oner ventured to explain. "It's something that they called you a toad because the toad is something. In France they eat the toad. You are nothing but a fly, Professor."

"Who is a fly? Me?" the Professor rushed at the prisoner with clenched fists.

"I did not say you are a fly, Professor. I only wanted to say that in their eyes you are but a fly, as I am, as the rest of us are," the prisoner smiled tolerantly.

"You may be a fly but I am a man. Man!" the Professor was beating at his breast.

"Yes, but still you are a fly in their eyes," a second prisoner observed.

"That's you, perhaps, fly!"

"All of us, Professor, all of us," the second prisoner said with a bitter smile, then sank back in his seat.

The cell was in an uproar. All of them agreed, it's true, that, in point of anatomical structure, as articulate creatures, we all were men, differing from the toad and the fly alike, but in the eyes of our masters our value was that of a fly. Therefore, we all were flies.

Furious with rage, the Professor now listened to one, now to another, trying to contradict each with vehement "no's", stut-tering. Besides, they gave him no time to finish his word. They knew he did not want to be a fly.

When the question of our being flies was settled and the last proponent had had his say, the Professor started his counter per-oration. At first he was incoherent but slowly he recovered his composure and his speech ran more fluently.

"You say we are flies," he said with de-liberation. "I understand you, I know what you mean to say, that, in essence, we are not flies, but our value for our masters is that of a fly, namely, nothing. Baneful, to be exact.

"However, you don't want to understand me when I protest against your campari-

son, because I felt insulted by the refer-ence.

"I am speaking for those who have col-lected us here as flies. But we are men and we shall cling to that belief. At least I consider myself a man and I shall never permit any man to call me a fly, for my soul is above all those human imperfections, above all those mundane, naked and visible disfigurations which, to the man who can discriminate between the beautiful and the ugly, reduces a human being to the level of a fly.

"I put my hand on my conscience and I declare that I have never fought against the reigning regime. Neither have I admir-ed that order. But I have wished no harm to it. I am a philosopher, and not a states-man. I have a son who used to provide me in my old age with bread and tobacco, and I used to live and think. I was a neutral. But, as it seems now, those who brought us here want to force us to take sides.

"All wicked and selfish men are partisans, something which is not right. Right abhors taking sides. Right loves the universal which is the truth. Those who have brought us here, whatever their intentions which even to themselves is not plain, but for the sake of which our country has been reduced to an ocean of woe, have reduced men into flies. However, for the sake of an objective, if that objective is the welfare of mankind and is just, they need not re-duce human beings into flies, but on the contrary, they must strengthen in man his consciousness of a human being. That is the only meaning of a sublime objective.

"I had a conversation with this Arme-nian Aram who told me they had a writer by the name of Raffi who, through his books, revolutionized the soul of the Ar-menian people, driving them to national consciousness, national pride, and love of freedom. By using Raffi's method one ar-rives at good objectives and not tyranny

through prison cells. And not only the Armenian Raffi, but our own Tolstoy and the French humanitarian Victor Hugo have pointed the way to the same method.

"Try to call these three intellectual giants flies and you will see the extent of your sacrilege.

"But should we confine our definition to the great alone? And what shall we say of our good Muzhik Ivan? Plain and incorruptible Ivan. He who knows how to share his half a loaf of black bread with the wayfarer who has sought shelter under his roof, who gives his guest his own mattress to sleep on while he sleeps on the cold floor. Is he a fly? No, he is a man. To reduce him to the level of the fly is to commit a moral crime.

"I, too, am a man. I, too, have led hundreds of my students into the light, toward the beautiful and the true, toward right and humanitarianism. Let them kill me like a fly, but I shall die as a man. Any other way, I shall be insulting all good men."

The Professor was about to continue in this vein indefinitely, but suddenly his voice failed and tears began to course down his white beard. He cut off abruptly and crawled back into his hole.

There was dead silence in the cell. A moment later we heard the old Professor sobbing in his hole: "Me a toad! I who spread the teachings of Gandhi and Hegel a toad, a toad!"

The Man Who Did Not Want to Part From His Prison

If the Interrogator had not told me that the next day I would be taken to the slave labor camp, perhaps I would have crawled in with the Professor and tried to soften his anguish. But I was far from feeling good. My spirits were very low.

First, there was that insufferable Siberian iceland, to travel through which under the vigilance of escorting guards was repulsive to me, for I practically had no clothes on

my back. Neither had I suitable shoes. It was obvious that I would freeze.

And yet, again, that was not the biggest of my worries. I had come to love that old prison cell of mine. The prisoners of the cell were all intelligent men. Almost all of them were interesting conversationalists. Scientists for the sake of science. Scientists for the sake of work. Poets for the sake of beautiful words, and poets of the propaganda, like the notorious Mayakovski.

Mayakovski was a poetry tank, roaring, puffing, belching fire and flame, crushing, trampling, steamrolling over everything in front. He was a great poet. Under any other regime he would have become a literary giant, but Communist Moscow forced him to commit suicide. And he died when he was too young, too handsome, the fire of blood still coursing through his veins. It was a good thing that Mayakovski committed suicide and thus was spared the killing ordeal of cutting down trees in Siberia.

And now a few of his stammering pupils were seated in our cell. They were stunned. "Why? My good brother, why?" they were asking one another.

"Were we not the ones who sang the praises of the new order? Were we not the ones who adorned with rose petals that impoverished, barbarous, dark and tyrannical new order, watered it with the morning dew, and tried to give it life with the gentle breezes of Sayat Nova's poetry? Why? Good brother, why?"

"Why are we, the creators of the beautiful word, slinking like mice under the planks of our bunks? Why have we been couped up in this narrow cell? Why are we beaten and kicked and lacerated to put confession signatures under crimes which we have not committed? Why was all this necessary?"

Then the Trotskyite, the good Trotskyite

who was handsome like a Hollywood actor, who was upright and fearless, pressed his two fingers against his temples and answered smilingly.

"You, citizens, forget that you are poets. The poet is always head and shoulders above us the common people. But he is above us in his madness. And no man is so dangerous to any sort of regime except the poet. You are familiar with our old proverb which says, 'What is written with the pen cannot be broken with an axe.' You say you have dedicated poems to the new propaganda, have sprinkled it with the morning dew, and have given it life with the breath of Sayat Nova.

"The latter two were quite unnecessary. For, to think of freedom is a federal crime.

"You say you wanted to lend inspiration to your propaganda poems with Sayat Nova's unction. Sayat Nova, the Armenian, the King of poets, sang of love, wine and joyous laughter. You ruined your own home when you interjected Sayat Nova in your works. You did not have to do it. To sing a little love detracts that much from the propaganda.

"Yours was not a full-fledged propaganda. Therefore, you were derelicts. Therefore, you have been dissidents to a certain extent. Therefore, you have not been hundred percent propaganda machines, and for that reason, just like our scientists, you must languish in your bunks and rot here."

"And we the scientists, why are we here?" the scientists asked.

"Oh, you, you are here because you know too much," the Trotskyite laughed.

"And we?" asked the architects and the agricultural experts.

"You are a dangerous element for the regime," the Trotskyite explained. "Each one of you has to do with hundreds of workers whom you can poison against the

regime. For that reason you must be liquidated."

"And what of us?" asked the other prisoners.

"Because, at least by slogan, you are now at the head of the Government; actually you are under the Government."

"What about us?" the Kolkhozniks (Collectivists) asked.

"Ah, you are very dangerous because there are too many of you. Once you rise up with your spades and pitchforks, even the tanks and the cannon cannot vanquish you. You must be kept under perpetual terror, so that you won't have time even to think of rebellion."

"And why all this?" they asked the Trotskyite.

"So that the reigning order may remain intact."

"But the country is fast being shorn of working hands, builders, and scientists," they argued.

The Trotskyite was a bit impatient. "Your brains apparently have ceased functioning," he said in despair, then he plunged into a long harangue. "You poets, scientists, architects, agricultural experts, the military, collectivists, workers, economists," he said, "forgive me for saying so, you all are so shortsighted. In other words, you are real human beings. You view life from the human standpoint. You are constantly looking for the good and the evil in life. It is morality which speaks in you—the welfare of the masses, the best interest of the country. You look upon the individual as a sacred entity which has its rights. You are forever pursuing the justice and the truth. You, too, like me, are touched by the sight of children's tears, which is unnecessary. Such sentimentality does not go in our country.

"Sentimentality does not go in our country because, by now, you should have realized that a totalitarian rule demands

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something else. You should have realized that there are no individuals in our country. To be an individual means to possess individual ideas. But that is impossible. All people must think alike, as they are ordered from above. If tomorrow the authorities should say, 'the sunrises from the west and sets in the east,' the 'lucky' citizen of our land, if he wants to keep on living, must say, 'Yes, that is so.' Our scientists will write voluminous books, not to prove the validity of the new theory, for that already is the truth, but to develop and embellish that 'truth.' And all the old scientists must publicly confess their error in having taught that the sun rose in the east and set in the west.

"You speak innocently of the welfare of the people, or the best interest of the country, thinking such desirable things exist. But these do not exist. They do not exist because the masters of the land are not interested in them.

"Let me use some concrete examples. The Soviet leaders want to establish a network of automobile factories in the land. But the factory is built solely for the strengthening and the perpetuation of the regime. Does the produce reach the workingman. Never! What citizen of our country has his own car for the needs of his family? We have tractor factories because the Soviet leaders need tractors to increase the production of the collectivists to the benefit of the Government, but never to the benefit of the collectivists.

"We have many things which are of as much use to the people as, we might say, a gold mountain on the moon. The welfare of the people begins with an ordinary needle. Do we have needles? Do we have thread with which to mend our old clothes? We have not. We have no combs. We have no soap. We have no kerosene, no bread, no clothes, no shoes. What have we got? Nothing! All we have is propaganda. We

are trying to prove that man does not live by bread alone but by the word. The word! We live by the Word.

"You speak of justice and truth when you should know that those two abstract concepts have been repudiated in our country to defend the rights of the common citizen. They have been turned upside down in order to fortify the regime.

"You speak of morality when you should know that the only morality which exists is the morality of informers, of slander, of false speeches, and of the glorification of the whip which lacerates your bodies. Take, for example, Pavlik Morozov. The only exemplary morality of our country is the morality of Pavlik. Inform on your own parents, and they will erect a monument in your honor. Pavlik, the little boy, however, is not to blame. Pavlik is a victim of the Soviet regime. Before long all the little boys in our country will become each a Pavlik Morozov."

"If you knew all this, how come you are here?" the prisoners asked.

The Trotskyite was sad. His handsome face clouded. He had difficulty in answering.

"Do you know what?" he said, "my case is different. As I observe, I'm the only Communist among you. As a Communist I am responsible for the deeds of my Party. Do not fool yourselves. Each one of you, should you be free this moment, there would be no limit to your joy. I can understand that. You are men, human beings. But there's nothing more precious to a man than his personal freedom, even under an atrocious regime like ours. No matter what, it is infinitely better outside than to rot in this cell. Outside, you at least can join your loved ones. Here, only suffering and an inglorious end awaits you. This much is enough to prove that the supreme aspiration of each of you is your freedom.

"Believe me, that is not my aspiration.

I have a wife and children outside. I feel sorry that they suffer on my account. But I comfort myself with the thought that this thing was not of my wishing, but the wishing of the Government. Our Government is the only one in the world which punishes the wife for her husband's sake, the child for the father and vice versa. All the same, I want to stay in this prison. I want to be beaten, incarcerated, bruised and mutilated right here in this jail."

He rubbed his face and looked at us sheepishly, as if he had committed a crime against us and wanted us to forgive him.

Just So I Won't Freeze In The Street

The next morning I was summoned to the office of the Corporal of the Guards where, at the door, I was met by two comfortably-dressed soldiers. The Corporal handed the two soldiers my papers and said, "Take this man to the railroad station and board him on the first prisoners train which arrives."

The soldier tucked the papers in his fur coat then asked, "Where's the prisoner?"

"There he is," the Corporal said pointing to me. "Get going now."

The elder soldier looked at me, whispered something to his companion, then turning to the Corporal said, "Comrade Corporal, this prisoner will never make the station in this condition."

"Why?" the Corporal barked without looking at me, "is he sick or something?"

"Take a look at him," the soldier said, "he is practically barefooted. Take a look at his clothing. It is 40 below zero outside."

"I did not create that cold, neither have I a clothing store to dress him up. Nor is it necessary. He is going to prison and not to a wedding house."

"That's quite true, but as I said, he will never make the station in this condition. He will freeze on the way."

"Let him freeze and bedamned with him."

"In that case I cannot take the responsibility. Here, take back these papers," and the soldier pushed the papers across the desk.

The Corporal, a thin wiry man, stared at the soldier, "What's the meaning of this?"

"Nothing," the soldier replied calmly, "it's your duty to throw this prisoner out of your jail, and it's my duty to deliver him intact at the station. But I won't be able to do this. He will collapse in the street. From the moment he is delivered to me I am responsible for him. If he tries to escape I can shoot him. But if he freezes to death what shall I do then?"

"I said let him freeze."

"Let him freeze in your jail, in the train, wherever he likes, but not while he is in my charge. What shall I do if he should freeze in the middle of the city?"

The telephones on the Corporal's desk were buzzing and the inspectors were scurrying in and out. The Corporal could hardly attend to all of them. He again wanted to answer the soldier when one of the telephones rang anew.

"What? Five hundred prisoners? Where shall I put them? Yes, yes, but. . . ." and the Corporal dashed out of the room.

The two soldiers sat down on the bench, pulled out their Makhurka, rolled their cigarets and started to smoke.

"Do you think your case will stand?" the second soldier asked his companion.

"There's nothing in the rules on this point but what can I do?"

"If the book of rules does not cover the point, you'd better pick up the papers and let's go."

The elder soldier thought a moment then turned to me, "Have you any luggage?"

I said I had none. He again looked me over. "If at least he had some decent shoes that would be something," he said, "but

he is practically barefooted. How can I drive him out in this cold?"

Just then the Corporal came in, and seeing me and the soldiers he flared up. "What? You still are here?"

"Yes," the soldier said, "I can't take the prisoner in this condition."

"All right, I'll tell the Chief right now that you are disobeying my orders," and the Corporal lifted the receiver.

The elder soldier paled, while his companion nudged him saying, "Pick up the papers and let's go."

After finishing his conversation in the telephone the Corporal ordered one of his aides to go bring a pair of boots and a cotton overcoat. The elder soldier looked at his companion and smiled.

Presently the aide returned with the equipment. The boots were practically black, and although not new, they were solid, reaching up to my knees. The coat, too, was new, with an inner lining and stuffed with cotton. It was like the uniform of a Chinese soldier. When I put it on I felt closer to Ma-ou-Chin and was proud that at last I had such a new coat. From the looks of the two soldiers I could tell it suited me fine. Even the Corporal was surprised at its elegance.

I was about to throw away my old shoes, but upon second thought I kept them, thinking I could use them for a pillow.

Outside, the air was still like the water in a glass, and quite warm, as it seemed to me, although the soldier said it was 40 below zero. There was plenty of snow in the streets. We were walking through the middle of the street and I was glad that the snow could not hurt me as long as I had my long-necked boots and my cotton coat.

"Aren't you cold?" the elder soldier asked, covering his mouth with his hand.

"No, it seems warm," I said, and instantly covered my mouth. I thought my tongue and teeth were frozen.

The soldier chuckled over my shock.

A little later I felt a heavy weight on my eyelids, clouding my vision. My nostrils were filled with ice, pushing upwards steadily. And yet it seemed quite warm, not bad enough for the chill. Now and then the soldiers stooped low, picked up a handful of snow and rubbed their faces. There were occasional stragglers in the street, bundled up to the neck, with only their eyes visible, and that covered with frost. Many tied their mouths with their neck scarfs, the icicles of frozen breath dangling down their chins, giving them a comical look. On the rooftops the smoke of the chimneys rose up lazily, flirtatiously, like images on the screen.

I watched the clouds of smoke and felt a twitch in my heart. They cast an idyllic impression over the city. On the show window of a drug store there was a large outdoor thermometer. The passersby stopped to look at it, shook their heads and went away. My escort walked over, checked the temperature and then returned. "48 degrees below zero," he said.

A man was walking straight at us. The soldier signalled to him with the barrel of his rifle to step aside and the man fell to the side frightened. As we passed by him the soldier raised the point of his bayonet, "Citizen, your nose." The man felt his nose, muttered a swear word, then picked up a handful of snow and rubbed his nose. The soldiers chuckled, protecting their lips always with their hands.

As we were crossing the bridge we came face to face with a beautiful girl carrying two pails of water dangling from a rod over her shoulders. Her cheeks were so red from the cold it seemed the blood was about to burst out. One of the pails already was frozen. The spilling water from the other swaying pails was caught in the air, froze up and fell in chunks to the ground. The girl looked at the soldiers and smiled.

Russian girls like the soldiers very much.

As we were crossing the bridge I felt a light burning sensation on my face, like the heat of a lighted match. I had difficulty in breathing. It seemed the air in my lungs was freezing. Having no gloves, I had kept my hands in my pockets. At the end of the bridge I felt a tingling sensation on the tips of my fingers. As I took out my hands from my pockets I was surprised to note that the tips of my fingers were white like paper, the whiteness slowly spreading over to my wrists.

Seeing it, the elder soldier ordered me to stop, pick up some snow and rub my hands. I never realized that I was being frostbitten. After much rubbing, both my hands were red. My hands were saved.

Just before boarding the train the elder

soldier appealed to me regretfully: "Take off your coat and boots."

"Really?"

"Yes, that scoundrel of a Corporal lent it to you as far as the station."

"But I signed a receipt for it."

"And I signed a paper to return them."

"It was a good thing I did not throw away my old shoes."

The soldier laughed. "It's all the same whether you discarded your illustrious shoes or not. It was a good thing, of course, that you did not discard them."

"Give us bread, give us water," human voices came from the distance.

"Let's go, the train has arrived."

"Yes, my train has arrived," I said, as I put on my old trusty shoes.

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ON PROFESSOR SEVAG'S 'ORIGINS OF RESISTANCE'

BY DR. ETHAN ALLAN BROWN

ORIGINS OF RESISTANCE TO TOXIC AGENTS (Proceedings of the Symposium held in Washington, D.C., March 25-27, 1954). Organized and edited by M. G. Sevag, University of Pennsylvania, Roger D. Reid and Orr E. Reynolds, Office of Naval Research, Department of the U. S. Navy. Published by the Academic Press, Inc., New York, 1955, pp. 471. Price \$12.00.

In his Preface to this Symposium M. G. Sevag outlines a problem which is one of increasing concern to all scientists engaged in every aspect of the healing arts. At the time the first antibiotic agent, Penicillin, was discovered in 1928, and the antimicrobial agents, the Sulfonamides, were re-discovered soon afterwards, it appeared as though we were on the brink of a new age. Once we knew how to begin, after our wonderful start, we would soon have other bacteriocides, virucides and substances available against the host of invading organisms and parasites afflicting humans, domestic animals and food crops.

It soon became apparent that the illnesses we were treating (which of themselves had been growing less common and less severe for over 75 years before the discovery of these substances) were undoubtedly being affected and that the curves of morbidity and mortality were taking precipitous dips. Since no one dared to treat humans without the antimicrobial agents all recoveries were credited to them and all deaths occurred despite them.

Disquieting phenomena soon became observable. The natural orders of biological

relationships established for some billions of years is not so easily upset. The changes observed involved both the patients, animals and vegetables treated prophylactically and therapeutically on the one side and on the other, the organisms against which they were supposedly being protected.

The patients (since we are more concerned with humans than we are with animals or plants) manifested a number of types of reactions. These varied from immediate simple discomfort and so on through a spectrum of the most complex signs and symptoms of the various types of toxicity. Within this framework, toxicity implies not only a direct "poisoning" but as well, signs of idiosyncrasy, intolerance and allergy. A patient with penicillin urticaria was not truly a serious problem, but anaphylactic shock due to Penicillin and involving 50 reported and, no one knows how many unreported, deaths yearly is a matter of major consideration. And when some of the antimicrobial agents caused blood dyscrasias such as aplastic anemia and agranulocytosis, the problem of curing the disease but killing the patient required re-examination. Of course, if the diseases were

truly wiped out and in the process some allergic or abnormal patients lost their lives, lamentable as this might be, it would be regarded that the sacrifice were little different than it would be in any war, but this is not true. The organisms, in their own way, appear to offer some active resistance to being wiped out. The diseases concerned are still with us and continue to require the same or more complex treatment.

Bacteria, for instance develop various types of resistance to the antibiotic agents and in some rare instances, actual dependence upon the antibiotic agents so that they cannot survive unless the supposed toxic agent is present. A third contingency which had not been foreseen was, that with the lessening in numbers of the pathogenic bacteria, there might be associated an increase, as well as a capacity for invasion, and, the development of pathogenicity and toxins by bacteria normally present and usually considered to be harmless. This so-called "superinfection" may rival the original illness in its severity and in a number of cases has resulted in the death of the patient.

It soon became apparent to a number of observers, and especially Prof. Sevag, that the different types of patient reactions might, in truth, only be different aspects of the same basic reaction if we regard them from the point of view of the level of action at which they occurred. Although much thought and energy had gone into separating and defining idiosyncrasy, intolerance and allergic reactions actually these and, as well, tolerance, resistance and addiction might be different phases of a single process. Various metabolic disorders, problems of growth, of malformation, and of cancer itself may also be related. The common point from which these diverge is in the alteration or loss, at the cell level, of an enzyme process.

To obtain the major benefit of "cross

fertilization" by the various associated disciplines, Dr. Sevag and his co-Editors surveyed the subject matter "beforehand in its entirety", and formulating theorems. "These were divided into major component parts of a whole, each part with as many subdivisions as there were questions in regard to unsolved and incomplete problems." The outlines were distributed to the principal speakers and moderators many months before the meeting. The material published in book form is therefore the mature thinking resulting from the meeting of minds of the twenty-eight experts who participated.

Discussed in the First Session was the question of Resistance to Microbicides and in the Second, Resistance to Herbicides and Insecticides. The Third was devoted to Drug Tolerance, Addiction and Alcoholism, and the Fourth to Resistance Factors, Infectious Agents and Cancer Cells. The last

ON DR. BROWN

Dr. Ethan Allan Brown, who reviews the Prof. Sevag work for us, is a prominent Boston physician. He was born in London, March 16, 1905, and is a graduate of the University of Rome (1926), Oxford (1928), and London University (1935). He served as Demonstrator in Biology at London, 1932-35, was chief of the Allergy Section, at Lahey Clinic, Boston, 1936-38. He joined the Tufts Medical School Faculty in 1938 as an Instructor, a position he held until 1946, when he assumed Lecturer duties at the same school. In 1951, he accepted the position of Assistant Professor in Pediatrics, at Tufts, a post he holds today.

Dr. Brown has been Physician-in-chief, Allergy Section, Boston Dispensary Unit, New England Medical Center, since 1938. He is a member of a host of professional societies and is a Fellow of: the College of Chest Physicians; Psychosomatic Society; Society of Investigators in Dermatology; Association of Allergists and Mycological Investigators; Academy of Internal Medicine; Association of Immunologists; Royal College of Surgeons; Royal College of Physicians; International Ass'n. of Allergists. His publications include works on effects of new drugs on allergic states; antihistaminic agents; immunological relationships of protein extracts and antibodies in allergic individuals; allergy to drugs.

concerned itself with physiology, chemical and genetic viewpoints.

To the non-medically trained reader, this may, at first glance, appear to be very esoteric, abstruse and abstract. In reality, it is exactly the reverse. The impact of a change in a basic point of view, be it towards the atom or towards the cancer cell, can eventually affect every human being sick or well.

If, for example, a patient has pneumonia, treatment does not consist of the mechanical administration of an antibiotic agent, but rather of the realization of a number of inter-related states. The patient is not the disease. The presence of the microbe constitutes the disease.

The antibiotic agent makes the environment uncomfortable to bacteria. The physician and the patient both know the reason for its prescription. But, to the body cells it is, however, one more stress agent although its presence helps remove another stress agent, namely, the bacteria. The antibiotic agent may, however, evoke an allergic reaction in the patient who is now reacting with "the disease" to the bacteria and with "asthma" or "urticaria" to the medicinal substance. The reaction may not necessarily be allergic but toxic. It may, if prescribed in amounts too small to be lethal to bacteria, actually stimulate their growth. The physician plans that the sums of these reactions will be favorable to the patient and unfavorable to the bacteria, the result being recovery.

In Drug Addiction, it is naive to say that the patient "craves" the drug and is emotionally or intellectually immature because he "needs" the drug. Although this may be true psychologically; it may be just as false, physiologically. If it can be shown that patients who are addicted possess basic metabolic patterns which differ from those who are not prone to addiction, the problem can be solved at a more basic level.

To use an example, in another frame of reference, the physiological obese individual can be starved to the point of attrition. He is then a thin, "fat man." The restoration of food results in a return of the obesity.

These examples, are of course, superficial. The problem lies much deeper. There is an antimony; that is a contradiction between two principles each of which is taken to be true.

The physician is, on the one hand, in the Hippocratic sense, a "scientist" and on the other, in the Aesculapian sense an exorcisor of evil spirits, a magician. Diseases are going to be "wiped out" but bacteria grow resistant. Do the bacteria "mutate" to become resistant or do they "adjust" to an environment changes in that it now contains an antimicrobial agent? This last is really the chief concern of Origins of Resistance to Toxic Agents. Exactly, what is the problem and where is the dichotomy?

When bacteria become, as it were, "resistant" to an antibiotic agent, are these new organisms perhaps the result of adaptation, genetic in type? If so, we must then believe that we have under observation active mutation and selection in the respective Lamarkian and Darwinian senses of the words. If, however, the bacteria become resistant because of built-in enzyme systems capable of sustaining life in the presence of the toxic agent or antibiotic, we are faced with a process of adaptation, truly physiological in origin, in other words phenotypic. Which of these is true or are both processes going on simultaneously, each within its limitations? The problem is complicated by the fact that clean-cut examples of both processes do indeed exist.

Some toxic drugs, as for instance, the Nitrogen Mustards, are known to be capable of producing proven bacterial mutations. Others, of which Penicillin is an example, can stimulate some bacteria to syn-

thesize by means of an enzyme system, penicillinase which nullifies the effects of Penicillin. Because of these and other reasons, some of the best minds of our time have sharpened their wits on the solution of this problem.

Bryson, among others, points out that, *a priori*, there are a number of intriguing possibilities. Bacterial resistance may apparently occur by any one or a combination of six processes. At this point we must remember that we are dealing with bacteria. They reproduce with great rapidity; given adequate sustenance. They are potentially immortal; their colonies number in the tens, hundred and thousands of billions or trillions. Under these circumstances there may well be a single spontaneous mutant present in the colony and before it is exposed to the drug which would kill its non-mutant "kin". Its survival and subsequent reproduction by cell division gives us immediately and with no phenomic or physiological lag a colony of resistant organisms. Similarly, since all of the non-resistant bacteria are not all equally exposed to the toxic agent, a second mechanism may come into play, namely, a spontaneous mutation and selection but with a phenomic lag of say, one generation. If the toxic drug is a mutogen, that is, stimulates mutation, then the resistance is due to a mutated organism which gets along quite happily in its new environment. In some cases the mutative drug may induce mutations in some bacteria and the capacity to mutate in others of the same colony. When this occurs, there is a lag of one generation for the second group of organisms.

The next possibility envisages a large number of simultaneously occurring phenotypic changes. The last pattern is similar except that the spontaneous mutants occur after (not before) the toxic agent is added. This would all seem to be very reasonable

but there are cogent arguments to the contrary.

It is generally known that although the populations with which we are concerned number in the billions and trillions, nevertheless, mutations are rare and usually pathological in nature, that is harmful to the organisms. That such mutations should occur similarly and simultaneously both in bacterial colonies in the laboratory and in the blood streams of sick patients widely separated and yet always move in the same direction seems to many observers to border on the incredible.

Mitchell, who represents the middle of the road, states that, "The ability to mutate and thus give rise to heritable changes is a characteristic of all living cells. Mutation occurs spontaneously but its frequency can be influenced enormously by changes in environment, changes that may be imposed externally, as by radiation or chemical treatments, or internally, as by the acquisition of mutator genes or perhaps even by accumulations of metabolites. After mutation has taken place in a cell, a readjustment in relation to the environment is demanded, and the process of selection begins. If the readjustment required is beyond the overall inherent biochemical capacity of the cell then it will die. On the other hand, mutation in a cell may give it a superior capacity to survive in an existing environment and it and its descendants will be selected in favor of the parental type. Certainly all degrees of selection pressures intermediate between these extremes exist. These are all well-known facts and, in the present discussion of the relation of drug action to genetic factors, the drug constitutes an externally imposed environmental change. As such it is to be expected or it may serve as an agent causing selection of either mutated or parental cell types."

Sevag brilliantly analyzes both points of view. He states that "That question before

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us is whether environmental, chemical or physiochemical factors can induce the phenomena of tolerance. Some investigators boldly declare that hereditary changes occur by 'spontaneous gene formation' independent of any environmental influences." He feels first that "these investigators have not given us a clear definition of what they mean by "spontaneous mutation". He believes that "the mechanism underlying 'spontaneous mutation' is not basically different from that which is implied by the term chemical induction. He does not believe that "the changes can be attributed to an error in the function of a gene exclusive of endogenous or external inhibitory influences."

He states, secondly, that "The postulate that a gene can acquire all the required factors for its multiplication from its surroundings and can regulate the enzyme functions in the nucleus or cytoplasm or both and remain insusceptible to adverse changes within its circle of activities cannot be reconciled with the principles of chemistry."

He continues thirdly that "Antibacterial agents exercise their specific effects by chemical combinations with the reactive groups in the cell proteins. Chemical combinations are either reversible or irreversible. Reversible combinations represent bacteriostasis. Injuries that may result from reversible combinations can be assumed to be superficial and repairable. In bacteriostasis the development of resistance would be expected to be protracted. Irreversible combinations either result in killing the cells, or initiate the induction of biochemical variations, with or without irreparable injury to the cell. Under adverse conditions of aging, temperature, acidity, alkalinity, starvation, inhibitory metabolic products, irreversible changes in the absence of a drug can also occur."

Sevag then analyzes the biochemical

heterogeneity of populations of cells demonstrating the lack of uniformity of cell age, nutrition, aerobiosis and metabolism in a colony. He illustrates the effect of experimental conditions on the "rate of mutation" of cells. This leads to the role of nutritional factors on the rate of the acquisition of drug resistance, and then to the acquisition of a high degree of such resistance in the presence of sublethal concentrations of the drug. Examples are then given of specificity of resistance to structural patterns of drugs. In succession are discussed the reproducibility of resistance phenomenon and the specificity of structural units, the phenomenon of non-specific tolerance, and the question of origin of resistance, predisposition as a factor in producing non-specific cross-resistance and increased sensitivity, and chemical parallels for predisposition to acquire drug tolerance. Also discussed are the phenomenon of the antagonism among drugs, patterns in the phenomenon of drug resistance, nutritional factors in metabolic processes in relation to sensitivity, and resistance to drugs diphasic effects and enzyme inhibitors and drugs.

The effects of drugs on the emergence of alternate metabolic pathways, and the effect of nutritional environment on the enzyme matter of constitution of micro-organisms are discussed in detail. He then makes a synthesis chemical interactive metabolic derangements, states of hypersensitivity, carcinogenesis, addiction and other states, proposing a concept that "the direct action of drugs, radiations and endogenous metabolic inhibitors on sensitive cells and cells that have acquired resistance induces in the protein molecules *configurational modifications*, or *deformations*, or "paralysis".

The relationships of these altered states to the basic eighteen sub-divisions is then drawn, and ends with the note that since

invitro control of nutritional components of the growth medium has made possible the prevention of the emergence of drug-

resistant cells, these successes "may be indicative of potentialities for achieving similar successes in medical practice".

TO A LAND I HAVE NEVER TRAVELED

*Your topography is heavy
I have walked it many times
And your ribboned roads are lonely
Winding endless and untraveled.
Your shores are lapped in vain
Dear land, by hungry seas in search
Of a taste of you.
Your rivers burrow deeper deeper
For the grain and texture of you
And your clouds pierced by
The hills do not drop their dew.
Oh topography, heavy and light!
And white roads without wheels!
Oh vanished little paths.
Oh ruins.
For your lovers sing to you, sing to you,
In foreign tongues.*

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN

KANE SIMONIAN

CHIEF OF URBAN REDEVELOPMENT IN BOSTON

JOHN BARONIAN

One of the most important civic responsibilities of the Boston Municipality is entrusted to a young Armenian American who is playing a major role in the development of the Hub of the Union these past few years. His name is Kane Simonian who was appointed Chief of Urban Development of the Boston Housing Authority by Mayor John C. Hynes, back in February of 1951.

The successful rise to his present position has resulted from an unheralded recognition of his ability, and his brilliant performance of his many duties.

Mr. Simonian's father was born in Yeghlike, and his mother in Kharpoot, in Turkish Armenia. Soon after the parents settled in America, his father obtained a job in one of the mills in Uxbridge, Mass., where they were one of the four or five Armenian families settled in that community.

After a brief stay there, the family moved to East Boston where Kane, one of three children, had his elementary schooling. It was here, as a youngster attending school, that Kane learned the rudiments of business by helping his father operate a grocery store.

The lean depression years that soon followed did not prevent Kane from entering Harvard in 1929. Completing his course at Harvard in 1933 with an AB degree in Economics, he put special emphasis on the Money and Banking field.

As an undergraduate at Harvard, he was the light-heavyweight representative on the boxing team, garnering the intramural light-heavyweight title of the college. This is striking since his physique is typical of that of a wrestler.

While at Harvard, he also had some noteworthy Armenian classmates who excelled in sports. Vahan Moushegian, football end from Lowell and later a coach there, was a senior during Kane's freshman days. Ed Adzigian and John Adzigian, two brothers from Stoneham, were the others.

Not content with four years of study at Harvard, he decided to continue his schooling by attending the Boston College Evening School of Law.

His first full-time position upon finishing his studies was with a government agency, the Social Service Department for which he worked three years as a social worker.

This was followed by three years of service with the City of Boston as a Legal Investigator.

In 1943 he entered the United States Army where he was placed in the Military Intelligence Corps as a Special Agent. His duties took him on assignments throughout the country. His work was that of a highly responsible nature involving investigations, clearance and security work.

The last 9 months of his active duty prior

to his discharge in 1946 consisted of vocational counseling at separation centers.

Immediately after discharge from the service, Simonian joined the Veterans Administration where he was appointed a Training Specialist at the Boston office. His last eighteen months of his five-year service with the Veterans Administration were spent as Director of Rehabilitation. The functions of his department consisted of training neurological-psychiatric disabilities, adaptation of symptoms and methods in handling these particular cases.

In February of 1951, Simonian was appointed Chief of Urban Redevelopment of the Boston Housing Authority. At that time his staff numbered four specialists.

Essentially, the aim of the department is a slum-clearance program. However, in order to make this plan effective, other integrated measures are enforced. The Boston Housing Authority has to buy the property, demolish it for replanning of streets and utilities and also dispose of land to private enterprise who do the building themselves in accordance with established restrictions to prevent slums from re-occurring again.

The City rezones the areas to conform to the planning of the Boston Housing Authority. The rezoning prevents slaughterhouses, junk yards, odors, or noises of industries, and etc.

The ultimate goal of the Authority is to redevelop the urban areas, whether residential or non-residential, into productive use best suitable.

The Federal grant is based on a 2-1 ratio. The federal government doubles any contribution by the city toward a redevelopment project.

The City of Boston auctions any disposable property but the Housing Authority directs all negotiations which are determined on a profitable return (long-range proper use and income tax revenue) rather than the initial monetary profit.



KANE SIMONIAN

Thus, from an original staff of four men, Simonian now heads an enlarged staff of 28 highly-skilled specialists comprising of architects, engineers, planners, draftsmen, mathematicians, lawyer, buyer, accountant, clerks, and etc.

Heading a group such as this should serve as a measuring stick in evaluating the versatility of Simonian's capacity as a leader and organizer of a program which is serving the best interests of mankind.

Slums breed disease, sickness, delinquency, and crime among many other things. Simonian has done a great job of rubbing out a good portion of it in the Boston area.

First impression of Simonian behind his desk with a green Havana cigar firmly planted in the corner of his mouth is that of a city editor. His desk is covered with maps, charts, forms, figures, letters, model blocks, and etc. The telephone might be ringing, the secretary could be taking a letter, an assistant might be waiting at his desk for an approval or signature—and yet with all this hustle and bustle he still welcomes

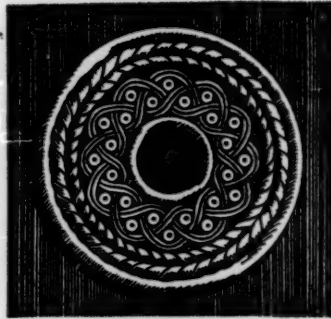
visitors
Every
mutter
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likes to

visitors with a warm reception and smile.

Every now and then you might hear him mutter an Armenian word here or there when things aren't going just right. He likes to recall many of the Old Armenian

proverbs he used to hear so often when his parents were still living.

Mr. Simonian and his wife Mary with two children, Robert and Jean, reside in West Roxbury, a suburban section of Boston.



III. ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS

Translated by Edward Alexander



ARMENIAN LITERATURE

PROF. J. ORBELI

The cultural origins of the Armenian people are buried deep in the ages.

One thousand five hundred years ago the Armenian alphabet was invented by the genius *Mesrob of Mashtotz*. Until recently it appeared that the origin of the Armenian written language coincided roughly with this period in history. It seemed almost too bold a thought that some of the works of the oldest writers of Armenia — which bore all the signs of a developed literary style and which were not available at the time of the invention of the Armenian alphabet — could be in reality the continuation of a literature which, although in the Armenian language, was recorded in another alphabet.

Inscriptions have just been discovered and deciphered which originated 600 years before the invention of the Armenian alphabet. They are in the Armenian language but with strange letters. It has thus become quite clear that the development of Armenian script can be traced back not 15 centuries but 20. It is unknown, nevertheless, whether in further excavations of cities of that early time, possibly in some forgotten archive or volume, this very old handwriting or some literary fragment might not be found, in the Armenian lan-

guage but composed of letters other than those invented by Mesrob of Mashtotz.

This hope arises from the wonderfully mature style of the works of Armenian historians such as *Faustos* and *Yeghishe*. The works of these earliest of writers appeared as poetic tales an epic power and a pathos which is not usually found in historians and chroniclers. The later work of *Lazar Parpetzi* already reaches a peak of profound pondered speech. The famous *Moses Khorenatzi* reproduces in his work the majesty of the oldest epic poetry as well as brilliantly executed depictions of historical facts.

At the time of the decline of the Armenian Empire — when urban life flourished and trade unions began to develop — Armenian literature was enriched not only through the works of significant historians, such as *Vartan* and *Giragos* (13th century), but also through poetry which is astonishing for its perfection of form and profundity of content.

It was an era when in the entire East the worldly motive was sounded, in Georgia by *Shota Rustaveli* and in Azerbaijan by *Nizani*. They found their echo in a long series of Armenian poets, in whose work was heard the full-toned voice of the Ar-

menian people. In the collected works of the 12th and 13th centuries protests are sounded against the wealth and luxury of the cities, against the princes and the clergy.

Frik addresses God: "Why do You persecute the scholars? You love the evil and raise fools to the throne, while You send the wise into the mountains and fields to search for bread!"

In the verses of these poets (and in the language of the prose being written at that time in Cilicia and Lesser Armenia), the influence of the vernacular emerged most strong. The poets themselves belonged to the broader strata of society, so that their poetry corresponded to the language of the people. The influence of the vernacular is clearly intoned in the beautiful love lyrics of *Constantine Erzenatz* (14th century).

Thus, the ground was prepared for the appearance of the famous lyricist of the 18th century *Sayat-Nova*. That which delights the ear most in the verses of this troubador — whether heard in Armenian, Georgian or Persian — is the original folk quality of the lyrics, liberated completely from the influence of the written language.

The work of *Khachador Abovian* (1804-1848) represents a genuine revolution in Armenian literature. His "The Wounds of Armenia" is written in the living everyday

speech of the Ararat Plain, the dialect which has become the foundation of modern Armenian literature.

The later development of this new language, which had enriched itself with the treasures of ancient and medieval literature, had also opened the door wide for the poetry and prose of the second half of the 19th century and afforded the possibility of expressing thoughts and feelings which were foreign to the language of the old historians and writers. The most prominent Armenian writer of the 19th century, *Raffi*, wrote in this language, as well as *Gabriel Sundukiantz* with his lively comedies,¹ the poet *Rafael Patkhanian*, *Mooratzen* with his major historical novel "Gevorg Marzpetouni," and *Hochaness Toumanian*, one of the greatest of Armenian poets.

The glorious traditions of the best Armenian poets who sought inspiration in the life of the people in whom they recognized the source of their power, have also inspired poets and prose writers even in our day. This source of power has never been exhausted, nor has Armenian folklore, which over the centuries has cast a spell of enchantment over the great Sassun heroes, preserved to this day with deep affection in the hearts of the Armenian people.

¹ For instance "Bepo"

THE POETRY OF ARMENIA

PROF. ARDASHES ABEGHIAN

For a long period Armenia had been compelled to surrender its political independence and subject itself to foreign domination. Asiatic tribes had lain waste the Middle East. Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and their successors had destroyed the old cultural centers of Armenia and other Middle Eastern peoples. Cities that had been

flourishing now lay in ruins, while Eastern Europe had fallen booty to the Mongols. Not even Central Europe was free of danger.

Here and there, in peripheral Armenian areas, independent cultural activity continued but was shortlived. Now began a most desperate period in the history of the Ar-

menian people. "At a time," writes the Russian poet and critic Brussov, "when the West began to breathe the new atmosphere of the Renaissance, Armenia, because of historical events, was thrust into the dark days of the great migrations. But how strange! For just at this time there began to blossom the lovely flower of the pure lyric of Armenian literature."

No less noteworthy was the fact that the monasteries, isolated and far removed from centers of activity, were predominant in cultivating the pure lyric and the love song behind their walls. But perhaps it does make sense! Because at a time when the Armenian people were subjugated, when the concern for the physical preservation of the Nation demanded all their energies, in short an epoch when all intellectual life in so-called "civilization" was suffocated, of necessity it had to be in the "desert" — the remote cloisters — that poetry took refuge. There, where one was relatively free, the literary refugee found respite from the horrible conditions in the Nation to engage in intellectual activity.

The thick walls of the cloisters could not suppress the voice of the heart — the source of all lyrics, although some of these poet-monks had composed the most precious pearls of their love poetry long before entering the monasteries. Some of them had even been active as troubadours.

It is not possible in this space to acquaint ourselves with all the known representatives of the medieval Armenian lyric. We must be satisfied only with a general survey.

All these poets had one thing in common: they very rarely wrote in the Old Armenian Classical language, which had been dead since the 10th century and no longer understood by the people. It had become the language of the Church and the Holy Scriptures. The living widely-understood language of the time was medieval Armenian, which now served as the medium

of the new lyric. It has remained so to this day.

The love-motif is dominant among most poets. The Beloved, the Rose and the Nightingale are celebrated with predilection and passion. But the love of fatherland and life's joys and regrets, these too are major themes. Especially frequent in the Armenian poetry of the Middle Ages was the deeply emotional homesickness of emigrants compelled to live away from their country and their loved ones. Other themes were didactic in nature or dealt with folklore. Maxims occupied an important place in this poetry. Folk wisdom and the lessons of everyday life are the most popular themes, Man and the world, the individual and the beauties of Nature are others — all enveloped in a fresh new form, permeated with a wordly spirit. If not with all lyricists, at least with many the 4-line stanza — the quatrain — is the most popular.

At the threshold of the Medieval Armenian secular lyric stands a man known to us only by his pseudonym. He is called *Frik*¹ (13th-14th century). At any rate he is said to have been a priest. Some even believe him to have been a contemporary of *Khachadoor Ketcharvetzi*, who also wrote poetry. Be that as it may, *Frik* is the first Armenian poet who treated more of secular than of sacred themes. He was a free spirit: the spirit of protest against the prevailing religious concept of world order, which he rejected as wrong. *Frik* did not even spare Heaven. His pessimism is due to a strong awareness of the tragic plight of his people, who enjoyed no peace but suffered the most inhuman persecutions — forsaken no less by Heaven than by men.

"To You God," says *Frik* in one of his poems, "to You I direct my words of complaint. Hear them: How long now must we languish in slavery? If You God see

¹ As Levon Shant has pointed out, a most unusual name for an Armenian.

and tolerate all this, tell us, Where is Your justice? You, who take no revenge for us, You, Creator, who do not put an end to our suffering. Know You not that we are men of flesh and blood, and not statues of iron?"

Hovhannes Erzenkatzi is another of Frik's contemporaries. Erzenkatzi dressed his apophthegms in quatrains. Like Frik he exercised in them a sharp criticism of Fate, the world order, and everything false and unjust.

"Our world is like a wheel," writes Erzenkatzi, "just as Fate turns around and around, so a carpenter works on a cradle and a coffin with equal industry. The One comes, the Other goes, but the carpenter continues his labors undisturbed."

In a second apophthegm, he writes: "The tongue exists in order to be useful in speech. The word of the just is like the sound of gold. God has given Man a single tongue. But the tongue of the Serpent is forked. The two-tongued Man is like a Serpent: with one tongue he stings, with the other he flatters. He is kin to the Serpent and like it despised by all."

The 15th century also produced some prominent representatives of medieval Armenian poetry. *Mugerdtich Naghash* is one of the best known. As his name indicates (Naghash means painter), he was also famed as a master of miniature painting. It is also known of him that he was invested with the office of bishop, that he spent his whole life — even in old age — in travel, and that he offered aid and comfort to his suffering compatriots who at the time were cruelly persecuted by barbaric invaders. This helps explain the deeply religious pessimism of Naghash's poetry. What he depicted he himself experienced, instilling in his work a soul-stirring quality. Because of the cruel conditions prevailing in the homeland, Armenians migrated in large numbers at this time, and this aspect

of Armenian life occupied a large part of Naghash's poetry. He is one of the first to play on the "Armenians abroad" theme, richly represented in modern folk songs. Naghash died in 1430.

The medieval Armenian lyric reached its climax in the 16th century. The political situation in Armenia in the meantime had not only not improved but actually worsened. (Armenia had been the battleground for the Persian-Ottoman War.) However, efforts even if slow and devious toward a national and cultural awakening were evident, in the Armenian colonies of Europe.

In 1515 the first Armenian book in printed form appeared in Venice. Soon others followed. Armenian merchants had formed their own colonies in many cities, as for instance Amsterdam, where printing presses were established.

Two poets, *Krikor Akhtamartzi* and *Nahaped Kutchak* characterized the Armenian poetry of the 16th century and, one might say, all medieval Armenian poetry. Because of space limitations we limit ourselves to the second named.

Nahaped Kutchak is one of the most individual and talented Armenian poets of the Middle Ages. He lived in the second half of the 16th century and was a grandson of Ashoogh the Troubadour, known and beloved by the Armenians for his poetry. Both of them are buried in the village of Kharakonis, close to Van. With but a few exceptions, Kutchak's poetry consists of quatrains. Most of them are love songs, but he has also written maxims and songs of the migrations. Even if it were impossible for all of these poems (which Arshag Chobanian has published with an essay in his "Collected Poetry of Nahaped Kutchak" in French) to have come from the pen of this poet — many of them are unsigned — they are all related in spirit and form. Basically, medieval Armenian poetry is deeply and genuinely national in

character, and Kutchak's work especially reveals considerable similarity to the Armenian folk song.

II

The more recent Armenian literature has developed outside the borders of the oppressed nation because of political conditions. This has taken place for the Turkish-Armenians in Constantinople, Smyrna and Venice, and for the Russian-Armenians in Moscow and mostly Tiflis. The two Armenian colonies of Constantinople and Tiflis became in the 19th century the center of intellectual and national life.

In Armenia itself, the Monastery of Etchmiadzin continued the literary and national labors of the early Armenian fathers, and for a period also the Monastery of Varak in Van, wherein worked the great patriot and poet *Khrimian* (later *Catholicos* in Etchmiadzin).

The new literature is richer and freer than that of ancient Armenia. It has developed somewhat under the influence of European literature. The Caucasian Armenians have been influenced most of all by Russian literature. The theatre and the novel have felt French influence, especially that of *Verlaine*. In the poetry of the Turkish-Armenians, the influence of Italian and English literature are evident.

The best known Russian-Armenian poets are: *Hovhaness Toumanian*, *Avedik Isahakian* and *Rafael Patkanian*, while among the Turkish-Armenians: *Bedros Dourian*, *Daniel Varoujean* and *Siamanto*.

The best representatives of this new Armenian literature have never slavishly subjected themselves to European influences. This is especially true of the Armenian

poets of the Caucasus who were all born in Armenia, lived in or close to the fatherland, preserved their Armenian traditions and drew directly upon folk poetry.

In conclusion here is a poem by *Toumanian*, one of the best of Russian-Armenian poets, which treats of an old folk tradition. According to this, in the night there is visible at times a light on the summit of Mt. Aragaz, rising opposite majestic Ararat, perhaps a very distant star whose pale light can only be perceived on extremely clear nights. The people call it the "Lamp of the Illuminator," the surname of St. Gregory who converted King Tiridates to Christianity and thus guided the Armenian people toward the culture of the West.

THE LIGHT OF THE LORD

*At midnight shines a brilliant light
A lamp in the dark
Kindled by the Lord on Aragaz
Comfort in the eclipse of our life.*

*It shines brighter than any star
Eternally, year after after year
And in this wonderful radiant lamp
Burn the tears of God the Lord.*

*And no power or human hand
Can extinguish this holy torch
No storm darken this beam
Which radiates from God's eyes.*

*But only the pious and pure in heart
And firm in their faith
That one day the hour of deliverance
Will come for Armenia's agony*

*Can look upon this wonderful lamp
Removed from earth and Heaven-high
Like the eye of God which bright and clear
Looks down upon the dark of our world.*

MARSHALS AND GENERALS OF ARMENIAN ORIGIN IN THE SERVICE OF VARIOUS NATIONS

Thanks to Armenians the Russians succeeded in conquering the Caucasus and parts of Persia and Turkey, and later ad-

ministered those areas. The best known among these Armenians are:
Prince W. Madatov (1782-1829) who play-

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ed a prominent role in the wars of Russia against Napoleon, Persia and Turkey. Wounded during the Bulgarian War of Liberation, he died in that country.

Count M. Loris-Melikov (1826-1886) conqueror of the Fortress of Kars in Turkey, and Chancellor to Czar Alexander II who wished to give Russia a constitution.

Prince M. Argutinsky-Dolgoruki (1797-1855) conqueror of Erivan (1827) and Daghestan. A statue has been erected to him in the East Caucasus.

Prince W. Bebutov (1781-1858)

Ivan Lazarev (1820-1879)

Arshak Der-Ghukassov (1819-1888)

Begbut Shelkovnikov (1831-1878)

Prince L. Melikov (1817-1891) Deputy to the Russian Governor in the Caucasus.

Of the military leaders in other lands, the following are worthy of mention:

Sarkis Argut — Commander-in-Chief for Tamara, famous Queen of the Georgians in the 13th century, and founder of the Court of Argutinsky which has produced a distinguished Armenian Catholicos, Marshal and General, in addition to other government officials.

Joachim Murat (1771-1815) — one of Napoleon's greatest generals who was Viceroy of Naples. His father, a native of Karabagh in the Caucasus, had migrated from his

homeland to the South of France.

Eprem Khan (1878-1912) — Persian Minister of War and leader of the first constitutional troops of Persia. He was born in the Caucasus.

Antranik Der-Osanian (1875-1932) born in Karahissar, Turkish-Armenia, was at first leader of the rebellious Armenians in Turkey, then fought with the Bulgarians against the Turks in 1912, and took part in the first World War.

Garekin Njdeh (Der-Harootiunian) born in 1888 in Nakhichevan, Russian-Armenia, fought on the side of the Bulgarians against the Turks in 1912 and defended the Armenian Republic until 1921. As leader of the Armenian volunteers under their national flag during the Balkan War, Njdeh distinguished himself while doing honor to the flag of Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria. Deeply impressed by the bravery of the Armenian volunteers Ferdinand advocated the liberation of Armenia at the London Peace Conference.

Other generals in the service of Russia were:

Alchasov — Governor of the Transcaucasus.
Kamsarakan — Participant in the Bulgarian War of Liberation.

Nazarbekov, Korganov, Bagratuni and *Selikov* — all generals during World War I on the Caucasian Front.

SCHOLARS OF ARMENIAN ORIGIN

In the 4th century an Armenian scholar and orator, *Proeresios* (*Parooyr Haikazn*), taught rhetoric and philosophy at the University of Athens. He left Athens later and settled in Rome where a statue was erected to him with the inscription:

"*Rome — Master of the World*
To the Master of the Word"

Several Greek historians mention his name in their writings as an extraordinary

orator with a phenomenal memory. His specialty was rhetoric. He was the teacher of famous churchmen such as Gregory the Theologian, and Basil the Great who besides Greek also composed an Armenian liturgy. The Emperor Julian was also among his students. His classes in Athens consisted of Greeks, Armenians, Romans, Egyptians, and other students. The University of Athens, where one heard lectures

on philosophy, history, literature and many other subjects, was the first international university.

In the 7th century there lived in Armenia a famous mathematician, *Ananiah of Shirak*, who in a paper written in Greek proved that the earth revolves around the sun.

Of the historians of the Middle Ages we mention only *Agathangelos*¹ and *Sebeos*.²

As for modern times there are about 25 professors of Armenian descent in Russia — 10 in Moscow — who were active in various Russian universities, some of whom are: *M. Emin* — Armenian philologist from whose family comes the famous Rumanian poet Eminescu.

S. Nazariantz — Orientalist and publisher of the first Armenian magazine in Moscow (1860).

Tamanian (*Tamanov*) — the famous architect, member of the Academy of St. Petersburg.

J. Nalbandian — Prof. of Music at the Leningrad Conservatory.

Orbeli Brothers — one a physiologist, the other a philologist and member of the Leningrad Academy of Science.

S. Eghiazarov — author of two noteworthy books on the guilds and agrarian communities of the Caucasus.

N. Adontz — former Prof. at St. Petersburg University, later at Brussels University. A late work was "Samuel the Armenian, King of the Bulgarians."

A. Jivelegov — wrote on the history of Germany and Italy in the Middle Ages.

N. Karakash — agronomist

A. Kalantar — agronomist

A. Aghababov — oculist

Oganchianiantz — specialist in nervous disorders

N. Bunyatian — author of a famous book on economic crises

A. Nersesov — commercial law

D. Savriev — chemist

V. Totomiantz — author of many books on the cooperative system in Russian, German, Italian and other languages

Of the sixteen³ professors active in foreign universities, the following deserve mention:

A. Arzruni — Mineralogist in Aachen

A. Abeliantz — Prof. of Chemistry at Zurich

V. Chamchian — Prof. of Chemistry at Bologna

J. Khlutchieff — Engineer at Belgrade University

A. Balabanoff — Univ. of Sofia, who is not only an expert in Greek Language and Literature but also one of the best known writers of Bulgaria, and a brilliant translator of the German classics. His father comes from Van.

In conclusion some private scholars are noted who write predominantly in foreign tongues:

K. Essov — author of a book in Russian on the relationship between Peter the Great and the Armenians.

G. Janjiev — author of a Russian book on the reforms of Czar Alexander II.

K. Basmadjian — who has published historical and philological works in French and Armenian.

M. Tamamshev — historian.

Dr. M. Kasabian — discoverer of a fluid for embalming (Philadelphia, 1937).⁴

³ American Armenians have not been included in these figures, which would have to be revised in any case in view of the academic renaissance of the post-war period in the USA alone.

⁴ Dr. Kazanjian of the USA, one of the world's best plastic surgeons, should be noted here too.

⁵ It would be unforgivable in a survey of this nature to omit the name of *Hrachia Adjarian*, philologist extraordinary who died in 1953 in Eriwan, author of the incomparable "Armenian Dictionary of Root Words," a massive work of seven volumes unique in etymology.

¹ Author of a history of St. Gregory and the conversion of Armenia (5th Century)

² Author of a history of the Wars of Heraclius and the early Mohammedan conquests in Asia Minor, all of which Sebeos witnessed. (7th century)

Dr. G. Noorigian — perhaps the most prolific Bulgarian writer in the fields of history and literature. He writes in Italian and Bulgarian.⁵

Finally a word on *Dr. Artashes Abeghian*, who modestly omitted his own name. It has been prim-

arily through his unremitting efforts that German-speaking people of the last 35 years have become familiar with the history and achievements of the Armenians. His German-language publications, which have formed the nucleus of the present survey, are evidence only in part of his efforts on behalf of his people. He passed away in Munich in March 1955.

DADIRRIAN V. YACUBIAN

TEXT OF A LEGAL FINDING

The text of the interesting early court case Dadirrian v. Yacubian, which we offer herewith, was made available for REVIEW use through the interest of Dr. Varaxiad Kazanjian, the eminent Armenian American plastic surgeon, who forwarded it to us through our mutual friend, Dr. Levon Daghljan, after Dr. Kazanjian himself had been supplied the text through Mr. Ernest J. Sargeant, a Boston attorney, who is Dr. Kazanjian's son-in-law. Aside from its historical value—the case was one of the earliest tried in this country with both plaintiff and defendant Armenians—the trial finding says some interesting things about “madzoon”—an Armenian product which, under its Greek equivalent “Yoghurt” today enjoys a good deal of popularity in this country.

DADIRRIAN v. YACUBIAN et al

(Circuit Court, D. Massachusetts.)

December 1, 1898.)

No. 503.

TRADE-MARKS — FOREIGN NAME OF ARTICLE.

The word “Matzoon,” which has been for centuries in Armenia the name of an article of food or diet prepared from sterilized and fermented milk, cannot be appropriated as a trade-name by the person who first introduced the article, as well as the name, into trade in this country.

This is a suit in equity by Markar G. Dadirrian against Gamaliel M. Yacubian and another to restrain the infringement of a trade-mark or name.

Betts, Betts, Sheffield & Betts, for complainant. Alex P. Browne, for defendants.

COLT, Circuit Judge. In a suit by this complainant against these defendants in

the United States circuit court for the Northern district of Illinois, Judge Showalter, on motion for a preliminary injunction, in a well-considered and able opinion (72 Fed. 1010), held that the word “Matzoon” (or “Madzoon”), having been used in Armenia for centuries to designate an article of food or diet made from sterilized and fermented milk, cannot be appropriated as a trade-mark by the complainant, who first introduced both the name and the article into trade in this country; nor can the defendants be enjoined on the theory that the word has become, in a special and secondary sense, mark of the origin of complainant's goods, because the defendants' label plainly distinguishes their own product from that of the complainant. The present bill was filed July 7, 1894. On November 14, 1894, Judge Carpenter denied a motion for a preliminary injunction. The present hearing was had upon full pleadings and proofs. We have carefully examined the evidence and briefs of counsel, and agree

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with the conclusions reached by Judge Showalter in the Illinois case. We find nothing in the present record that would, in our opinion, warrant the court in reaching any different conclusion; and we do not see how we can add anything of importance to the reasoning of the court in its opinion in the Illinois case. We cannot resist the conviction that Dr. Dadirrian did not originally adopt the word "Matzoon" as a fanciful or arbitrary name, and that it was not his intention to make a new preparation or product, but that he started with the intention of introducing for the first time into this country a preparation of fermented milk well known for centuries in Armenia, Turkey, and other Eastern countries, and that he intended to call it by its common and well-known Armenian name. Dr. Dadirrian, after graduation at the New York University Medical College in 1871, returned to his old home in Armenia, Asia Minor. He came back to New York in 1884, and began the practice of his profession. In July, 1885, he first put his preparation of "Matzoon" on the market. On June 18, 1885, he read a paper before the New York Academy of Medicine on "Matzoon, or Fermented Cow's Milk," and exhibited samples. That paper declares that:

"Since the earlier periods in history fermented cow's milk has been abundantly used in Armenia, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, and other Eastern countries, by all classes, and in all seasons of the year. It is made in every house, and ordinary milk is not at all used as an article of diet. * * * In Asia Minor, and even in Constantinople, Matzoon is put upon the table in a large dish, and is eaten with bread as a kind of dessert. * * * The farmers use Matzoon when in the field, and by working-men generally it is used to quench thirst. * * * It is used as an antidote for

all kinds of poisoning. * * * It is used as a prophylactic during every epidemic. * * * It is used as a panacea in all acute febrile diseases. * * * Matzoon is more savory than koumiss, although the two do not differ entirely from each other."

In Dr. Dadirrian's earliest circular he said, with respect to his preparation:

"This preparation of milk originated in Armenia, around Mount Ararat, and extended thence to distant countries in Asia Minor, etc. It is used in these countries largely as food and as medicine in every form of febrile diseases; also as an antidote to poisons. * * * It is prepared from pure milk alone. * * * I present this preparation to the medical profession and public in America as differing essentially from other preparations of the kind in present use, without seeking to disparage their acknowledged value, but as something new and altogether unused here, and having many different properties from the others, and ask for it a trial at their hands, with great confidence in its value, based upon a personal experience in its use during three years in Asia Minor, ten years in Constantinople, and considerable time in New York, and from observing its usefulness in the hands of eminent American, German, and French physicians in Constantinople."

On September 2, 1884, Dr. Hamlin, an American missionary, who had witnessed the beneficial effects of Matzoon in the East for 40 years, wrote to Dr. Dadirrian as follows:

"I am glad of your effort to introduce Matzoon. I used it constantly in its solid form for thirty years in Turkey."

Dr. Van Lennep, late missionary of the

American board in Turkey, writes to Dr. Daddirrian, under date of September 12, 1885:

"I am glad to learn that you are introducing into this country the celebrated Oriental fermented milk food, called 'Matzoon.' The Arabs set so high a value upon it that they hold a tradition that an angel was sent from Heaven to reveal the secret to their father, Abraham; and they drink no water, but their favorite Matzoon instead, which stands night and day in a large dish near the en-

trance of the tent."

Upon Dr. Daddirrian's own admissions, we fail to see how he can claim "Matzoon" as, in any proper sense, an arbitrary or fanciful word, and therefore the proper subject of trade-mark. We think this case is clearly governed by the opinion of the supreme court in the leading case of *Canal Co. v. Clark*, 13 Wall. 311.

The defendants' label is so different in appearance from complainant's that no relief can be granted on the ground that the ordinary purchaser is likely to be deceived or of unfair trading. **Bill dismissed.**

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THE SEA IS MY HOME

JOHN MEGHRIAN

I paid off the cabbie, picked up my two suitcases and walked up to the dock. At the end of the pier I dropped my suitcases, stoked up a Camel and sucked in a big lungful of smoke as I looked up at my future home. There she was, big and ugly or sleek and beautiful, depending on her clothes. Just a little paint, spit and polish she might have been a queen. With the second hand used coat this bucket was wearing the lady was definitely a tramp.

I took a last pull and flipped the cigarette stub over into the water and picked up my bags as it sizzled out. Climbed aboard, up the swaying gangway, around into the midship's house. I knocked on the Chief Engineers' Office.

"Quien Es?" was the growl from within.

Geez I wondered if there was any English on the ship; no use in answering him in Spanish; the less people knew I could Habler Espaniol the better off I was. You might call it a sort of life insurance policy.

I walked in and introduced myself to the chief, a little effectual looking bird with handle bar mustaches just like all the little old guys from the other side.

He stuck out his jaw and barked,

"Where the hake ya be? It's now 10 A.M., almost afternoon, the 2nd Assistant, he got to be on the floor plates at eight o'clock." He came up for air and kept on going, "You think you come as a passenger? You betcha life Nol"

How do you like that, no hello or anything! I didn't know what this guy's orders were but my guess was that they had told him to be nice. I didn't think he could handle the job or they wouldn't have picked me up. I decided to see how far the bluff went.

"O.K. Chief, no hard feeling, I am not on yet so you get yourself another boy—I quit!"

Geez I thought he would swallow his cut, smiling and full of apologies. He started to cop a plea just like I figured he would.

"Hey, you no be hasty O.K? I talk too fast but no mean everything I say. You taka time, change, catch a cup a coff. Then you go below Eh! I want we should be friends."

"Where is my cabin?"

He was just like a lot of the old time chiefs I had worked for, mean and nasty till you told them where to head in. People like that couldn't be nice to. The more you did the more they would want. I made a mental note not to turn my back on this guy.

"Last cabin on the port side, Aft."

"Who is running the gang now?"

"The 3rd Assistant, he be down in the fire room."

"How about bunkers and potable water?"

"We fuel tomorrow night, taking water now."

"O.K. Chief, let me know if you want something special done!"

As I walked down to my cabin I started to wonder who had gotten the plant started for this dumb cluck. I knew darn well he hadn't.

I threw the one suitcase on the bunk, took out a clean set of khakis reached in beneath some underwear and yanked out a Magnum .357. One bullet from this baby would open a hole big enough for a locomotive to run through. I fondled it caressingly then I shoved it down between the folds of a life preserver that was in a rack over the bunk. I figured the room-punk would go through my belongings the first time he cleaned the room. No use tipping anyone off about how much muscle I had till I was ready. I changed into the khakis, put on heavy work shoes, shoved a flashlight into my hip pocket and started into the fidley on my way down below.

Her age showed easily through the patches of new paint set in a quilt like pattern. The rust had had a field day and was now seeping out from under her rotten plates. I stood up in the fidley next to the Deareating heater, looked down over the turbines and listened to the clank and grate of a feed pump as it struggled to hold water in the boilers, Much too fast; well maybe I would get around to renewing the piston rings.

I slid down the well polished handrails and dropped into the engine room, glanced at the dynamo flat and eased into the fireroom.

That's when I first saw him. He couldn't be anybody but the 3rd assistant. He was holding court in front of the steaming donkey boiler. A big guy, almost as big as I am. I could see he had been eating fairly regularly. The muscle was starting to run to fat. He spotted me and started to waddle over on the balls of his feet like a gong-happy pug.

"Who you lookin for?"

Oh hang it, not him too! Everybody connected with this outfit was a terror.

"Hi ya 3rd, I'm the new 2nd, my name is John Renzo."

"Oh."

That's all, the one word, a look at his face and I knew he had been figuring on going 2nd. He was surprised. So the big boys hadn't briefed him in on the promotion he wasn't going to get! His mouth curled down and all but tear drops formed in his eyes like a little boy who loses his lollypop. I thought I would ruffle him up a bit.

"Yea, they figured it was time the Engine Dept. showed a little saving."

I had gone too far.

This guy couldn't take a needling, a little lamp lit up in his eyes. He had made me.

"Saving? I got you placed now Renzo. We'll be lucky if we save lives. How many people were you responsible for not saving on the 'Ocean Prince'?"

He had me all right, I used to be chief on the "Ocean Prince". All the proceedings were public knowledge, no reason why this egg-head shouldn't know about it. My blood started to pump through like an express train. I started to see black. The whole fireroom crew was taking it in. I thought I better break this up, but fast.

"O.K. 3rd that's ancient history, drop it. Tomorrow night we fuel her so I want all fuel oil soundings now, get to it."

He just looked at me.

"You heard me, that's an order."

"When I get around to it."

One of the firemen snickered and I think that did it, because if this oaf bested me now I was all washed up. I could forget about anyone ever taking orders from me.

Before he could say another word I let him have a short fast right to the gut, nice and low to take him down a little. Then, my left steamed out and into his right

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ear. As he doubled up I put both my hands behind his head and ran his face into my upraised knee. I stepped back as he foundered around chasing butterflies. I measured him off and laid one whistling down the middle carrying him back. Instinctively, he put his hands out in back of him to absorb the shock of falling and in so doing his hands hit the red hot boiler plate. He yelled and folded up.

Lying there looking up at me I knew he was through. His mouth didn't say a word but his eyes pleaded with me to call it quits. I did feel sorry. Then I happened to think about all those who had died on the "Ocean Prince" and I started to hate him all over again. That's when I stepped back and planted my size eleven workshoe smack across the bridge of his nose. Blood splattered out just like the juice from an over-ripe melon when its dropped.

He was lucky he passed out.

"All right, it's all over. You two guys wash him off and get him to the doctor. The rest of you guys get back to work."

The pain started to travel up both arms. I looked at my knuckles, nothing to worry about; they had been bruised worse before. Physically I had come out best—but mentally, I was a loser. What a way to start off. Oh yea, I wouldn't have any more disagreement or argument from the boys now. But heck, I had always hated brutality. It would be a long time before I would be able to earn their respect. Nobody likes a bucko.

They had carted the 3rd Asst. out of the fireroom and things had quieted down to normal again. I decided to look the plant over and learn how to make her feel and obey my commands.

In general the machinery didn't look too bad. I knew we would have some minor troubles which we could handle easily if there were sufficient spare parts to affect repairs. Now the big "if" came up—if there

was nothing wrong with the boilers or the turbines. I made up my mind to switch donkey boilers and run a dock trial the following day. Next I went up through the machine shop and into the storeroom. We were in luck. She was loaded top-heavy with spares. In my own leisure time I inspected the steering gear room located aft and ran the telemotor. She acted a little slack and I made a mental note to purge the system the first opportunity I got. I wound up my little tour with a quick check in the emergency deisel generator room, got mad because the IC batteries weren't on charge. I flipped over the knife switch putting them on charge and decided to chew out the electrician when I ran across him.

The following morning I was up before the watch called me. I cleaned up and shaved, a habit I had picked up on the crack passenger liners. I slowly found my way down into the galley for some hot java. Most ship's cooks keep a little pot on the corner of the range sizzling all day. I used to like to step into this warm space and suck on a hot mug of coffee. I filled up a thick mug with black coffee, cradled it in both hands like a chafing dish, leaned against the door jamb and swallowed a hot mouthful.

"Good coffee, cookie"

"Thanks, you the new 2nd?"

"That's right, John Renzo."

"Well, your welcome here Mr. Renzo. I always got some coffee going. The boys call me Shorty."

The baker was just pulling out some hot loaves of bread from the oven and you could smell them all over the alleyways. A lot of sweet memories flashed through my mind. I could see Mom pulling loaves out from the oven on Saturday morning and all us kids waiting for the small loaves she used to make up with the remaining dough. This little bit was to bribe

us so we wouldn't chop into the big loaves while they were cooling.

Geez, a little pain shot through my chest. I think it was my heart. Do you ever stop loving your Mom? Home was only an hour and a half from New York and I would have been welcome there. I just couldn't face Mom. Sure she believed I wasn't at fault but hell, you know how Moms are. I could have had a smoking gun in my hand and a corpse at my feet. Mom's classic answer would have been,

"Not my Johnny, he's a good boy. There must be some mistake."

Now was no time to get melancholy with homitis. I had enough for both hands all day and a little left over for when I was resting. I finished the coffee, rinsed out my mug and dropped it in its rack. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed the approving look that cookie flashed me. He must have heard about the shellacking I handed the 3rd yesterday. I guess he wasn't prejudiced.

The steam gauge showed that the other boiler was almost up to line pressure. I had left word to raise steam during the night so I could cut her in on the line this morning. If anything failed now was the best time while we were alongside the dock.

I slowly checked out all the line drains, cracked the main steam stop valves and started to bring the boiler on to the line. As I twisted open the final big valve I had worked up a healthy sweat and in my mind I cursed the 3rd Assistant out for being laid up. I cursed myself even more for laying him up. Now I was working myself into a sweat doing his work. It would be even harder tonight when we fueled the ship. I didn't think I would get much help from the chief. You see on most foreign ships the 3rd is responsible for the boilers and is in charge of all the fuel oil on the ship.

By this time I had gotten to know some of the crew and they acted as any normal ships crew would. If there was something

off color the black gang wasn't in on it. There were a couple of sensible junior engineers whom I felt could handle the fueling with me tonight.

The rest of the day went fast. I ran a dock trial using the main turbines and outside of encountering a little trouble raising vacuum there was nothing radically wrong with the main engine. After the dock trial I cut out one boiler and got things ready for the arrival of the fuel oil.

The fuel oil barge was alongside about eight P.M. The chief had disappeared so I knew it was my baby. Earlier in the day I had blanked the static leg off so we could take fuel oil aboard as fast as the barge could pump it. Everything went along in apple-pie order. By 2 A.M. we had full bunkers and all the tanks were topped off. I could see that the men were acting a little different, sort of with a grudging respect. In fact, one of the juniors let slip about how they had never fuelled as fast before. It made me feel good. I knew I hadn't lost my touch and the hard work had been good therapy for me. My body was tired but my mind was at peace again. I felt good.

After a hot shower I laid in my bunk smoking and thinking about the events of the past few days. I felt free and easy, tired but relaxed. I hadn't felt like this for a long time. I blew out a lung full of smoke, stubbed out my cigarette and flicked out the night light. Yes sir, it was good to be back aboard ship again. If I had known then what was going to happen to me aboard this tub I wouldn't have slept so good.

The deck cargo winches squealed and the cables cried on their drums as the cargo nets dipped in and out of the cargo holds. It was the next day and I was standing on the after midship house watching the cargo come aboard. We were loading dry cargo

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in the deep tanks and I thought I would check the blanks in the deep tank relief lines overboard.

She was getting a bellyful, it wouldn't be but another day or two before we were ready to sail. I climbed down into number four hold with two men to change the deep tank blanks over. As the men were on the job I drifted around to where the mate was checking cargo being stowed in the special cargo locker. I like to read the names of the ports to which cargo is destined. This was all heavy machinery consigned to Santos, Brazil. That meant we would make Santos. A good liberty port. I had been there before plenty and knew it as well as I know New York. I started to amble back to the skin of the ship when I heard someone yell my name.

"Hey there you Renzo."

I turned and looked across the square of the hatch. Well what do you know it was the skipper! I wondered what he was doing in the hold.

"Good morning, Captain."

"Good morning, my eye. What you doing snooping around in the special cargo locker?"

"What the hell you talking about?"

"You know damn well what I am talking about. I knew you were plenty trouble right from the beginning. You only been here a few days and I find you joking around where you got no business."

"That's where you got it all wrong Captain. I've got two men over on the side of the ship changing blanks on the deep tank relief lines overboard."

He turned white as the blood drained from his face. He knew he had jumped the gun. No he wasn't sorry about yelling. He was in deathly fear that he had tipped me off about something and was trying to regain his nonchalant composure. I let him think he had fooled me and kept what I hoped was a poker face.

"Well, maybe you're right about this but you weren't right about beating the 3rd Assistant within an inch of his life. I could make it hot for you but I am going to overlook it this once because I need you down below."

He turned on his heels and stamped away. Something was going on here that was too deep for me. I began to wonder what kind of machinery was loaded in those crates. It would be fourteen days before we arrived in Santos and that was plenty of time for me to sneak down there at night and get a peek inside those crates.

The men finished up all the rest of the deep tank blanks and I sent them back to the Engine room. Back on deck I could see the stevedores closing up number 2 & 3 hatches. It wouldn't be long now, we would probably be underway tonight or early tomorrow morning. I decided to check. Just as I started into the midship house a mess-boy came by and told me the skipper wanted to see me in his office. I wondered what was eating him now.

I went up two decks to the captain's office, knocked on the open door and stepped into his office. Besides me and the skipper there were three other crowded into the office. Mr. Dematopolis, the ships' purser, and another guy on the settee I had never seen before. The Greek was slouched back in an easy chair building a pyramid with his hands and I nodded to him as I asked the skipper,

"You wanted to see me Captain?"

"Yea, 2nd, everybody is signed on but you. We're going to get underway early tomorrow morning and as the consul had to come down to the ship we thought you might as well sign on."

"Well, I am glad you're here, Mr. Dematopolis. There's a few points I'd like cleared up."

The Greek jumped right on this last statement of mine.

"What about Mr. Renzo?"

"Well, mainly about wages and bonus. Things of that nature. We haven't talked money yet."

"Oh, is that all? Very simple. We pay you chief engineer's pay Panamanian and his bonus which isn't too much but then I make a separate contract with you and at the end of the trip you get the difference between this wage and an American chief's pay which should be substantial. Who could be more generous than that, Mr. Renzo?"

It sounded O.K. to me, in fact much better than I had hoped for, only I would have to get it in writing. The Greek wasn't finished talking yet.

"And another pleasant thought, Mr. Renzo; if you do well here you might easily fit into the Marine Superintendent's shoes. I should think that would prove to be enough inducement, Eh?"

I'll say it was, it looked too good. According to the Greek, I would wind up making more money than the chief or the captain. That wasn't all. He was dangling the Marine Supt's job in front of my face. I might as well ride along with the tide; no use looking a gift horse in the mouth.

"That sounds good, Mr. Dematapolis. Is it in writing?"

"We can draw up the extra wage stipulation now. It can be witnessed and inserted in the sign on articles.

The Purser made an addition on the articles to this effect and the Consul and the Greek initiated it. Then the Purser started to write up a separate letter with this agreement. While he was at it I excused myself, went below to my cabin and picked up my papers. I reentered the office as the purser finished the letter. All of us present signed it and the Greek handed me my copy which I folded and slipped in amongst my other papers. The other copy he gave to the skipper with instructions to file it.

Then the Purser started asking me questions,

"Full name?"

"John Francis Xavier Renzo"

"Age and date of birth?"

"32 years old, born July 30, 1922."

"Place of birth?"

"New Rochelle, N.Y."

"Height and Weight?"

"6 foot 1 inch and 195 lbs., stripped."

"Next of Kin?"

"None." No use dragging my people into it if anything here was off-color.

"Well that's it, Mr. Renzo, just sign here on both copies, your full name across, Thank you."

I was wondering how much grief I let myself in for as I finished signing the last copy. There was no use crying over spilt milk. Anyway it was too late now. I was all signed up.

"I'll be running along now, Mr. Dematapolis, and I'll see you next trip when we make state side again."

"That's very nice of you Mr. Renzo. But I am afraid you will see me long before that. You see, I am going along as a passenger aboard this vessel. I hope we have a pleasant passage."

As I stepped into the alleyway I started to digest this latest morsel of information. There was a lot left to conjecture. Was the Greek making this ocean voyage because of reasons of health or was it because of the crates stowed in the special cargo locker? Then again it might be some other unknown reason. The skipper knew what the hell was going on and he took his orders from the Greek. The hell with it, I was getting too suspicious and letting my imagination get the best of me.

The thousand and one details that surround the departure of an ocean going vessel can be staggering. In less than twenty-four hours we would be at sea and it was my job to organize the Engine Department

into a compact smooth functioning group. With these thoughts buzzing around inside my head I brushed all other problems aside. With the help of the Engine storekeeper I managed to check out the fact that we had received all the necessary stores which were at this very moment being placed in their designated locations throughout the ship. Orders had been placed for sea-watches to be at midnight. While in port most of the ships crew works during the day, at sea and in transit the crew is divided into watches or periods of duty, this is usually four hours on and eight hours off for the continuation of the sea passage and up to the arrival an the next port of call.

As busy as I was I had gone to the trouble to find out how the 3rd assistant was mending. Outside of two shiners which he would carry for awhile plus the pain he would have every time he blew his nose he seemed to be O.K. He was in charge of the four to eight watch and he would be able to turn to for his morning tour of duty. This worked out just right otherwise I would have had to stand his watch or push one of the juniors up temporarily which would cover it but I didn't think the juniors had as much experience as the 3rd. Somehow I felt that the 3rd wouldn't cause anymore trouble. In fact I was depending on him to handle the fireroom while we maneuvered out to sea.

Early the next morning after having checked out the crew to see if all hands were aboard, I managed to gulp down a hot, steaming cup of coffee before starting into the engine room. As I reached the fidley I could hear the superheater vent valve being closed and the harsh noise of the steam blowing out the stack ceased. I looked at my watch, it was 5:00 A.M., I smiled and started feeling good. The 3rd was on the job, he had just gotten through cutting

in the other boiler and had secured the vent valve.

"Good morning, 2nd."

These were the words that greeted me. I was surprised and maybe that's the reason I didn't answer as quickly as I should have. I certainly didn't expect the 3rd to be at all friendly, therefore you can imagine my feelings as the words hammered home into my mind.

"Morning, 3rd, I see you just cut the other boiler in."

"Part of my job, 2nd. No reason for me to wait on you."

I was going to have to change my opinion about the 3rd. There are very few men who can take a beating and still be your friend. I began to feel sorry for going off half-cocked a few days past. Possibly that may have influenced my change in attitude and subsequent inquiry.

"How are you feeling, 3rd?"

That's all that came out. I stammered a little, felt embarassed, and decided to drop it. How do you tell a guy your sorry for drop kicking his nose like a football. I know the 3rd sensed my feelings because he quickly stuck out his mitt and said:

"I never did tell you my name. It's Tom Sweeny. Let's let bygones be bygones. I spoke out of turn the other day. Everybody knows the screwing they handed you. Each one of us has his own problems."

The outstretched hand was a token of friendship, he had apologized in his own way as much as any real man could. Whether he meant it or not I couldn't be sure but it was time I started believing in someone again. We shook hands and that sealed it.

Tom Sweeny was an American like myself. He had a problem, that's why he was sweating out his time here on a Panamian ship. Who knows what his reasons were? It may have been John Barleycorn or a skirt, both common causes for heartache and disappointment. All these thoughts

in the space of a few moments and as I dropped his hand I said,

"Let's crack it on and take this bucket of bolts to sea."

His face arched into a toothy grin.

"Full Ahead, 2nd.

Permission to spin the wheel was received from the bridge and full vacuum was indicated on the compound gage leading from the condenser when we fed the superheated steam to the engines. It whistled through the lines, smacked into the bucket wheels of the turbine, turning the turbines with a shrill whine. The main reduction gears rumbling as they rocked to and fro. She was indeed a lovely woman. The superheated steam was her life's blood as it pumped through veins and arteries which comprised the many miles of endless piping within her body. Then the slight vibrations started through her body as the main shaft started first in one direction then in the other as I manipulated the huge control valves to the high pressure turbine.

Time was drawing near now, the engine order telegraph and the steering gear was tested out and tugboat smoke was being sucked into the engine room through the ventilation blowers. The auxiliary turbines attached by their shafts to the lighting generators whined as their control governors opened allowing more steam thru the extra nozzles to compensate for the sudden demand for electrical power. The huge howlers holding the vessel secure to the dock slowly snaked their way aboard through their householes. As if on cue the engine order telegraph clanked its message.

"Full speed Astern."

As I fed the steam to the astern turbine the forced draft blowers in the fireroom speeded up squealing their contribution to the crescendo of noise in the machinery concert. The ship vibrated throughout and shuddered as the wheel put into water,

thrashing this huge monster astern and out into the ship channel.

"Stop."

Gently the river tugboats pushed and pulled as they turned the "Lebanon Trader's" ugly snout around and into the downstream direction. Then the jingling telegraph indicated —

"Slow Ahead."

This built up into half-ahead and in short we were down the lower bay and to the Pilot Station. The pilot boat came alongside and we stopped engines momentarily as he jumped into the little cockle-shell bobbing and weaving as it rode the white caps. As soon as he was away, the orders were received for full power ahead.

In some little time we prepared for a sea-passage. The auxiliary plant was hooked into the main to increase the general efficiency. Larger boiler atomizer plates were inserted into the burners and put into use to increase the boiler steam output. Extra nozzles were opened on the high pressure turbine steam chest as they were needed till the main engines were developing their rated maximum shaft horsepower.

All this took a few hours and at a little past eight A.M. with everything operating normal, the day workers having been assigned to general policing duties, I felt it was safe enough to leave for breakfast.

Up on deck I looked out over the sea and sky, leaning against the ship's rail as the vessel started gently to roll to and fro as the off-shore ground swell picked us up. This would last for a few hours and then things would settle down and give us smooth ride. We were underway and to sea at last. Standing on deck with the slow roll under my feet, the fading shore line in the background and the clean open air ocean smell streaming against my face and into my nose. My whole body came alive. This is the type and smell you just can't describe but those who have felt it, wet

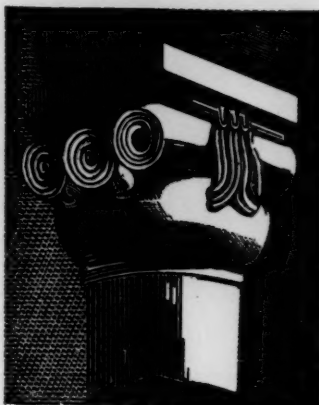
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against their faces will always remember.
Looking back over the fan-tail, with the
low swooping sea-gulls, hawking and chasing
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dumped overside.

This was the sea.

This was my home.

This was a wonderful, lusty woman. My
first and only love!



Portrait of a Mother

ALICE ARUTUNJAN

How to describe a mother? Webster has tried but how could a few meaningless words best define the wondrous human being, a mother?

A beacon of hope in a desolate world is a mother's pure love. She is the one to turn to for solace and comfort when all seems lost. A bewildered mind turns to her for reassurance, for courage, and for strength. We can turn to that eternally patient woman who has a warm soft light shining forth from her gentle eyes, the windows of her soul.

She feels pain when you are sad and weary. She feels joy and exaltation when you are happy and successful. When her children have achieved their individual goals and have done good deeds in this world of mankind her heart is near bursting with joy and gladness. The mother's pride is that same feeling that an accomplished violinist must have who has flawlessly played a difficult piece of great music. A Madonna smile creeps over her tender face when she is inwardly proud of some small achievement of her off-spring. It may be the Christmas recitation in the first grade, the leading part in the school play, the graduation class valedictory address or it may be the jubilant news of the first big job. They all have an equal effect on her because tears will fill her understanding eyes and a lump will arise in her throat and if you look closely you will detect an aura of light encircle her proud head.

A mother has a limitless zeal and energy which seems to stream through her body unselfishly giving of herself to those around her with sincere devotion. At the end of the day when her beloved family is safe and sound and there are no more demands upon her physically, mentally, or spiritually, you can catch a glimpse of her gentle hands folded at rest. A quick reminder of Whistler's mother comes to mind. A mother made famous in a portrait painted by her son. The patient lines around her serene mouth are relaxed, the deep furrows of her brow are erased, peace and contentment covers her placid countenance.

This portrait is etched in my mind. It needs not a gilt edged frame but my own memory keeps it alive forever.

FROM THE ARMISTICE TO THE TREATY OF SEVRES

PART I

RITA JERREHIAN

The question of Armenian independence, Armenian national rights, and the definition of boundaries, the Allies had promised, would be settled after the war. Hostilities in the Near East were ended by the Armistice of Mudros, signed on October 30, 1918. The Allies had won a sweeping victory over the Turks and could have imposed any peace they desired on the beaten and broken Turkey. The final determination of the fate of the Ottoman Empire, however, was delayed, seriously affecting the future of Armenia.

On November 11, 1918, World War I came to an end. The Allied statesmen were occupied with European peace-terms, Wilsonian ideals and visions, and their own imperialistic ambitions, and regarded the Turkish settlement as a matter of minor importance. The Russian menace through the Straits and the German threat through the Berlin-Bagdad railroad were no longer factors which could disturb the Turkish situation.¹ France was interested mainly in obtaining a harsh settlement for Germany; Georges Clemenceau was intent on gaining revenge, on looking out for French interests, and on securing provisions for the security of France. Lloyd George, the representative of Great Britain and the Empire, had made pledges in a recently held

election that Germany would be made to accept full responsibility for the war and to make reparations for the damage she had caused. President Wilson was primarily concerned with securing the adoption of a plan for a League of Nations to be included in the peace treaty. The Versailles Treaty therefore was the major work of the Conference, and was signed by Germany June 28, 1919, exactly five years after the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. The Treaty of St. Germain was signed with Austria September 10, 1919, the Treaty of Neuilly with Bulgaria November 27, 1919, the Treaty of Trianon with Hungary June 4, 1920, and finally the Treaty of Sevres was signed by Turkey and the Allies on August 10, 1920.

A peaceable and equitable solution to the Near East question might have been obtained. The protracted armistice, however, had witnessed the rise of acute quarrels between France and England, and between Italy and Greece. The downfall of Tsarist Russia, the withdrawal of Russian claims to Constantinople, and the publication by the Bolsheviks of the Allied secret treaties which were incompatible with the Wilsonian principle of self-determination of nationalities hindered the Turkish settlement. Conclusion of the Turkish treaty was postponed. It was expected that President Wilson would persuade the United States

¹ Henry C. Cumming, *Franco-British Rivalry in the Postwar Near East*, New York, 1938, p. 76.

to assume responsibilities in the Near East in addition to making European commitments, and the Allies therefore waited for America to take a definite stand. It was not believed that Soviet Russia, occupied with internal problems, would be able to affect the Turkish situation. Constantinople was occupied by Allied forces, and the Turkish government had undertaken a policy of cooperation with the victorious powers. Franco-British rivalry over the Straits, however, was increased in intensity with the elimination of Russia from the conflict of interests in this area. Italy, wishing to make the Mediterranean an Italian lake, and enraged by her failure to obtain Fiume at the Conference, landed troops at Adalia on April 29, the first step in taking over southwestern Anatolia. The Greeks on the suggestion of President Wilson and with the approval of the Allies, landed on May 14 at Smyrna in order to circumvent the Italians.² A nationalist movement began to build up under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal, asserting the unity of Turkish territory and opposition to Allied occupation and the formation of an Armenian state. Two rival Turkish governments soon existed, the Constantinople government and the provisional Nationalist government at Angora with Kemal as President. Soviet Russia concluded a military alliance with Nationalist Turkey in April, 1920, and through successful campaigns against the Allies and White Russians in the Caucasus area, was able to provide the Turks with necessary supplies of warfare.³ The United States, in the meantime, had rejected the Treaty of Versailles with or without reservations, and refused to take on commitments in the Near East. In June, 1920, the Treaty of Sevres was at last presented to the Constantinople government whose re-

ception was one of protest. Popular support began to shift more and more to the Nationalists who showed a more uncompromising opposition. The Greeks were encouraged by Lloyd George to advance beyond Smyrna into northwestern Asia Minor and into Thrace to restore order and to force the Turks to sign the peace terms. The Greeks were successful in accomplishing their mission.⁴ The Nationalists were driven back to Angora, and the Constantinople government signed the treaty of Sevres. The Turkish treaty, however, was one temporarily forced on a defeated and discredited government. It was never to see ratification. Had the Powers been willing to enforce its provisions, there would have remained some hope for the Armenian question which was an integral part of the settlement of the Turkish problem.

The Armenian Question At The Peace Conference

The Armenian question had been introduced early in the discussions of the Paris Peace Conference which opened on January 18, 1919. Plenary sessions were not of much importance; decisions were made from the very beginning by the Supreme Council, the big ten made up by President Wilson and the prime ministers and foreign ministers of the five major powers.⁵ The discussion of the Supreme Council of January 30, 1919, concluded with the adoption of the following resolution:

Because of the historic misgovernment by the Turks of subject peoples and the terrible massacres of Armenians and others in recent years, the Allied and Associated Powers are agreed that Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Arabia must be completely severed from the Turkish Empire.⁶

⁴ Bierstadt, p. 116.

⁵ United States: Wilson, Lansing; Great Britain: Lloyd George, Balfour; France: Clemenceau, Pichon; Italy: Orlando, Sonnino; Japan: Saionji, Makino.

⁶ *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, Paris Peace Conference 1919, XII, 813.*

² Edward Hale Burstadt, *The Great Betrayal*, New York, 1924, p. 114.

³ Cumming, p. 77.

It was evident that the formation of a separate Armenian state was intended by the Peace Conference.

It had been agreed that besides those officially recognized as States and therefore entitled to take part in the Conference, other claimants could lay their views before the Conference. On November 30, 1918, Boghos Nubar Pasha,⁷ the President of the Armenian National Delegation, had sent a letter to each of the Allied and Associated Governments in which he proclaimed "the independence of Integral Armenia under the aegis of the Allied Powers and the United States, or of the League of Nations, as soon as it is formed." On February 12, 1919, a joint memorandum was submitted to the Peace Conference by Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian who was the President of the Delegation from the Armenian Republic. The two presidents appeared before the Supreme Council on February 26, 1919, to present in the name of the Armenian nation the Armenian claims and aspirations. The Armenians had a right to independence historically, ethnically, politically, and morally, as well as the right gained through victory and through suffering. "The War of Peoples, followed by the Peace of Peoples, must needs give Armenia her complete Independence."⁸ Armenians had been active participants in the war, rendering invaluable services to the Allies. "The Voice of all Armenians living and dead must be heard."⁹ The Armenian population had been greatly decimated by massacre, deportation, and emigration. A great number of the Armenians who were spread over all parts of the

Empire and the world would return to a liberated Armenia. Population figures, stated by the Armenian delegation heads, proved that before the war and despite emigrations caused by the Hamidian massacres, the Armenians constituted a relative majority, although they may not have had an absolute majority, over all the other races in the six Armenian provinces, in the province of Trebizond, and in Cilicia.¹⁰ The 1,403,000 Armenians outnumbered the 943,000 Turks and 428,000 Kurds taken separately, and almost equalled the two races in number when counted together.¹¹ The Balkan Wars and World War I had brought about a reduction in the Turkish population. The Armenian representatives had taken into account both the living and the dead. Mrs. Bertha S. Papazian states that it was unnecessary to have included the dead with the living. Others who had been liberated from the Turkish yoke were equally decimated and the population had increased. Numerically, she points out, the Armenians were in a stronger position than any of the Balkan states.¹² The Armenian representatives had added that other factors besides numbers should be considered. The Armenians possessed a high degree of civilization. Having demonstrated their administrative ability, their talents in industry and commerce, their sobriety and perseverance, and capability for national defence, the Armenians, the natural intermediaries between East and West, would be the instruments of a regenerated Asia Minor, forming a state which would be a land of progress and promise for all its inhabitants, Armenian and non-Armenian alike. The Armenian delegation to the Peace Conference was willing to exclude from the proposed Armenian

⁷ Boghos Nubar Pasha had been sent throughout Europe by the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin in 1912 to plead the Armenian cause and gain Great Power support for the introduction of reforms.

⁸ Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian, "The Armenian Question before the Peace Conference," *The Armenian Herald*, 2:129-30, (February, March, April, 1919).

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 131.

¹⁰ The only exception was in Trebizond, where the Greeks were numerically superior to the Armenians.

¹¹ Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian, p. 131.

¹² Bertha S. Papazian, *The Tragedy of Armenia*, Boston 1918, p. 145.

state parts of the Armenian provinces south of the Diarbekir and Van areas (Hekkiari) where there was an important portion of sedentary Kurds. The Armenian territorial claims extended from the Caucasus to the Straits of Alexandretta and included the Cilician provinces. The regions that the Armenian delegation heads desired were:

- 1) The seven Vilayets of Van, Bitlis, Diarbekir, Kharput, Sivas, Erzeroum and Trebizond (in conformity with the Reform Act of February 1914), excluding the territory situated beyond the South of the Tigris and to the West of the line between Ordou-Sivas.
- 2) The four Cilician Sandjaks, i.e. Marash, Khozan (Sis), Djebel-Bereket and Adana with Alexandretta.
- 3) All the territory of the Independent Republic in the Caucasus, including: the whole province of Erivan, the southerly portion of the former Government of Tiflis, the southwesterly part of the Government of Elisabethopol; the provinces of Kars, with the exception of the region to the north of Ardahan.¹³

The Armenians asked for the recognition of the Independent Armenian State which would be formed by the union of these three regions. In addition, a special Mixed Commission was requested by the Armenian delegation to revise the administrative boundaries which had been manipulated by Sultan Abdul Hamid to assure a Moslem majority in the provinces, and to fix the frontier lines of the new state in accordance with geographical, ethnical, historical, economic, and strategical considerations.¹⁴

Although the population of Trebizond was more Greek than Armenian, the Armenians requested that the province be made part of the new Armenian state since the port of Trebizond was the sole important outlet from Upper Armenia to the Black Sea. M. Venizelos, Premier of Greece, was willing to surrender Greek claims to

Trebizond.¹⁵ The Armenians also demanded the Cilician Highlands in order that the new Armenian state might have free and secure access to the Mediterranean Sea. But the Powers were embarrassed by the Armenian claims to Cilicia and by the Greek claims to other portions of Anatolia. The French were certain to oppose Armenian unification, and the Italians Greek unification. The Armenians and the Greeks came to an understanding and presented a united front to the Allies. On February 25, 1919, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs of Constantinople signed an agreement to give support to the respective territorial claims of Greece and Armenia, which Premier Venizelos and Boghos Nubar presented in a joint statement at the Peace Conference:

We ask for a great Armenia with a free and broad access to the Black Sea and to the Mediterranean, and we Greeks declare that we would be happy to see Cilicia integrally incorporated into the other six vilayets of Armenia and be permitted to develop freely.

We ask for the restoration to Greece of all of which she has been forcibly despoiled and which therefore rightfully belongs to her, and we Armenians declare it to be our wish that Thrace, Constantinople, the vilayets of Arden and Brusa, and the sanjaks of Ismidt (Nikomedes) and Bigha be integrally incorporated in Greece.¹⁶

A Turkish state should be permitted in central Asia Minor flanked by a Greek state on the West and an Armenian state on the East. In requesting the restoration of their national domains, the Greeks and Armenians demanded complete liberation from Turkish rule. They refused to live ever again under a Turkish government even if under the control of one or more of the Powers. "If our nations had enjoyed liberty," the statement read, "they would have numbered dozens of millions. It is

¹³ Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian, p. 130.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

¹⁵ Notes of Convention held in M. Pichon's Room at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, February 4, 1919, *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, Paris Peace Conference*,

1919, III, 873.

¹⁶ Quoted by Herbert Adams Gibbons, *The New Map of Asia 1900-1919*, New York, 1919, p. 251.

only a consequence of the most heinous crimes that a Mussulman majority exists in this or that locality and to recognize such a majority would be to excuse, to sanction, and to encourage the measures which the Turks have employed against us."¹⁷

The Greeks and the Armenians were at this time perhaps numerically inferior to the other races of the Empire, although this condition would not necessarily be permanent. It would be difficult to fix ethnographical boundaries. However, these two nationalities were potentially the best factors for bringing about economic prosperity and political peace in the Near East, and this could not be accomplished under Turkish rule. The new states of greater Greece and greater Armenia might be too weak to endure, but both Greece and Armenia realized the importance of a strong Armenia on the East and a strong Greece on the West as a check against the Turks. The common interest of the Greek and Armenian programs would bring about its success.

The Powers, however, were not convinced that the difficulties could be surmounted without Great Power aid and protection. They had felt this way about the Balkan states after the Congresses of Paris and Berlin. Herbert Adams Gibbons in his book, *The New Map of Asia 1900-1919*, observes, however, that "whatever troubles the Balkan states have had were due to the intrigues of the great powers. If the society of nations, as created by the Treaty of Versailles, is a real instrument for helping the world to a better understanding and not a trust of imperialistic powers, greater Greece and Armenia will have a better chance of becoming strong and independent states than had the Balkan states."¹⁸

The Armenians and the Greeks made the mistake of asking for territory desired by

the various Powers. The Armeno-Greek accord was not compatible with the terms of the secret agreement by which France and Great Britain had secured Italian entry into the war, and with those of the secret agreements of 1916 concluded by Russia, France, and Great Britain. The creation of a greater Greece not only involved the fixing of boundaries with Turkey, but the settlement of the status of Constantinople and the Straits and inevitable opposition to Italian imperialism. Armenia's boundary problem was more complex. The area she claimed bordered territory disputed with the Tartars and Georgians of the Russian Caucasus, the Persians, the Kurds, the Arabs, and the Syrians as well as with the Turks. The British had bargained for Mesopotamia and Palestine in the secret agreements, the French for the Syrian coast, Cilicia, and three of the six Armenian provinces—Diarbekir, Kharput, and Sivas—whereas the Russians, who had been pledged Van, Erzeroum, Bitlis, and also Trebizond, would be entitled to their promised share if Soviet Russia were overthrown. Franco-British rivalry existed over important districts of Armenia on the Mesopotamian border.

The Armenians, in addition, had included Cilicia as part of their projected state.¹⁹ The Armenian delegation claimed that the history, population, economic relations, and geography of Cilicia made the region part of Armenia. Historically, the area had been the seat of the last Kingdom of Armenia, and Zeitoun had always enjoyed a sort of semi-independence. This area had suffered especially large losses in the Hamidian massacres and was the first region to experience the deportations of the World War. In Cilicia the proportion of Armenians to Turks and Kurds before the war was about the same as that in the Armenian provinces. Full economic development of

¹⁷ Quoted by Gibbons, p. 251.

¹⁸ Gibbons, p. 252.

¹⁹ Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian, p. 132.

Armenian resources required a free and open access to the Mediterranean world gained through the Cilician Highlands. French intrigues encouraged the Syrians to claim all of Cilicia although there was only a small Arab population in the region and the Syrian border did not touch the Taurus mountain area but only the Amanus mountain district near Alexandretta. The Syrian demands included the whole of the Gulf of Alexandretta thus depriving the Armenians of their vital outlet to the sea. The French had previously declared that the agreement concerning the French zone in Asiatic Turkey did not represent annexation and had promised liberation for Cilicia and the western Armenian provinces. Assured of the future deliverance of Armenia, Armenians had volunteered in the French and Oriental legions to help in the victory of Palestine by which Syria was also liberated.

The Armenians had an unquestioned claim to the western provinces of Diarbekir, Kharpout, and Sivas in addition to the other Armenian *vilayets* of Erzeroum, Bitlis, and Van. In 1895 the eastern provinces had been recognized as "Armenian provinces" for the purposes of reform and in 1913 Armenian rights over the six provinces had been confirmed. But Cilicia was an unfortunate inclusion in the Armenian scheme and damaged the Armenian cause. The seemingly dictatorial Armenian demand for the vast territories²⁰ which she claimed unconditionally antagonized France and astonished the other Powers. France and Great Britain were alienated, yet cooperation between France and Great Britain was necessary if there was to be a satisfactory settlement of the question.

The Armenian delegation heads also asked that the Armenian state formed by the

union of the seven *vilayets*, Cilicia, and the territories of the Armenian Republic of the Caucasus be placed under the guarantee of the Allied Powers and the United States or under that of the League of Nations of which she requested that she might form a part. The Allies were also asked to assist the new Armenian state during the first few years of her existence in economic aid and financial organization, one of the Powers to be given a special mandate. No protectorate was desired. The Assisting Power, however, was to provide a police force and bring about the evacuation of the area of Turkish colonists and nomadic tribes.²¹

Along with the joint memorandum, Mr. Aharonian also presented a memorandum to the President of the Peace Conference which summarized the series of events culminating in the establishment of the Republic of Armenia.²² Since the Bolshevik Revolution, a purely Armenian army had fought for the defense of Armenia and the cause of the Allies, depending on the Allies to provide material, moral, and military assistance, and hoping that the agreement of 1916 under which Armenian partition would take place would be annulled in the portions affecting the Armenians and that Armenian independence would be recognized. The Armenians also demanded a seat at the Peace Conference and the reunion of Caucasian Armenia with Turkish Armenia since the two areas formed an integral whole.²³

The claims had been presented to the Peace Conference. Armenians awaited its verdict. An Armenian Republic already ex-

²¹ Boghos Nubar and Avetis Aharonian, pp. 135-37.

²⁰ The Armenians claimed 174,000 square miles of territory. *The Armenian Herald* 2:82 (February, March, April, 1919).

²² The memorandum presented by the President of the Delegation of the Armenian Republic to the President of the Peace Conference is found in *The Armenian Herald* 2:155-60 (February, March, April, 1919).

²³ Avetis Aharonian, "Memorandum," *The Armenian Herald* 2:160.

isted, although not yet recognized by the Peace Congress whose duty would then be to extend the boundaries to include the Armenian *vilayets* and Cilicia to form the United Historic Armenia.

Recognition

Of Armenian Independence

The independence of the Armenian Republic had been declared May 28, 1918, and was recognized by Turkey and Germany by the Treaty of Batoum of June 4, 1918. From 1918 to 1920, the formation of the Republic took place. Great difficulties confronted Independent Armenia. Administrative structure and economic system were lacking. The immediate needs of Armenia were great. War devastation had lowered the already low standard of living and the situation had been worsened by the great influx of refugees who had to be fed, clothed, and given shelter, a task that the Armenian government could not undertake alone. Famine and epidemic swept Armenia and tens of thousands perished. Relief was generously offered and supplied by the Americans and the British and by Armenian communities abroad. Public and private funds were contributed to help continue the work of reconstruction. While the economic situation was gradually being improved, the Armenian Republic, repudiating Bolshevism, had adopted a parliamentary system of responsible government.²⁴

Although declarations had been made favoring self-determination for the Armenians, the Allies and Associated Powers had not formally recognized the Armenian Republic as an independent and sovereign state.

Its boundaries were still undetermined. In February, 1919, the Armenians had presented their claims. On June 23, 1919, the Ottoman delegation to the Peace Conference stated that, in the event of Allied rec-

ognition of the Armenian Republic of Eri-van, the delegation would agree to discuss boundary lines. The Turkish government would do everything it could to expedite the expatriation of Armenians who wished to settle in the new republic; those Armenians remaining in Turkey would be permitted free cultural, moral, and economic development along with the other minorities.²⁵

In January, 1919, the Powers had decided on the creation of a Kurdish and an Armenian State out of Turkish territory and in February, the liberal Turkish party of Damad Ferid Pasha agreed that the Armenians and Kurds were entitled to independence since the Arabs were to receive theirs, but that the integrity of Turkey should be preserved.²⁶ In June, the Turkish liberal leader declared that Wilsonian principles should determine the Turkish borders but that "dismemberment" or "repartition" into mandates would not be acceptable to the Turkish people.²⁷ The King-Crane Commission (the American section of the International Commission on Mandates in Turkey, which in June and July, 1919, investigated the Near East situation) cites actions undertaken by the Peace Conference implying its intention to form a separate Armenian state in Asiatic Turkey. Colonel Haskell was appointed High Commissioner in Armenia on behalf of the four Great Powers and Major General Harbord was sent on a military mission by President Wilson to investigate the conditions in Armenia.²⁸ The creation of a separate Arme-

²⁵ Memorandum concerning the new organization of the Ottoman Empire (transl.) June 23, 1919, *Documents on British Foreign Policy* 1919-1939, First Series, Vol. IV, Document 2 in Appendix X to No. 426.

²⁶ Edward R. Vere-Hodge, *Turkish Foreign Policy* 1918-1948, These No. 70, Ambilly-Anemasse, France-Switzerland, 1950, p. 17.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 18.

²⁸ Report of the King-Crane Commission, *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, Paris Peace Conference 1919*, XII, 813.

²⁴ J. Missakian, *A Searchlight on the Armenian Question*, Boston, 1950, p. 74.

nian State was urged for the benefit of Armenians, Turks, and the peace of the world.

At a meeting of the Allied Supreme Council, June 25, 1919, Lloyd George expressed his concern over Armenia during a discussion regarding peace terms for Turkey. Allied troops had not occupied Turkish Armenia. If this area were separated from Turkey and Turkish troops withdrawn, the Armenians could not protect themselves from the Kurds.²⁹ On July 29 it was reported to Lord Curzon that the proposal for a greater Armenia was causing the nationalist movement to gain momentum and that the Kurds were threatening to rise against the Armenians.³⁰ August 19, 1919, Admiral Webb telegraphed to Lord Curzon, objecting to the view expressed by Colonel Wilson that the Trebizond and Erzeroum provinces be made into an Armenian state under American protection and the other four *vilayets* a Kurdish state under the British. This would be a betrayal of Armenian integrity. Delimitation was not wise at the moment.³¹ Recent events made it increasingly difficult for subsequent enforcement of peace terms. At the Congress of Sivas it had been declared that "no projects for the creation of an independent Greek or Armenian state in Ottoman territory would be tolerated."³² Lloyd George had announced in the early spring of 1919 that British troops who had occupied the Caucasus since 1918 would be withdrawn in July with the expectation that Italian forces would replace the British.³³ In a communication on the Armenian situation to Georges Clemenceau, President of the Peace Conference, Colonel William Haskell, High Commissioner for the Entente in

Armenia, asked that British troops ordered to leave the Caucasus by August 15 remain until the question of occupation had been determined.³⁴ The Italians had refused to send troops. The French High Command in the East claimed its lack of jurisdiction over the Caucasus due to British opposition. Italian concern, M. Tittoni explained, was over Turkish Armenia and not Russian Armenia. Mr. Polk, the American delegate, stated that the United States could not act without first obtaining Congressional approval. M. Clemenceau concluded that Great Britain, France, Italy, and for the meantime America, could do nothing for the Armenians. Turkey could not control her own troops. There appeared to be no hope for the Armenians.³⁵ There was a lack of Allied interest in the Transcaucasus due to the heavy expenditures. Italy refused a mandate in this area. British troops withdrew and local hostilities continued. The British also evacuated Syria and Cilicia. The French were ready to send 12,000 men to the Caucasus. The United States consented, but then declared it was considering aid itself. In August the Harbord Mission had been sent to investigate constituted a completely independent republic." The draft of January 16, 1920, however, had been changed to read, "Armenia should be constituted a completely independent Republic."³⁶ Conditional tenses were used throughout the document.

Finally, on January 19, 1920, almost a year after the request of the Armenian Republic for formal recognition of its independence and for union with Turkish Armenia and Cilicia, the Supreme Council accorded *de facto* recognition to the Armenian government. The action of the Allies was due

²⁹ *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939*, No. 426.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, No. 469.

³¹ *Ibid.*, No. 492.

³² Admiral Robeck to Curzon, October 22, 1919, *Ibid.*, No. 543.

³³ The date of withdrawal was later postponed to August.

³⁴ Notes of Meeting of August 11, 1919, *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, Paris Peace Conference, 1919*, VII, 648.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 649.

³⁶ *Documents on British Foreign Policy, Appendix C to No. 665.*

to the initiative of Lord Curzon, the British delegate. Although the independence of Georgia and Azerbaijan had been recognized, the Armenian Republic had not been accorded recognition pending a determination of the Armenian question by the Treaty of Peace with Turkey. There were arguments, however, which favored the granting of recognition before the conclusion of the treaty. The Armenian Republic, like the other two republics, was part of the old Russian Empire. Unlike Georgia and Azerbaijan, however, the Armenian state was prepared to join in the defense of Transcaucasia against the Bolshevik forces.³⁷ "It would be just and wise to give it recognition," Lord Curzon proposed, "on the clear understanding that this does not prejudice the ultimate delimitation of Armenia, the boundaries of which have still to be decided in the Treaty of Peace with Turkey."³⁸ No objections were raised and there was a general agreement to the situation.

On December 22, 1919, at an Anglo-French Conference regarding the Turkish settlement, it was agreed that the common desire of the Allies was to constitute an independent Armenian nation.³⁹ Principles of the settlement of the eastern question were embodied in a draft by the French and a counter draft by the British. Armenians were to be completely freed from Turkish domination and to be established as a completely independent republic placed under League protection. Its territory would include the existing territory of the Armenian Republic and the eastern portion of the vilayet of Erzerourum. This included the plains of Mush, the district of Bitlis, and the region of Lake Van up to the Persian frontier. An Inter-Allied Commission

was to trace the frontiers of Armenia with Georgia, Azerbaijan, Turkey, the French zones, and Kurdistan. Armenia would be immediately aided by the Allies in arms, equipment and finances. The Armenian army whose size was to be determined by the Allies would be under Allied supervision, and access to the free port of Batoum would be obtained for the Armenian state. The British had felt that all of Erzeroum would be more of a hindrance to Armenia than a help. The British gave their consent to the French proposal to organize a Cilician administration so that the Cilician Armenians would enjoy approximately the same rights and protection as Armenians in the new state.⁴⁰

On January 27, 1920, the President of the Delegation of the Armenian Republic was informed of the Supreme Council's decision of January 19, 1920, that "the government of the Armenian State should be recognized as a *de facto* government on condition that this recognition in no way prejudices the question of the eventual frontiers of that state." The ambassador of the United States to France had notified the Secretary-General of the Conference that America actively supported the solution of *de facto* recognition of the Armenian government on January 26, 1920, and on January 28, the French, British, and Italian governments made an identical resolution to that of the Supreme Council. On March 7, 1920, the fifth Great Power, Japan, declared its adherence to the recognition accorded by the French, British, and Italian governments.⁴¹ *De Facto* recognition was given by the American government on April 23, 1920. The Secretary of State of the United States, Bainbridge Colby, in a communication to M.G. Pasdermadjian, the rep-

³⁷ Notes of Meeting of the International Council of Premiers, January 19, 1920, *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, Paris Peace Conference, 1919*, XII, 889-904.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 901.

³⁹ *Documents on British Foreign Relations*, No. 631.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, No. 665.

⁴¹ A. Mandelstan, *La Société des Nations et les Puissances devant le problème Arménien*, Paris, 1926, p. 64.

representative in Washington of the Armenian Republic, wrote:

I am pleased to inform you, and through you, your Government, that, by direction of the President, the Government of the United States recognizes, as of this date, the *de facto* Government of the Armenian Republic. This decision is taken, however, with the understanding that this recognition in no way predetermines the territorial frontiers which, it is understood, are matters for later determination.⁴²

Armenia had received *de facto* recognition of its independence on January 12, 1920. *De jure* recognition was to be obtained by the Treaty of Sevres of August 10, 1920, when the boundaries were to be extended to include parts of Turkish Armenia. The existing Armenian State, however, at the time of *de facto* recognition of

the Armenian government, was the Armenian Republic that had been set up in Russian territory. Its boundaries still had not been internationally defined. By stipulating that recognition was not to prejudice a future settlement of frontiers, the Supreme Council and the governments of that Allies and of the United States acknowledged the possibility of uniting with the Armenian Republic the Armenia territories of Turkey. Nevertheless, the Powers had not fulfilled their complete duty to the entire Armenian nation. There was still the obligation to look after the interests of the Armenians in Turkey. Also, the solution of the Armenian question was not one merely of creating a state and extending its boundaries. The future of Armenia would depend on the presence and effectiveness of a mandatory power.

(To be continued)

⁴² *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1920, III, 778.

HEAD MEASUREMENTS OF THE ARMENIANS

PART II

VAHE A. SARAFIAN

Length-Height Index

One of the more important "racial" measurement relationships, the length-height index reveals one of the strongest characteristics of the Armenians that is the great height of the head relative to its length. In the following table are seen the classifications generally in use:

Chamaecephalic (X - 57.9) - "low-headed"
Orthocephalic (58 - 62.9) - "medium-headed"
Hypsicephalic (63 - 67.9) - "high-headed"
Hyperhypsiceph. (68 - X) - "very high-headed"

ORIGIN	NO.	MEAN:	RANGE:	AUTHOR:
Erzerum District	129	67.84	58-81	Hughes
Gesaria District	77	68.00	58-81	Hughes
Sivas District	143	68.06	58-78	Hughes
Istanbul District	86	68.24	58-78	Hughes
Erivan District	98	68.24	58-84	Hughes
Total Series	1,100	68.42	58-84	Hughes
Bitlis District	83	68.43	61-78	Hughes
Kharpert District	214	68.48	58-78	Hughes
Diarbekir District	58	68.52	58-78	Hughes
Asia Minor	50	69.0	63-79.9	Wagenseil
Diverse; Mainly West	101	69.04	60-82	Seltzer
Marash District	80	69.09	58-78	Hughes
Van District	132	69.26	58-81	Hughes
Dobroudja	125	69.37	-----	Pittard
Transcaucasus	187	70.02	61-80	Weninger
Composite	2,260	70.11	-----	Sarafian
Nor Nakhitchewan	112	70.16	61-79	Anserov
Transcaucasus	19	71.00	61-79	von Erckert
Asia Minor	234	71.08	65-79	Kossovitch
Syria	92	72.27	-----	Ariens
				Kappers
Transcaucasus	105	72.53	-----	Twarianovitz
West Group	---	75.1	-----	Kherumian
Total Series	252	75.30	54-91	Kherumian

East Group	—	76.1	-----	Kherumian
Diverse	25	81.7	-----	Hrdlicka

It should be borne in mind that the higher the reading of this index, the more the sample under consideration shows a relatively higher and relatively shorter head. The possibility of individual differences of technique seriously affecting the results must be raised here again; the figures of both Hughes and Seltzer, both apparently using nearly identical techniques as they were both identified with the same school, are considerably lower than many of the other series. This index reflects again the comparatively low head height values found by Hughes. Because of the variable personal techniques on that measurement, the composite probably reflects the true overall national picture more accurately than any single sample. However, because of a great heterogeneity displaying itself in the various series, as shown by the great spread of extremes in the "Range" column, it is perfectly conceivable that each of the figures given has been approximately correct, and free of personal weighting or "personal error." *The important fact remains that the Armenians are high-headed in comparison with other peoples in the world, mainly their neighbors challenging their means.*

Kherumian found no East-West difference, nor did Hughes. Kherumian showed the following per-centage distribution:

	EAST:	WEST
X-57.9	-----	1.5%
58-62.9	6.0%	2.9
63-67.9	8.0	5.9
68-X	86.0	89.7

Weninger has prepared the following comparative table, after the standard suggested by Saller:

		Weninger	Wagenseil	Kher.(east)	Kher.(west)
X-57.9	chamaecephalic	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	1.5%
58.0-62.9	orthocephalic	3.7	0.0	6.0	2.9
63.0-X	hypsicephalic	96.3	100.0	94.0	95.6

Anserov gives the following per-centage distribution for the Armenian expatriate colony of Nor Nakhitchewan (or New Nakhitchewan, Nakhitchewan-on-the-Don):

		(Weninger)
61-65	9.8%	16.6%
66-70	47.3	42.7
71-75	34.8	35.3
76-X	8.1	5.4

Kherumian has compared various cephalic index groupings of his population with length-height index, with the following results, indicating a strong linkage between brachycephaly and hysicephaly in the Armenian population, as would be expected:

Dolichocephalic group	72.
Mesocephalic	73.7
Sub-brachycephalic	75.0

Brachycephalic	75.5
Hyperbrachycephalic	76.2
Ultrabrachycephalic	77.4

COMPARATIVE TABLE: LENGTH-HEIGHT INDEX

<i>Peoples</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Mean:</i>	<i>Author:</i>
Greeks	145	65.96	Pittard
Bulgars	200	65.99	Pittard
Turks	200	67.65	Pittard
Syrians: Beduin	103	67.9	Ariens Kappers
Alawi	44	68.77	Seltzer
No. Albanians	1067	69.02	Coon
Syrians: Damascus	19	69.41	Seltzer
Circassians	54	69.41	Ariens Kappers
Total Syrians	251	69.92	Seltzer
Syrians: H. - H. - Alep	17	70.01	Seltzer
Lebanon	160	70.23	Seltzer
Serbs	293	70.88	Rolleder
Montenegrins	114	71.7	Krampflictschek
Albanians	95	71.93	Weninger
Druses	90	72.11	Ariens Kappers
Khaldians (Mosul)	178	72.30	Ariens Kappers
Lebanon	175	72.98	Ariens Kappers
Asia Minor Greeks	142	73.05	Neophytos
Alawi	145	73.39	Ariens Kappers
Takhtadji & Bektashi	50	78.02	von Luschan

Breadth-Height Index

The relationship between head height and head breadth is another of the important indices in physical anthropology. Some variance, without doubt, is caused by personal variation on the height measurement again, but all agree that the Armenians are sub-acrocephalic or acrocephalic, that is, "peak-headed".

<i>Origin:</i>	<i>NO.</i>	<i>MEAN:</i>	<i>RANGE:</i>	<i>AUTHOR:</i>
Erzerum District	129	77.71	67-90	Hughes
Sivas District	143	78.71	67-87	Hughes
Gesaria District	77	79.77	70-87	Hughes
Kharpert District	214	79.91	67-93	Hughes
Total Series	1099	80.10	67-105	Hughes
Istanbul District	86	80.31	67-90	Hughes
Bitlis District	83	80.47	70-90	Hughes
Diverse; mainly West	101	80.63	71-93	Seltzer
Marash District	80	80.64	70-93	Hughes
Dobroudja	125	80.96	-----	Pittard
Erivan District	98	81.14	70-93	Hughes
Diarbekir District	58	81.24	70-90	Hughes
Transcaucasus	187	81.62	73-90	Weninger

Asia Minor	50	82.2	74-91	Wagenseil
Van District	131	82.46	67-105	Hughes
Transcaucasus	19	82.47	74-91	von Erckert
Transcaucasus	105	83.54	-----	Twarianovitz
Asia Minor	234	85.32	81-93	Kossovitich
Diverse	25	88.38	-----	Hrdlicka
West Group	----	88.4	-----	Kherumian
Diverse	252	88.80	62-109	Kherumian
East Group	----	90.5	-----	Kherumian

Weninger, using the Martin classification, distributes per-centages for his 187 Armenians of the Transcaucasus as follows:

DESIGNATION:	INDEX:	TRANSCAUCASUS:
tapeinocephalic	X-78.9	25.1%
metriocephalic	79.0-84.9	56.2
acrocephalic	85.0-X	18.7

Such a great difference in per-centage distribution between the two authors must indicate the existence of unexpected complications, of which "personal error", or variation in technique, may well be the major. The difference between Kherumian's 115 East Group individuals mean index (90.5) and the resultant acrocephalic per-centage of 76.0 is particularly at odds with Weninger's series (81.62 mean index; 18.7% acrocephalic).

Kherumian, using the Scheidt classification, shows the percentage distribution, as follows:

DESIGNATION:	INDEX:	EAST:	WEST:	TOTAL:
Tapeinocephalic	X-74.9	4.0%	4.0%	4.0%
Metriocephalic	75-79.9	4.0	8.4	7.5
-----	80-84.9	16.0	20.3	19.5
Acrocephalic	85-X	76.0	67.3	69.0

Kherumian has also compared the Cephalic Index groups with the breadth-height index, finding that as brachycephaly increases, the figure for breadth-height is reduced, as follows:

Dolichocephalic group	92.9
Mesocephalic	90.2
Sub-brachycephalic	90.3
Brachycephalic	88.5
Hyperbrachycephalic	87.6
Ultrab rachycephalic	85.6

That the Armenian head often resembles a pathological shape is a frequently noted fact. Pathologically acrocephalic (or "oxycephalic") "tower skulls" are a genetic feature possibly related to the factors involved in Armenian head-shape. Such "tower skulls" are of several types involving a high-pointed skull, with eye, bone, or mild mental defects occasionally present. Genetically, they show a qualified dominance, the genes producing mixed effects rather than their full potential, as a rule. The gulf between pathological and normal acrocephaly, that is "peak-heads" as in the Armenian population, is very wide, and need cause no confusion.

COMPARATIVE TABLE: BREADTH-HEIGHT INDEX

Peoples	No:	Mean:	Author:
Greeks	145	80.23	Pittard
Albanians	95	81.35	Weninger
Alawi	44	81.56	Seltzer
Lebanon	159	82.22	Seltzer
Bulgarians	200	82.26	Pittard
Turks	200	82.36	Pittard
Total Syrians	251	82.43	Seltzer
Druses	90	82.9	Ariens Kappers
Serbs	293	83.53	Rolleder
Montenegrins	114	83.6	Krampflichtschek
Greeks, Asia Minor	142	83.76	Neophytos
Khaldians (Mosul)	178	84.06	Ariens Kappers
Syrians: Damascus	19	84.41	Seltzer
Circassians	54	84.6	Ariens Kappers
Lebanon	175	84.87	Ariens Kappers
Syrians: H. - H. - Alep	17	85.64	Seltzer
Alawi	145	85.67	Ariens Kappers
Syrians: Beduin	103	88.3	Ariens Kappers
Takhtadji & Bektashi	50	89.96	von Luschan

Minimum Frontal Diameter

This measurement of the narrowest point of the front part of the head, that is, the distance between the two temples, again is a measurement subject to individual variation of technique, for excessive means can be secured by allowing the caliper points to slip below the temporal crests, thus including the thickness of the temporal muscles. That alone does not appear to account wholly for the differences of mean found in the various Armenian series, however.

ORIGIN:	NO.:	MEAN:	RANGE:	AUTHOR:
Istanbul District	86	106.64	93-120	Hughes
Gesaria District	77	106.97	93-120	Hughes
Erzerum District	129	107.09	93-120	Hughes
Marash District	80	107.25	93-120	Hughes
Transcaucasus	188	107.31	92-120	Weninger
Van District	132	107.74	89-124	Hughes
Diverse; mainly West	101	107.75	97-121	Seltzer
Total Series	1,099	107.94	89-128	Hughes
Kharpert District	214	108.22	97-124	Hughes
Diarbekir District	58	108.57	97-124	Hughes
Erivan District	98	108.62	93-128	Hughes
Sivas District	142	108.66	93-128	Hughes
Bitlis District	83	109.06	93-125	Hughes
Asia Minor	234	114.8	104-119	Kossovitch
Transcaucasus	105	118.55	-----	Twarianovitz

COMPARATIVE TABLE: FRONTAL DIAMETER

<i>People:</i>	<i>No.:</i>	<i>Mean:</i>	<i>Author</i>
Syrians:H. - H. - Alep	17	105.54	Seltzer
Alawi	53	106.42	Seltzer
Asia Minor Greeks	142	104.28	Neophytos
Total Syrians	263	106.82	Seltzer
Syrians:Damascus	19	106.94	Seltzer
Lebanon	163	107.22	Seltzer
Albanians	95	107.45	Weninger
Bulgars	200	111.2	Pittard
Serbs	291	111.23	Rolleder
Turks	200	111.9	Pittard
Greeks	145	112.06	Pittard
Takhtadji & Bektashi	50	113.28	von Luschan

Fronto-Parietal Index

This index is important for showing the relationship between the width of the head at the temples and the maximum head breadth. The differences between the various series indicate no real difference in head breadth, but reflect the great variance in minimum frontal diameters means previously found.

ORIGIN:	NO.:	MEAN:	RANGE:	AUTHOR:
Erzerum District	129	67.12	57-77	Hughes
Marash District	80	67.83	60-74	Hughes
Gesaria District	77	68.01	60-77	Hughes
Istanbul District	86	68.15	60-77	Hughes
Sivas District	142	68.23	60-77	Hughes
Diverse;mainly West	101	68.24	61-74	Seltzer
Total Series	1098	68.35	57-80	Hughes
Erivan District	98	68.68	57-74	Hughes
Kharpert District	214	68.71	60-80	Hughes
Diarbekir District	58	68.81	60-74	Hughes
Bitlis District	83	68.92	63-77	Hughes
Van District	131	69.04	57-77	Hughes
Asia Minor	234	74.09	-----	Kossovitch
Transcaucasus	105	75.12	-----	Twarianovitz

Forehead Height

It has long been a general impression that Armenians were on the low side of medium in forehead height. No extensive scientific basis had been established for such an observation until the survey of 1100 Armenian-born males by Byron O. Hughes. His observations on Armenians born in different districts of Armenian settlement reveal some striking variations in percentage distribution of low, medium, and high foreheads.

Series	SUBMEDIUM		MEDIUM		PRONOUNCED	
<i>Origin:</i>	<i>No.:</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>No.:</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>No.:</i>	<i>%</i>
Cesaria	38	49.35	26	33.77	13	16.88
Erzerum	58	44.96	57	44.19	14	10.85

Sivas	63	44.06	62	43.36	18	12.59
Total	387	35.22	549	49.95	163	14.83
Istanbul	29	33.72	48	55.81	9	10.47
Kharpert	72	33.64	124	57.94	18	8.41
Marash	26	32.50	36	45.00	18	22.50
Bitlis	24	28.92	41	49.40	18	21.69
Erivan	28	28.87	51	52.58	18	18.56
Diarbekir	15	25.86	37	63.79	6	10.34
Van	34	25.76	67	50.76	31	23.48
Seltzer's	29	29.00	65	65.00	6	6.00
Anserov's	59	51.8	52	45.6	3	2.6

It is apparent from this table that Armenians are generally medium in forehead height, with a strong minority having low foreheads. The impression of forehead lowness is accentuated greatly by the very low hairline often associated in Armenian individuals of medium or low forehead height. A divergent, weak trend toward great forehead height is also present, in varying degrees, perhaps in part due to racial admixtures in the distant past.

Forehead Slope

Anthropologists generally have noted the occurrence among the Armenians of rearward-slanting foreheads. This characteristic of the Armenoid race, which will be discussed in a later article of this series, is found to some degree in nearly all Armenians, but statistical descriptions of the degree to which it is present are nearly impossible because of different classifications employed and great personal variation in placing into categories of the individuals observed. Personal judgements in this observation rarely coincide completely and so render statistical interpretation nearly meaningless. We are very fortunate, however, in having two studies on large series available, capable of being in some degree equated against each other.

Hughes's observations can be presented in per-centages as follows:

ORIGIN	LESS than MEDIUM	MEDIUM	PRONOUNCED
Total	20.74	53.78	25.48
Kharpert	22.90	51.40	25.70
Van	14.40	59.09	26.52
Sivas	23.08	50.35	26.57
Erzerum	22.48	56.59	20.93
Istanbul	23.26	55.81	20.93
Diarbekir	22.41	50.00	27.58
Marash	16.25	62.50	21.25
Bitlis	13.25	50.60	36.14
Gesaria	32.47	42.86	24.68
Erivan	16.49	57.73	25.77

In the above table, the notable figures are those for Van, Bitlis, Marash, Gesaria, and Erivan in the "Less than Medium" column, Van, Marash, Gesaria, and Erivan in the "Medium" column, and Erzerum, Istanbul, and Bitlis in the "Pronounced" column. The East Group series are deficient generally to

the West Group series (except Marash) in the per-cent with less than medium backward slope of the forehead.

Kherumian has presented a per-centage table which, with Anserov's, can be presented (disregarding his own classification terms) as follows, for purposes of comparison:

ORIGIN	LESS than MEDIUM	MEDIUM	PRONOUNCED
East Group	30.2	38.5	31.3
West Group	32.2	35.6	32.2
Total Kher.	31.6	36.5	31.9
(Anserov's)	60.5	38.6	0.9)

Obviously, Kherumian's standard and that of Hughes are not the same, with Kherumian apparently grouping the lesser-sloped of Hughes's "Medium" class in the "Less than Medium" group. The "Pronounced" category seems to be treated about the same, with the per-centage given probably reflecting at least as much an actual greater frequency in Kherumian's sample as it does a personal technique difference.

Seltzer presents still a different picture, even though his technique would be expected to be close to that of Hughes because they were both affiliated with the same university's anthropology department. In Seltzer's terminology, "Absent or Submedium" slope accounted for 29.00% of his sample, "Medium" for 65.00%, and "Pronounced" for 19.00%.

Occipital Protrusion

Comparing the various studies of the occiput (lower rear of the head), one is struck by confusion between low occipital protrusion and post-cranial flattening, or equally by developed occipital protrusion and lack of flattening. This confusion becomes greater as we try to relate the findings of various authors and discover that the "Absent", "Submedium", and "Medium" categories of occipital protrusion have no consistent meaning, only "Pronounced" seeming to find a general agreement in observations. While Seltzer and Hughes separate occipital protrusion from post-cranial flattening, Kherumian apparently considers the two as extreme gradients of the same observation.

Seltzer and Hughes give the following per-centage distribution:

	SELTZER		HUGHES	
	No.:	%	No.:	%
Absent	—	—	284	25.87
Submedium	93	92.08	590	53.73
Medium	6	5.94	202	18.40
Pronounced	2	1.98	22	2.00

Kherumian has given a figure of 4.1% for "salient or very salient" occiputs, not greatly different from the figures given for the "Pronounced" category of Seltzer and Hughes.

Post-Cranial Flattening: Lambdoid and Occipital

That the Armenian generally has a flattened area at the back of his head is well-known to nearly all. But few are aware that the flattening is of two separate types, fairly readily distinguished, one involving a flatten-

ing of the lambdoid area, the other of the occipital area of the head. Personal variation in observation of the degree of flattening is common, with some inconsistency even in finding whether the slighter amounts of flattening are present at all. The following table compares the lambdoid findings of Seltzer and Hughes:

SERIES:	ABSENT:	MEDIUM:	PRONOUNCED:
Seltzer's	33.66%	51.48%	14.85%
Hughes's	8.01	59.75	32.24

The findings on occipital flattening are:

SERIES:	ABSENT:	MEDIUM:	PRONOUNCED:
Seltzer's	7.92%	59.40%	32.67%
Hughes's	23.29	29.03	47.68

If the remaining figures showed any real consistency, one would be tempted to believe that one of the two authors had placed his figures in the wrong tables, for Hughes's lambdoid and Seltzer's occipital figures seem to belong together.

As mentioned, Kherumian used a classification system which did not differentiate between flattening and protrusion. His figures are as follows:

Flat occiput	32.9%
Intermediate	29.8
Slightly curved	32.2
Projecting	4.1

It seems probable that Kherumian's per-centages can be equated with the per-centages given by Hughes and Seltzer as follows: the "flat occiput" category, without question, belongs with the latter's "Pronounced" (32.9%, 47.68%, and 32.67% respectively); Kherumian's "Intermediate", with the "Medium", as well as a possible part of his "Slightly Curved" (29.8%, 29.03%, and 59.40% respectively); his "Slightly Curved", in large part, with the "Absent" (32.2%, 23.29%, and 7.92% respectively); and the "Projecting", with the "Pronounced" category of the Occipital Protrusion figures of Hughes and Seltzer (4.1%, 2.00%, and 1.98% respectively). At any rate, it is clear that the Armenians, wherever they are measured, or by whom, display an extraordinarily large amount of post-cranial flattening, sufficiently so as to mark a physical trait of the entire nationality. Flattening is not limited to any racial component of the Armenian people, nor does it link with any particular head type, for it is found in every type of Armenian variation.

Conclusion:

In this series of physical anthropological articles to date, it has been my purpose to lay a broad basis of acquaintance with the figures and criteria so that adequate understanding can be had of later articles comparing the Armenians with various other strains. Facial and morphological features, body characteristics, and racial composition will be discussed in future articles.

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OUR SERIAL FEATURE

THE CYCLONE THAT STRUCK OUR LAND

(MEMOIRS OF H. BAGDASARIAN)

●
PART III

VAHAN MINAKHORIAN

The seventy year-old Kheshim Mama was the heroine of the hour. She not only saved Tatos Amou from the gendrames, but she gave the latter a good scolding. Then she discussed the entire situation with them.

Suleyman Chavoush explained to her the necessity of evacuating our village and two other neighboring villages which were in the war zone. It was plain now that the Upper Village and the Lower Village were doomed. Abdulla Chavoush swore that the evacuation was only temporary and that we need fear nothing. He even promised to hold us back at Barkoser until our case was placed before the city authorities.

"Your situation is different from that of the Upper and Lower Villages," he had assured Kheshim Mama. "There is no 'Committee' (Revolutionary unit) in your village to meddle in your affairs. Thank Allah, I have known you for the past ten years. They could not find a single fire-arm in your village. Your sons enlisted in the army like one man when the fatherland needed them. To date you have had no trouble with the city authorities. Why then should you fear the Government's order? Do you think we are that inhuman?"

These assurances made sense, and that was the reason perhaps why Kheshim Mama's report was soothing. Already the villagers were resigned to the idea of departing. The only question in their minds was, how long would the exile last, how far would they be driven, and how would they find the village if ever they returned. Everyone was thinking of taking along as much of supplies as possible, something which was not easy. The women in particular were eager to be ready as soon as possible.

By evening the whole village was desolate and silent, with not a soul in the streets, and no light in the houses. Under the dim light of a kerosene lamp my father was sorting some old papers—family memo's, tax receipts or some old copies of Patriarchal letters from Istanbul.

Late in the evening Muguerdich Patveli (the Minister) called at our home. My father gave him a seat, and then asked, "What did the dog have to say to you?"

"How should I know, my brother? They have offered the thirsty a mixture of vinegar and hyssop," the Patveli said, quoting the Bible.

"Meaning?"

"He says you don't have to join the caravan, he will take you under his protection. He also promises to exempt your brother from the draft. Neither you nor he need be Islamized. He himself will marry your little daughter and that way the matter will be settled."

I had been listening to the conversation, and when I heard this I ran away from there choking with emotion. My mother and my little sister Vardouhi were still busy at the kitchen. My Grandmother was putting my other little sister Lousik to bed. Vardouhi was eleven, Lousik only seven. Little Lousik was saying her prayers:

"Dear God, good morning, good Christos, carry away the evil and bring in the good. Grant peace unto the world, and friendship to the kings. You have the will and the power, dear God, blue God. A short night, a long day, a short weeping, a long rest. Good morning, good Christos, let me be a sacrifice unto your shining face. Keep my Mommy, my Daddy, my Grandma, my Grandpa, my brother, my sister, and save us from the evil. Amen."

Late in the night, after the departure of the Patveli, my father went to the beehive, brought a hoe and a spade, and started to dig a hole under the oak trees. Sleepless and curious, I sneaked out and joined him.

He was furious at first at my nosiness, but let me stay and help him. He was hiding the family brass kettles. He wrapped each in heavy cardboard and deposited it in the hole. Two of the vessels were especially heavy, apparently they were filled with silverware, family jewels and other precious articles. When all the vessels were deposited, we covered the hole with earth and trampled upon it. It was over. When we went back home, my father said, "It is well. There is going but no coming back; there is coming back but no finding, my son."

Once again I found myself in front of the window of the floor. There was no sleep for me. How could I sleep when things were unfolding before me about which I had never had the time to think? Some two hours, and perhaps even more, slipped by. The moon had long since faced the side of our house, bathing the garden in a shadowless light. Djermak, our dog, was lingering there. He came near the hole we had dug, squatted on his haunches, raised his snout and gave out a shrill howl.

In the morning it was already plain that there was no escape from the exile. The people had to be ready. Inside the houses people were busy with the preparations. At our home, my mother was feverishly shuttling back and forth, now crying, now praying, and now cursing futilely. A terror hung over our door, an infinite calamity which you could not tell whether it had come and gone, or was still to come. In my imagination, that terror was like an unseen cyclone which was wiping off the whole universe, merging the sky and the earth into one, and spreading death and destruction everywhere.

Toward evening the smoke over the rooftops stood still. The bells of Saint Nishan were inviting the people to church. Old and young, men, women and children, with heavy steps and reverential, were slowly pressing toward a great mystery, the magnitude of which could be seen on their faces. Even the infants were brought to church. Saint Nishan should take account of them all, and extend his protection over them all.

The Church of Saint Nishan had never had such a multitude ever since the last Easter. The only empty seats at the church were those of Agop Amou, my Uncle Gevorg, and Mukhtar Poghos. All the lights and all the candles of the saints were lit. That day there were as many candles as there were people.

With a shaking voice, from his stand at the altar, Muguerdich Patveli was reading the prayers: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?"

The church was buzzing with murmurs. Even the clown Sev Haroot was praying. I did not know what or how to pray to God, I had completely lost all knowledge of the form and the inclination for praying. The Batveli turned to the multitude, the prayer book in his hand, silently staring at them. He was pale and his look was sharp, as if demanding of each an accounting for the life he had lived.

"I have sinned, O Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost," he kept repeating wearily, "I have sinned before God. I confess before God the Holy Mother all the sins which I have committed, for I have sinned in thought, in word and deeds, willingly and unwillingly, knowingly and without knowing, I have sinned before God."

"*Megha Astoutzo*—I have sinned before God"—the believers chanted in unison. The church shook and the echo resounded in the vestibules. The Patveli had never subjected us to the Confession, never had made such a showing of trembling humility.

"I have sinned in spirit and might, in thought and motion, in body and the senses, I have sinned in the might of my soul, in cunning, in cowardice, in injustice, in despair and in lack of faith, I have sinned before God."

"I have sinned before God," the multitude echoed.

"Have mercy on us O gracious Lord and forgive us our sins, the confessed and the forgotten. Amen."

The service was over.

At our home the nights were spent with the last preparations. My mother emptied the contents of the chests and started to select the clothes for Lousik and Vardouhi to wear on the road. The living room, the bedroom and the veranda were cluttered with various bundles—pillows, bedding, rugs, chinaware and pots and kettles. Tavgunertzi carried from the kitchen the necessary supplies of bread, cheese, *Helva*, zwieback, boiled lamb, lamb morsels fried in suet, etc., ready to be packed.

My father was perpetually busy, tying and untying the bundles. He had decided to take along two cows, four milking sheep and four more for the slaughter. All the sheep, the goats and the oxen were to stay behind. I felt specially sorry for our favorite ox Sarukhan and our bullock Beshik.

Before the dawn arrived in the village the Turks from Barkoser, familiar to us among whom were Haydar Beg, Ismayil Chorbaji, Hodja Medmed, Mudar and Mustafa Efendis, Kemal-Azmi, Nuri Onbashi etc. An old friend of ours Tayir Pasha had come from Kemakh. They offered their services to protect our property—butter, cheese, clothing, wheat, barley, the animals, etc., until our return.

Our movable property was to be under the care of Tayir Pasha. The furniture and the fixtures were to be untouched. The food supplies and the entire crop of the fields, the garden, and the beehives were turned over to Tayir Pasha as his property. He was to sell the remaining costly rugs and send us the proceeds.

"They say they will settle us in the region of Mezkep, but may move us elsewhere. You will learn where they settle us and will send the money there," my father said to Tayir.

"Of course, of course," Tayir Pasha assured him.

Just then I noticed the gendarmes ap-

proaching our village along the slopes of Parkhin Madt. At once the women and the children milling in the front yards and in front of the doors were thrown into a confusion. My father and I started to load the two pack mules outside, while the rest of the family brought out the packages. Suleyman Chavoush, followed by his gendarms, stopped by us, humbly salaamed before Tayir Pasha, and went on. My Grandmother was reading the *Hrazharimk*—the prayer of resignation—to the assembled group in the front yard. My father was hurrying in order not to attract attention.

"You may now let out the animals," my father said to me. I opened the door of the enclosure and drove out the sheep and the cattle. Our dog Djermak was wailing inside, begging to be let out. I took him beside the bullock Beshik and ordered him to stay there. He obeyed me submissively and the pleading in his eyes died down.

Outside at that moment was a veritable pandemonium. The bellowing of the animals who had just been released from the enclosure, merged with the human cries and the milling, made a weird, unnatural outcry. There were cries from the home of Annik Mama. From the multitude herded in front of the houses along the creek there broke out an animal cry, a long, plaintive wail which steadily rose and turned into a sobbing. Everyone had long since been ready for the departure, but no one wanted to be the first to start the march. The first step, apparently, was too long and terrible.

Suddenly the village turned into a pandemonium. The street was ringing with the screams of distracted women and terrified children. The gendarmes were laying the lash freely on the laggards, driving them out of their homes. In the front yards, on the rooftops, men with their loads were scampering like thieves. The chicken on their perches, were cackling inflamed. The

cats were scurrying from the rooftops. My father ran around like a distracted chicken, trying to remember some last item which should be taken along. My grandmother, my mother, Tavgunertzi were kissing the kitchen door and crossing themselves.

Suddenly the mad Suleyman Chavoush was upon us. "All right, let's go," he snapped.

"Lord Jesus Christ, Saint Nishan," my father murmured as he took off his Fez and crossed himself. Then leading his mule he gave us the order, "Let's get going."

To me the heaviest, the most heart-rending moment was over. All the members of our family had their loads to carry. My Grandmother, in addition to her light load on the shoulder, carried in her hand a small bag filled with the soil of our garden. The mules were loaded unconscionably, so was my father. Aside from my usual load, I had charge of driving the animals. We led the way, followed by the caravan which extended as far as Baghchin Tsor, along the road of Moroon Khor, in a cloud of dust. The caravan itself was led by the family of Muguerdich Patveli.

When we reached the spring of Zara Tsor we came to a halt. My Mother, Grandmother and Tavgunertzi drank of the water and washed up. It was our water, the water which irrigated our fields.

At Kardzor the vanguard of the caravan caught up with us. Here, Petros Amou informed us that Suleyman Chavoush was back in the village taking charge of the abandoned property, which meant, Abdulla Chavoush was waiting for him to come and take us out of the valley toward Barkhaver. The latter would approach the men and apologize for his role with cheap excuses. After all, he was only an officer, and a subordinate officer at that. He was really sorry for what had happened. "May those who were the cause of this calamity go

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blind in both eyes," he swore with unabashed hypocrisy.

But the men already were reconciled to their fate. Only the Patveli (the minister) was deeply troubled.

"This is not something which can be explained by the Bible, or the Gospel," he would murmur. "To leave the home, the God-given soil and the fatherland where we were born, were fed and grew up, to part from the mighty temple of St. Nishan the Sun and the royal throne. What kind of grit and scrap iron, what kind of coals, what kind of cinders was this that was heaped on our heads?"

"Blessed are the dead who left everything behind them," Incheh Mama sighed with resignation.

Presently we espied Suleyman Chavoush at the base of Kloukh Kar with six of his gendarmes, at the sight of whom the crowd started to straighten up while I rounded up the cattle and the sheep. Rouben and Mariam, two lovers, were seated near the water reservoir. I had to interrupt their love making to let them know that the Chavoush was approaching. Mariam rose up, wiped her tears, and dashed toward the caravan. Rouben would not move.

"Hey, Abdulla, take two men and lead the way, the rest of you join me. Now let's get going," shouted Suleyman Chavoush like a general who had won a great victory on the battlefield. My heart was pounding like a sledge hammer. So, we were going away! So, we would not wake up in the village the next morning! So, we were being exiled, leaving behind our homes, our vineyards, our farms and our animals! These simple truths were beyond the comprehension of my adolescent mind.

At this point I noticed that Agik, the girl I secretly worshipped, no longer was with her pet animals. To avoid being seen by Chavoush Abdulla, she had become lost among the the women. Obviously, this was

the doing of her parents who had their suspicions of the Chavoush. Rouben had taken charge of her Cheyran and the rest of the animals.

Abdulla Chavoush who led the caravan often lagged behind, deliberately letting the caravan pass, then he would catch up again. I had no doubt that he was looking for Agik among the women and I was dizzy with impotence to do anything about it. I wanted to spring at his throat and chew it with my teeth, or, to pull the knife hidden in the folds of our mule and plunge it into his side over and over again in the name of justice.

The slope opposite Kar Tsor was steep and difficult to climb. Although we had scarcely covered half an hour's journey, the crowd was moving at a snail's pace, especially the old women. The two sleepless nights, the incessant preparations for the long journey had sapped the strength of the villagers.

The rise steadily became steeper. It was an intensely hot summer day, the air suffocating, and the sun scorching in the rear. We youngsters who had charge of herding the animals found our job tougher and tougher. The animals had never been on the other slope of Kar Tsor and they balked or tried to turn back. Agik's pet bullock Cheyran in particular caused us a great deal of trouble. On such occasions, Abdulla Chavoush, who considered both the girl and her animal his personal property, would appear on the scene and help push the animal.

The caravan was now strung along a narrow trail where the ascent was easier. From here on, the entire half of the mountain was rocky and covered with dry brush. Here the bullock again balked and all the efforts of Rouben, the Batveli and the Chavoush failed to budge him. The caravan came to a halt. Finally, out of patience, the Patveli raised his walking stick and

brought it down resoundingly on the bull's thigh. The result was disastrous. The animal picked up the Chavoush on his horns and hurled him on the rocks, sprang back crazily, rolled his eyes, and mad with rage, braced his neck as if intent on wrecking the place, then whirled around, raised his haunches, dumped his load and shot off like a hurricane.

In the ensuing confusion the entire herd was scattered. Having raised its tail, trampling upon rock and brush, the bull rushed pell mell toward Kar Tsor, the entire herd stampeding after him.

The Patveli and Rouben helped the Chavoush to his feet. The Chavoush was a veritable wreck, his nose and mouth bleeding, his left thigh smashed by the bull's blow, hardly able to stand on his feet. He was instantly surrounded by the villagers when Suleyman Chavoush arrived on the scene.

"What's going on here? The Bull? What bull?" He pulled his whip and started to beat up the Patveli. The screams of Agik's mother and her sister, and the importunities of Kheshim Mama finally restrained the mad Chavoush.

"What business did you have with the bull?" he turned on Abdulla fiercely. "Did I appoint you to lead the bulls or people?"

"You dogs and sons of dogs! I will show you how to deal with animals," and swinging his whip, "bring here that Infidel's mule."

Tremblingly the Patveli pulled his mule forward.

"Unload him."

They unloaded the mule, mounted Abdulla on his back and sent him back to the village, escorted by a gendarme.

"Get going now or I'll shoot you all."

Out of sixty horned animals only eleven were left, and yet, it was fortunate that the incident ended the way it did. The higher we climbed the more clearly we could

see the whole panorama of our village. The distance from the slopes of Kar Tsor was not long, it was the descent and the ascent which made the trail long. Not only we the children but those of the seniors who had been little effected by the incident, stopped, looked back at the village and sighed. As long as we could see our village, we still were in it in spirit. "The school, the school! Look, do you see it?" Sev Harout exclaimed, he who was illiterate.

How could we fail to see the school which was the tallest building in the village. Even I could distinguish the hills of Buzik Tsor, the compound of Parkhin Madt, the belfry of St. Nishan, our home.

The ascent was over. One more backward look and the village disappeared from our sight. Far away, through the sunrays, the peak of Medz Sourp was staring at us intently. Down below, there was unfolded before us a vast, desert plain, indicating a strange habitation. The skies were raining fire.

Those of us children who had charge of the animals had taken the lead. We were trudging at a slow pace, each immersed in his thoughts. Even the clown Sev Harout had shrunk within himself. Far in the distance, there loomed before us the tall peaks of Dersim Mountains. There, the air trembled like the folds of a gray scarf. The sun hung perpendicular over us when we sighted Barkoser. By arrangement of the gendarme who accompanied us we came to a halt on the road to the village of Oukhik, allowing the caravan to catch up with us.

Having left us there under the vigilance of the gendarmes, Suleyman Chavoush headed for the village. This set us to thinking. Especially worried were the Patveli, his wife, his daughter-in-law and his daughters who had been the first to be persecuted by fate. They were afraid there would be investigations and arrests for what had happened to Abdulla Chavoush.

Before long we noticed a crowd moving toward us from Barkoser, filling us with a sense of terror. The Turkish crowd fell upon us in an attempt to seize our animals. After a furious resistance, a few among them who knew us explained that this was the Government's order, and that we had no right to take along anything but the loads on our shoulders. Thus they drove the animals to the village with the exception of the pack mules.

After the loss of our flock Suleyman Chavoush drove madly toward us from Barkoser, accompanied by a mounted youth whom I recognized as Ali, the son of the feudal lord Hassan Beg. The two asked Khachatour Effendi if he had any concealed arms in his luggage, but it was obvious that this was a mere excuse. Ali, who seemed to be superior in rank, had his eye on the girl Oddantz Satenig. Suddenly they stopped the questioning and galloped away. As I watched them disappear I saw a multitude numbering in thousands coming toward us from the direction of Barkoser in a cloud of dust. Before long we learned that they were the caravans from the Upper and Lower Armenian villages.

There was none of us who did not have a relative or a friend among the newcomers, and despite the common tragedy, the meeting was a joyful occasion for all. When the caravans joined there were tears of joy. They asked questions of one another about some missing relative or friend, they sought and found lost friends, embraced one another and wept. The scene was so touching that even the gendarmes who escorted us were affected. After all, they too were human beings.

Then they told one another all that they had gone through. Tavgunertzi Mama was feverishly looking for her daughter Rhapsime who had gone to Upper Village as a young bride. And here she was, the little girl whom I had known in our village,

wiping her tears, straightening her headkerchief, and kissing the hands of my Mother and Grandmother. Yonder was the Drummer, Crazy Kerop, noisily embracing Sarkis Aghbar. Garchin Sahak was telling the story of the deportation of Upper Village. Every one had a story to tell, cruel, gruesome and tragic. The more they told their stories the more the joy of meeting was changed into consternation and pain.

The Atokkians had surrounded my father, talking in whispers like old conspirators. Occasionally I could overhear the names of the Aghayins, two Turkish families in the Village of Vali who, as old natives, had been friendly with the Armenians.

"He told me those between the ages of 15 and 30 will be separated from the caravan," Artin Ami whispered to my father.

"Why?"

"How should I know? He was talking about *Ameleh Tabour*— Labor Battalion. He said they are going to send them to join the labor battalions. He said we should be on the lookout about the young brides and the girls, and that they might kidnap them."

"Couldn't you find out where they will take us? What is our destination?"

"What destination, what exile are you talking about? Why don't you say extermination? They are going to exterminate us."

I was stunned as I listened to the conversation. My head was heavy as lead, and my heart was aching.

It was evening by the time we arrived at Ukhtik, a small village of sixty homes. A long street through the middle of the village stretched out aimlessly, bent to the left, then dipped below, and then to the right, clear out of the village. A pack of dogs, barking madly, met us at the entrance of the village, but when they saw the vast multitude they were dismayed and recoiled tamely. The dogs were followed by a pack of Turkish children, rushing at us madly

and kicking the dust. They too recoiled and ran back to the village.

We kept plodding along like silent captives. Delapidated buildings, low lying huts dug in the ground, squalid and unattractive. Before each house there was a huge pile of dung. Incredibly large-sized flies which circled over the dung piles as each company of the caravan passed by, buzzing over our heads and making music like the violin. At times we could espy the unveiled head of a Turkish woman peeping through a hole, silent, surprised, their lips slit with a silly smile, and with dried, emaciated faces.

To the right and left, in front of the huts or the rooftops were rows of women wrapped in the *Charshafs*—combination of veil and one-piece dress—, tattered urchins, bloated oldsters with disheveled beards. The eyes staring at us are sharp, hostile, dull and indifferent.

The march through the village seemed like an eternity to me, but finally we got through. A company of restless children who did not know what all this was about kept chasing us, pelting us with stones. We made a turn to the right, steadily downward. Opposite us was a smaller village called Lower Ukhdik, a distance of one hour's journey. We passed by the edge of this new village where a curious crowd met us. The flocks were returning from the pasture. At the lower outskirts of the village could be seen old ruins, the remnants of onetime glorious walls, only reminders of ancient monasteries. The oldsters in the caravan crossed themselves as they watched these sacred relics. The Upper and Lower Ukhdik were ancient Armenian sacred shrines.

The sun sank behind the horizon. The trail of the caravan declined steadily, as if we were being driven into the abyss. The caravan was weary and our water had given out. The dust was chocking and as I

licked my parched lips with my tongue, the moisture clung like mud. The aged were dragging themselves to keep up the pace but all in vain. And although Suleyman Chavoush was pitiless, nevertheless he was obliged to halt the caravan at times to let the stragglers catch up with the rest. Incheh Mama could no longer walk, so we were forced to mount her on one of the mules, little Lousik perched in her lap. Vartouhi trudged along uncomplaining. The infants, tied to the waists of their mothers, had fallen asleep, their heads bending low.

A peasant returning from the fields approached our company and begged Mama Zachareh to let him have the little one, one year old Mariam. The mother was shocked. How could she part with her baby?

"It's all the same. The baby will die anyhow," the peasant said sorrowfully, and shouldering his hoe he went on his way.

Darkness fell, and we no longer knew in what direction we were traveling. All that mattered was keeping up the pace. The fear of falling behind was the greatest nightmare of all. In the stillness of the night the only sound heard was the incessant, dull thumping of feet, broken at times by the sinister calls of the escorting gendarms, Ya Hoo, Ya Hooo.

No one knew who his neighbor was. My own attention was centered on my little sister Vardouhi. I was afraid she might be lost. The minute I located her among the crowd, she would disappear again.

Far in the distance, occasionally I could hear a sound like the low rumble of a tiger caught in a trap. It might have been the echo of a distant thunder, but there were no clouds in that starlit sky. Over the dark distant horizon occasionally there flashed a sudden light, then as suddenly it went out. The phenomenon repeated itself at closer range with the same result.

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darkness, when suddenly they multiplied.

"They are the lights of Mezkep, my son," explained my father.

Now we were tramping cautiously over boulders, down the ravine where the Chay—the stream of Mezkep—crawled down with a muffled roar. So spent were the trudgers that they stumbled over the smallest obstacles. There was no accounting of the broken noses, arms and legs of the fallen. Here you could hear only the murmur of muffled pain. Apparently the ravine was very deep. At each step the darkness deepened. I again called to my little sister Vardouhi.

"Here I am, brother. Can't you see me?"

Suddenly the moon shot out from behind the opposite mountain side. Was this a gift from heaven, or an unexpected blessing? We could hear the faint barking of dogs. Down the slope, over an enormous stretch, shadows thickened. The caravan was ordered to halt. Here we would camp for the night.

Relatives, friends and immediate neighbors from the three villages formed companies of their own, but generally, the communities of each village held together. We of the Monastery were assembled at the base of the ravine, almost on the bank of the stream. Our company included the Patveli and his family, and the families of Sarkis Aghbar, Uncle Petros, and Incheh Mama. Thus, chance had tied us together in our fate. It took sometime before all were settled. Especially difficult was the position of those who had infants. It was difficult to put them to sleep, or to silence them. There was no end to the cries of the babies. Throughout this confusion our only consolation was the fact that we no longer heard the voice of the gendarmes. They had crossed the river to spend the night in the village.

By midnight the valley was quiet. White clouds from the south had covered part of

the horizon. The moon was playing peek-a-boo with the clouds.

By now, no one believed that they would hold us in the region of Mezkep. Rouben had heard from a gendarme that they were going to exile us to Mosul. Where was Mosul? Rouben did not know, but he was sure it was very far. What the Atokkians had told my father on the way had become public property. The women were deeply concerned over the fate of the grown-up boys, as well as the girls.

The menfolk in our company were consulting in whispers about finding a way out. But what could they do?

"Do you think it is too late?"

"What fool will believe us now that we want to be converted to Islam?"

"Would that we had listened to you in the beginning, then we wouldn't have come to this pass," the Patveli sighed.

"The second guess is worthless, Patveli," Petros Amou said, stretching himself on the ground.

I came closer to them to find out where Mosul was.

"Mosul?" Petros Amou said from his lying position, "do you know where Ekin is?"

"Yes."

"*Ondan sonra*—then—comes Malatya, a bee line from here to the east is Diarbekir."

"Diarbekir?"

"Ah yes."

"That I do not know."

"A plague on the teacher who taught you," he exclaimed springing up. "Don't you know the capital of our great King."

"Tigranocerta?"

"Ah yes."

"Of course I know Tigranocerta."

"Well, from then on keep to the bed of the river to the east, *ondan sonra* to the south, and you will find Mosul on the banks of the Tigris."

"How many days' journey is it?"

"If you keep going day and night, you

will get there in one month. Now fetch me something soft to put under my head."

I walked over to the pile of our luggage to dig up a pillow for Uncle Bedros, where a few women were holding a conference. Suddenly I heard them mention my name.

"But Vardouhi's dress will not fit him, my Arootik is too big for it," I heard my Grandmother say.

"We can fix him up in one of the dresses of my daughter Khunkik," said the lady Zartar.

"My goodness, why worry about it? Arootik and my Agik are the same size. Fix him up in one of the rose colored dresses of my Agik," said the latter's mother.

I was stunned. They wanted to dress me in a girl's clothes.

"And what shall I do if they mistake my boy for a girl and kidnap him?" whispered my mother with such agony as if her very soul would fly out of her mouth.

Agik's mother beat on her knees. "What about me, good sister? I have two daughters. Woe is me. To bring up children and now."

"This is no time for moaning," said my Grandmother who, at the time, was the coolest among them. "The case of Mariam is easy. A kerchief on her head, a staff in her hand, Zachare's baby on her back, herself sallow, she can easily pass for an old woman. You will shear off your Agik's hair before dawn, tattoo her cheeks with a needle, treat it with crushed garlic, tie it up tightly, and by morning her face will be swollen so no one will recognize her."

Suddenly we heard the sound of horse hooves in the rear. Two riders, armed to the teeth, stood before us.

"Sari oglu Stepan?" one of them shouted.

"Effendim," my father sprang to his feet.

"Vardan Oglu Petros?"

Petros Amou rose to his feet.

"Mudir Effendi wants you. On the double now."

I had the premonition of a great calamity. With the Mudir at that hour? I was trembling. All were on their feet. My father explained that he could not very well leave his family in the night, but that he would report to the Mudir as soon as it was day-break.

"What did you say? Mudir Effendi will wait for you until morning? You bloated, doddering dog?" roared the horseman, pulling his rifle.

My Grandmother fell under the horse's hooves, myself following. My mother screamed and the women became panicky.

"Silence," my father shouted in a shaking voice.

"Keep moving or I will make a dog's corpse out of you," the horseman snapped.

"Let us go," my father said broken.

Petros Amou followed them silently.

"Who were they?"

"Where did they take him?"

"What did they say?"

"With the Mudir at this hour?"

Everyone had a question. I myself knew only one thing, that our family would be without a father now. My first impulse was to follow them, but my mother and my little sister Vartouhi stopped me. Sarkis Aghbar was tongue-tied. Every one was babbling something.

"Be patient, my son, hurry never got you anywhere. If you don't watch out you too will be lost to us. Be patient and let us see what we can do", the Patveli quieted me. I felt that time was of the essence.

"Let's go see the Mudir."

"Where shall we go, my son?"

"To the village. The Mudir probably is there."

"They won't let us see the Mudir at this hour."

"And yet they took my father to see him?"

"Would to God that they took him to the Mudir, my son. So much woe at one time, within the short space of two day!"

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Suddenly a heart-rending cry pierced the air and died down as it reached us. In a second the valley shook with piercing cries, a shrill wailing call, as if they were slaughtering a pig. In an instant I sprang up and plunged into the darkness. I stumbled and fell and rose again. Presently, the whole valley was seething over like a huge kettle of boiling pitch. Over the din a shrill cry kept ringing.

"My child, my child, they've carried away my child. Help!"

Boulders were rolling toward me kicking by the wrestling shadows above. Crunching blows, kicking, gouging, slugging. A faint, chocking voice was gurgling, "You godless beasts!"

During the general tumult a man's voice cried, "Help, they have carried away Odantz Satenig."

Suddenly a rifle fired right under my nose, filling the valley with the echo. I lay there still where I had fallen. Then followed screams, wailings and moanings of the fallen.

The night was sighing out its last dying gasp. A few men, distracted and shattered, sneaking like thieves, were carrying a load toward the river.

"It's no use, he is dead."

"No, lift him up, he still breathes."

They had killed Khachatour Effendi.

"Take a close look, he is dead."

Yes, Khachatour Effendi was dead.

When I rejoined my family my mother was gone. Up the slope of the mountain Vardouhi was calling to me piteously, "Brother, Brother." My Grandmother was fooling little Lousik that her Mama would soon be back. The young brides and the girls were huddled in one place. Finally my mother showed up, like a hyena gone mad over the loss of her young one.

"Where did you get lost, you godless one? Have you no conscience? What can

I do all by myself? How many can I look after?"

She knelt down. There was crying all around.

It was dusk, one of those moments when nature ponders the mystery of the coming day. Suddenly my father and Uncle Petros showed up. It was a miracle, the gift of a supreme power.

We fell all over them. There were no words to utter. They had been beaten terribly and almost stripped naked. They brought them clothes and dressed them. All the same, the curious wanted to know what had happened.

"What's happened is nothing yet. You should worry about what is to follow," Uncle Petros said.

In the morning they buried Khachatour Effendi. A huge crowd attended this unusual burial. Muguerdich Patveli mumbled soft prayers under the nose, and crushed by the weight of the divine words, he would at times raise his bowed head and throw crumbs of prayers before us. The wife, the mother and the children of the dead man had surrounded his body and were weeping silently. They had carried away Satenig.

The Patveli successively chanted his prayers, *Dartz Andzn Im*—Take my soul unto thyself —, *Angsgezbn Astvatz* — God without beginning—*Phark i Bardzuns*—Glory in the highest—*E Verin Yerusaghem*—Jerusalem on High—, and closed the ceremony with the reading of Our Father.

When we returned my father was still seated where we had left him. He was alone. When he saw me he signaled me to come close.

"Sit down," he said, raising his hand to his forehead, "don't look at me now, my son, my back is broken, my bones are crushed, my heart has turned to vinegar, my throat is parched, there's a heavy weight chained to my legs, my head is

buzzing like a bee hive. You must open your eyes wide now. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said.

"You are no longer a child, and you fear nothing."

"No."

"You were a wide awake boy. And now there are perils. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"I am all in. Yonder, your Grandmother, your sisters have no one to look after them.

Look at me. O, do not cry. God forbid that you should cry. They will kill me if you cry."

"Why then are you crying?" I said, seeing the tear drops hanging from his eyes.

"That's none of your affair. You must not cry. Now get up, and with your mother's help, pack up the mules. Before the journey starts you must be ready."

(To be continued)

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

REVIEWS BY PIERRE PAPAZIAN

WITHIN THE TAURUS; a Journey in Asiatic Turkey, by Lord Kinross. New York, William Morrow and Co., 1955. 192 pp.

Patrick Balfour, the third Baron Kinross, traveled into the hinterland of Turkey in the summer of 1951. In his book he describes that trip which took him into central and eastern Turkey, areas which were formerly closed to foreign travelers. Even now eastern Turkey is restricted territory because of the location of Turkey's main defense forces against a possible Soviet invasion. Lord Kinross' itinerary took him from Istanbul to Zonguldak, Inebolu, Sinop, Samsun, Trabzon and Hopa on the Black Sea. Leaving the seacoast he journeyed inland, visiting Shavshat, Ardahan, Ani, Kars, Erzurum, Van, Mardin, Diyarbakir, Urfa and several other cities as he crossed the Armenian Plateau and headed westward to the capital city Ankara.

The author's detailed descriptions are interspersed throughout with quotations from scholars and former travelers in order to show the land "in some sort of historical perspective." Lord Kinross' picture of Asiatic Turkey shows that the historical perspective is in most cases without much depth. The large cities of the Western coast may be modern centers of civilization, but the towns and villages of the hinterland are almost as they were centuries before. The single common sign of modern progress in eastern Turkey is electric lighting. The ox-carts (the old araba) is much in evidence. Occasionally an old tired truck is seen throughout the villages, but motor transport is lacking in any useful measure. Farms are still run as peasants have done for centuries. Tractors and modern equipment, supplied by the Marshall Plan, are used mainly on larger western farms. The average eastern farmer still lives in a rough stone and earth house. The success of his crops depends almost entirely on Nature's whims. Modern agricultural methods are still in the future. Meanwhile the Turkish peasant exists as best he can under poor conditions.

In some cases the conditions were aggravated by the Turks' attempt to annihilate the Armenian population. Just outside Van, Lord Kinross was told by a Kurd that, "The Armenians had been their enemies, but at least they had brought trade to Lake Van. Now they had gone, and the prosperity of Van had gone with them. In Armenian days fishing boats thrived on the lake in their hundreds. Now there were none and no one fished. There was soda in the lake, and iron and chrome in the hills, but no money and no

men to develop them. Van today is a vacuum."

While in Kars, Lord Kinross noticed the "... vitality of a market and garrison town, with shops selling Western manufactures and local saddlery, carpets and jewellery. As a jeweller, alas, the Turk lacks the skill of the Armenian craftsman. He lacks also his gift for salesmanship."

The absence of the Armenians from their historic homeland is explained quite simply by the Turks who were questioned by Lord Kinross. Most of them implied that the Armenians never existed. The existence of Armenian churches, city walls, and other structures were denied by the Turks. All such buildings were attributed to Turks, Kurds, Georgians, and even Greeks. One of the most ancient centers of proto-Armenian civilization, Van, dating back to about a millenium before Christ, is neatly disposed of by the Turks. The author writes, "As for the Armenians, there were, he [a local Turkish schoolmaster] assured me, none at Van until the Russians brought them there in 1915." It is obvious that the Russians do not have a monopoly on rewriting history. Only one man actually admitted the fate of the Armenians in Turkey. He was the mayor of Shavshat, a Turkish lawyer who spoke English with a German accent. When asked about the Armenians, "The Mayor made a ghoulsh downward gesture with his thumb. 'The Armenians,' he said, 'are under the ground.'"

But above the ground remain monuments of the Armenians, all of which are vividly described by the author. The unusual architectural characteristics of Armenian churches are described in detail by the observant author. Ani, the city of a thousand and one churches, today has twelve, standing in solitude, forgotten and deserted. The fortresses, castles, and walled cities tell a silent story of ancient grandeur.

In all, Lord Kinross presents an account which is easy to read and bound to hold the interest of any one who picks it up. The text is accompanied by many excellent photographs taken by the author.

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IN AN ANATOLIAN VALLEY, by Ada Pierce Chambers. New York, Bouregy and Curl, Inc., 1955. 251pp.

Ada Pierce Chambers is a Canadian-born author who lived in Bardizag, the setting of her novel, and in Istanbul, during the second decade of this century. Her husband, Dr. Lawson Chambers, was a staff member of the American Mission Schools in Turkey. Mrs. Chambers' sojourn

in Turkey is the background for her novel. This is the tragic story of an Armenian town in north-west Turkey, near the Gulf of Ismit, at the beginning of the first world war. Although it is a fictionalized account of the life and death of Bardizag and its people, the novel is based on actual experience.

It is a rather loose-knit story held together by the main character, Azneev, a girl in love with a young French artist who is a teacher at the American school in Bardizag. The other characters are the ordinary Armenians of the village who live in their ancient way, frowning on new ideas and customs from the western world. For them, Azneev's love for a foreigner is unthinkable. Her betrothal to Krikor, arranged by the parents, is meant to be her destiny, but Krikor goes to America because of trouble with the Turkish authorities. Through various circumstances, Azneev loses her father, her fiancée and her true love. The war breaks out and a cruel fate is inflicted upon the Armenians. First the conscription, then the deportations, the massacres, and the myriad nefarious outrages.

The book contains excellent descriptive passages written in a clear, smooth style. The author's familiarity with the life and language of the Armenian people has enabled her to capture the essence of the Armenian peasant in Anatolia. The novel certainly does not have the force and sweep of Werfel's "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" or the swift-paced action of Groseclose's "Ararat", but it is a well-written, loving novel. It stands as a tribute to Armenian courage and fortitude.

"Through more than twenty-five centuries the Armenian people have remained a cultural unit, in spite of persecution, exile and periodic massacre; and like their neighbor nation, the Jews, often driven far from their homeland, often needy and desolate, they remain unshaken. Their bond has held, their spirit has endured, until the finest minds among civilized peoples have wondered and bowed before this high majesty of endurance." Thus Mrs. Chambers expresses her faith in the Armenian people.

THE FORMATION OF THE SOVIET UNION;
Communism and Nationalism, 1917-1923, by Richard Pipes. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1954. 355pp.

This is a documented study of the period from the end of the Russian monarchy to the organization of the Soviet Union as a federation of several national states. The problem of nationalities is not one that arose with the establishment of the Soviet Union, but was present during the Czarist regime. Only one chapter is devoted to the nationality problem in Russia before the 1917 Revolution in order to give the reader some background for the events which followed. Each of the separate, nationalist movements are discussed in detail with many quotations from important published sources. The author separates the Bolshevik aggression into three parts: the conquest of the Ukraine and Belorussia, the conquest of the Moslem Borderlands, and the conquest of the Caucasus.

The distinct nature of the Georgian and the Armenian developments in the Caucasus is recognized by Mr. Pipes, and is attributed to the early adoption of Christianity by the two nations. This fact tended to establish a cultural bond between these peoples and the West, instead of with their neighboring nations. There was a sense of distinctiveness which made the Georgians and Armenians look to Europe and Western ideas. While the Georgian national movement was heavily socialistic, the Armenian movement was less socialistic and more nationalistic. The 1907 national program of the Dashnaksutun (Armenian Revolutionary Federation) is included in the first chapter, showing the demands made by the Armenian revolutionaries concerning the Russian Caucasus. The program was adopted a decade before the Communist revolution.

The role of the Armenians in the hectic, chaotic period covered by the author is treated in detail in the chapter on the Caucasus. The dominant force in Armenian affairs was, of course, the Dashnaksutun. In the Transcaucasus, the Dashnaks were on their own. "The Azerbaijanis had the Turks; the Georgians, the Germans; the Armenians alone had no one to whom to turn for assistance." Besides being alone in their struggle, the Armenians had to contend with the added menace of a Russo-Turkish alliance. Soviet Russia and Kemal Turkey arrived at what the author calls a "*rapprochement*."

"The Russo-Turkish *rapprochement* was for the three Transcaucasian republics nothing short of a calamity. As long as these two great powers were at odds, the republics could stay alive either by playing one power against the other, or else by serving both as a buffer." The fall of the Armenian Republic came as a result of the visible pressure between the two jaws, Russia and Turkey, squeezing the Armenians between them. The final capitulation is misinterpreted by Mr. Pipes. He writes, "The readiness with which the Dashnaks consented to the Soviet ultimatum, the establishment of a joint Dashnak-Communist government in the newly Sovietized Armenia, and the silence with which the Armenian diplomatic mission abroad treated the Soviet conquest while loudly protesting Turkish aggrandizement—all these facts indicate that the Armenian government did not consider the Soviet invasion as an unfriendly gesture." Mr. Pipes forgets that the Armenians had little choice in the matter. The Soviet was at the time the lesser of two evils. Negotiating some sort of agreement with the Communists for joint government and protection by the Russians against the Turks was the only alternative to virtual annihilation of the Armenian nation. The major point in the Russian argument was that they would protect the Armenians from the Turks. As it turned out, Armenia was enslaved by Soviet Russia, but that does not mean that the Armenians submitted to such a fate willingly. Witness the February 18 Revolt, only two months after Sovietization.

Aside from this one point, Mr. Pipes' book is an excellent scholarly presentation of the progress of Sovietization carried on from 1917 to 1923. The text is not meant for light reading; it is a serious

work, but the style is such that it can be read with a minimum of effort.

A VILLAGE IN ANATOLIA, by *Mahmut Makal*. Translated from the Turkish by Sir Wyndham Deedes. London, Valentine, Mitchell and Co., Ltd., 1954. 190pp.

Mahmut Makal is an unusual Turk, for he is a dissenter. Makal is a young schoolmaster born and raised in Central Anatolia among the Turkish peasantry. Indeed, Makal himself is a Turkish peasant who had the good fortune of acquiring an education. His education has made him impatient with the old ways of the Turkish village which remain practically unchanged in spite of the various reforms which have been introduced by the Turkish government. The Turkish peasant apparently goes on living as his backward ancestors did. Progress and reform are empty words for the Turk who lives in poverty and squalor.

It is the appalling conditions of the Turkish peasant as Makal knows them that he describes in his book. His writings caused such a furor that he was jailed "on suspicion of subversion (i.e., of Communism)." The hierarchy of the Turkish feudal order seems still to be in power in the villages of Anatolia. The village teachers, trained by the government, meet with resistance, reaction and violence when they try to show the villagers how to live a more useful, healthful and productive life. Makal was vindicated to the extent of being publicly received by the Turkish President and Prime Minister in Ankara. Refusing the offer of an easier job, he returned to teaching in a rural town.

As one reads the book, he runs across a disconcerting feature of the English translation. The text is replete with footnotes explaining that the situations described by Makal are unusual or extreme cases and are not to be construed as ordinary occurrences. The introduction, like the footnotes, seems to be an apologia and a refutation of the author's accuracy. However, much of what Makal says is substantiated by what Lord Kinross (presumably a disinterested observer) saw in Turkey and reported in his book, "Within the Taurus." Although the book is actually a series of unrelated sketches, there is no feeling of incoherence. Readers familiar with life in Anatolia might become annoyed at the translator's sometimes awkward attempts at explaining Turkish culture to Westerners. Several contemporary photographs from the collection of the translator are included.

ELEMENTARY MODERN ARMENIAN GRAMMAR, by *Kevorik H. Gulian*. New York, Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., [1954]. 196pp.

Although this text is only a reprint of the original grammar which appeared early in this century, it seems to have lost none of its usefulness. Some of the exercises are outmoded because of the dates and facts which are included in them. But this does not radically affect its usefulness. The concise presentation and modern arrangement of the grammatical lessons and exercises

seem to belie the fact that the book was originally published by the Mekhitarist Press in Vienna about half a century ago. For a concise, beginning grammar of the Armenian language, it is about the best available with the exception of Frederic Feydit's "Manuel de Langue Armenienne." Unfortunately, Feydit's book is in French, and so would be of limited use in this country.

I do not include Father Kogian's grammar in the above comparison because it is not the same type of work as the two aforementioned titles. Father Kogian's book is a scholarly text written with a philological slant. The inclusion of Armenian linguistics, etymology, grammatical paradigms, while important historically, would be a hindrance to a beginning student who wants a basic practical knowledge of the language. Nevertheless, anyone interested in the Armenian language should be familiar with all of these books.

AMERICAN AGENCIES INTERESTED IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, compiled by *Ruth Savord and Donald Wasson*. New York, Council on Foreign Relations, 1955.

This is the latest edition of a useful reference book listing American organizations whose realm of interest and activity centers on international affairs. Students of political science and international relations will find not only the names and addresses of organizations, but the names of officers, the purposes of the organization, date of founding, sources of finance, activities, qualifications for membership, and publications. Among such names as the Academy of Political Science, The American Council of Learned Societies, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, there are two organizations of Armenian interest: The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, and the Armenian Revolutionary Federation of America. The book includes two indexes, a subject index to activities, and a personnel index.

Leaving the literary field, I should like to bring to your attention two long-playing records.

YARDUMIAN, Richard: ARMENIAN SUITE. The Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia ML DTTV. VB inch. (Also: **DESOLATE CITY, CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA**, and **PSALM NO. 130.**)

Richard Yardumian was born in Philadelphia in 1917. He began his formal study of music at the age of twenty-one. The "Armenian Suite" is based directly on Armenian music which he heard at home as a boy. All the folk melodies are easily recognized, but the treatment is in the modern style rather than the traditional classical. The variations of the different themes do not, however, reach the disjunctive proportions of Stravinsky or Shostakovich. The recording would be a worthwhile addition to any record collection. The other compositions by Yardumian on the same record are listed above.

KHATCHATURIAN, Aram: "GAYNE" BALLET SUITE. The Philharmonia Orchestra [London]. Aram Khatchaturian conducting. Angel 35277. 12 inch. (Also: MASQUERADE SUITE.)

I doubt that any Armenian in the world could truly say, "I have never heard of Aram Khatchaturian." His music has been performed by orchestras near and far, but no one has been able to produce a "Gayne" arrangement to equal this *Angel* release. There are at least three other recordings of "Gayne", but none can match this latest version. From the noticeable difference in arrangement, it is evident that not only is Khatchaturian conducting the orchestra, but that he has interpreted the suite in such a way as to bring out the true Armenian flavor latent in the music. He puts proper emphasis on rhythm and the percussion instruments to make the recording truly Armenian. The syncopation found in authentic Armenian music is not lacking either. Any record collection without Khatchaturian conducting "Gayne" is one record short.

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL AND SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY by Frank Novak, Ph.D. A lecture (pamphlet), Boston University Press, 1955.

To the tortured spectator of the Soviet scene who has difficulty in comprehending, or reconciling, to be precise, the anomaly of an ideology which started out with the repudiation of capitalistic imperialism and the present expansionistic behavior of Soviet rulers, this lucid and cogent exposition of Prof. Novak is the best thing which could be offered.

Contrary to the prevalent notion that the Marxist religion is conditioned only by a concept of complete world domination—a proletarian society and a capitalistic order being incompatibles which preclude co-existence, according to Lenin—Prof. Novak detects (and he certainly proves) traces of Russian imperialism functioning side by side the Marxian policy of world domination. He does not, unfortunately, draw a clear line of demarcation between the two simultaneous forces: where the national expansionism stops and where the ideological ambition begins.

The Russian historical paradox which combined the exalted concept of liberation with its hideous antipode of tyranny is explained by the three centuries of tyrannical and expansionist Mongol domination which vitiated the Russian character and left an imperishable imprint which was to persist for centuries, and which, was to control the future policy of Russia. The princes of Muscovy liberated the Russian people from the Mongol yoke, but in doing so they borrowed the Mongol tyranny, the very thing against which they had fought.

Expansionism or aggression, twin brother of tyranny, Prof. Novak explains, was not propelled merely by the "urge to the sea," but it was the direct heritage of the Mongol. Psychologically, the inferiority complex of the Russian people, viz-a-viz the civilizationally far more advanced

nations of Europe, sought compensation in expansion and exploitation.

Having established his thesis of the geopolitics of Russia, all the way from the Mongol tradition to the psychological factor, Prof. Novak slowly but inexorably traces the red line of Russian expansion from the time of Peter the Great to Stalin, and he concludes that the post-war conquests of the Soviet Union is but the continuation of the policy of the ancient Czars. And while proper provision is made for the role of the Communist goal which envisages complete domination of the world, the purely Grand Russian imperialistic aspect would have had a surer footing had Prof. Novak catalogued the outright Soviet annexations of the Baltic States, Ukraine, Armenia and the Caucasian republics, in contradistinction with the ideological conquests of the satellite periphery, including China and the far eastern other acquisitions. The outright annexations, in particular, is a topic which vitally interests the involved peoples, and it is to be hoped that Prof. Novak will give the matter some thought for a future article.

Prof. Novak, if not pessimistic, certainly is not optimistic of the immediate future. While the nature and the instinct of the imperialistic state preclude the possibility of any concessions to democracy, and while the Soviet leaders are captives of the Marxian tradition, his uninspired prediction of the extreme improbability that the Free World will ever be able to convert or force the Soviet Union to renounce its conspiracy against the whole world, nor the unlikelihood of an internal cataclysmic outburst ever putting an end of the colossal empire of the Tsars and the Commissars—"not in my generation or perhaps yours," is a bleak and dismal prognostication, certainly far from reassuring.

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

MAMA I LOVE YOU, A novel by William Saroyan. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown. 1956. 245 pp. (\$3.75)

William Saroyan's seventh novel is out under the title of "Mama I Love You" after having been early announced as "The Bouncing Ball". The important thing is that the work is out under any title. It is important because "Mama I Love You" lets us in on the brilliant young author's most contemporary thinking on a variety of things — and right here and now let's assume with some confidence that the book is generally autobiographical — as most good books generally are.

The central figure of this pleasant little tale is Twink, the ten year old daughter of a stage-struck mother and her divorced musician husband. But the principal figure is Saroyan himself. Twink may very well be Saroyan's little daughter, Lucy (quite appropriately, the back face of the wrapper is adorned with a picture of Saroyan and daughter cavorting along the beach at Malibu), and her mother may be her mother—but the fascinating thing about the tale is that *both* may merely be the vehicles and the ghost of Saroyan himself. With masterful simplicity, the

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author has, somehow, implanted his philosophies into mother and child alike; and to the student of Saroyan, both characters emerge talking like Saroyan, thinking like Saroyan, and even looking like him (without William's famous mustache, of course, we hasten to add).

The man is a Christian. That is how it must be put. With all his iconoclasm, his impetuosity, the fire and vigor that have made him the stormy petrel of the American literary scene since the days of Sirak Goryan and the *Hairenik* Daily and Weekly stories of the 1932-34—Saroyan again reveals himself to be a sensitive, religious, observant, useful, healthful contributor to civilization. It might be suggested that maturity has brought him even closer to the understanding of the problems of life and the living. His early fierce defiance is still there; but he has mellowed, and it has been moderated and toned down.

Mama Girl, fifteen years ago, would probably have been harder, flintier, more resilient, than she is today—but then she would have been less credible. What Saroyan has done here is to effectively tintype the *modern woman*—the *woman* and *mother* above all (the traditional role of her sex), despite the strictures and requirements of our times.

If there is anything that Mama Girl loves, it is her Twink. She came to New York to make her big play for theatrical prominence; but she fetched Twink along with her to the big city—and it is a commentary on Saroyan's thinking that he rewards Mama Girl for her love for her Twink by having Twink become the instrument of Mama's Girl's success on the stage.

Twink even goes one farther. She brings her mother and father together again. There is no indication that the author intends this reunion to be a permanent one—but Mama Girl does love Daddy; and the reader cannot help but cheer that what should be occurs.

This is perhaps the most cohesive of all of Saroyan's novels. There is an unbroken, easily discernible thread of story through the novel—none of that distressing jumping around and massive flash backs that novelists like to throw into their work these days. It is easy reading—and is meant to be easy reading; for it is a sentimental, wholesome story. We cannot say that it will commend itself to the recondite reader, because these people are not used to looking for the nourishment of intellect in anything that doesn't presume to be deep and philosophical. The interesting here is that Saroyan's novel is deep and philosophical—without appearing so. The witticisms, and almost inconsequential "plot", hide many, many problems that are germane to our complex world today. Saroyan doesn't pretend to have the answer to these problems; but he may very well be showing people the road to the truth.

Mama I Love You is full of some memorable Saroyana. Like the scene that confronts Twink in her first visit to a famed New York automat:

"There was a very fat man at my table, and with him was his wife, and she was just as fat as he was, and their daughter, who was my age, I guess, and she was very fat, too. . . . I

couldn't help noticing her and the way she was eating, which was swift and loud. She had a whole big plate covered with baked beans, mashed potatoes, baked macaroni, and a big piece of baked hamburger with gravy. Her mother and father had plates just like hers, as if they had all agreed to share and share alike. They ate so quickly that I was ashamed to look at them, or afraid maybe. . . . When I was half finished with the vegetable soup their plates were all clean, and they were just sitting there very unhappy about not having anything more to gobble up. I could tell they were still hungry and I just wished I could call out to somebody and say, 'All right, now, fill these plates again, please!'

Saroyan doesn't hesitate to expound—once again—his ideas on the contemporary theater. He has Kate Cranshaw, "the reigning lady of the American stage" say: "I'm devoted to the theater, as you know, but for many years I've been angry about the plays our playwrights have been writing. When the plays have been effective, they've been about, sick hysterical people—and, I'm sorry, they bore me. . . ." And we hasten to shout a bravissimo at Saroyan, through Cranshaw. Those plays bore us too.

Elsewhere, he holds forth simply, but incisively, on the greater drama of life. The unsuccessful wife is found saying, "I didn't do good as a wife at all. If the drama critics had been called upon to review my work, I'm afraid I would have got an awful panning—I guess I would have deserved it, too."

The conversations between mother and child in the intimacy of their little hotel room overlooking Central Park are classics. Warm, intimate, these little exchanges have the mother trying to find again the simplicity and candor of the ten year old, while Twink herself is trying to be the beautiful lady of thirty-three, which her mother is. Both succeed marvelously well, and there is mutual ground, and mutual love and mutual companionship. If anything, Twink has more influence on her mother's character, than the usual vice versa.

And we think that's the way it should be. For *theirs* is the Kingdom of heaven.

JAMES H. TASHJIAN

●
SONG OF AMERICA. By George Mardikian. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York City. 312 pp. (\$4.50. Order from Hairenik Ass'n. 212 Stuart St., Boston 16, Mass.)

On his second day in San Francisco, the immigrant George Mardikian, sorely confused, perplexed, disillusioned and displeased with what he had seen of the American manner of living (a strictly exterior and tinsel view as it proved), took a long walk through the city streets.

He saw trash-collectors, up since earliest dawn, grimy and tired, happily riding their trucks, singing loud songs to the sunny skies, laughing and joking, greeting their friends in the streets.

He saw an American milkman line his precious bottled wares along the threshold of an American dwelling—and then unconcernedly leave—and he

thought it was an extraordinary thing to have such faith in human nature.

A policeman smiled at him and threw him a "good-morning"—and he remember how Turkish gendarmes were always sullen and taken with their own importance. They'd scowl not smile. He saw two young boys fighting, saw one of the lads go down under a shrewd blow, and then saw the victor bring the vanquished to his feet, and then both victor and vanquish amble away arm in arm—a blessed American trait of not kicking a man when he is down which Mardikian noted again some years later when, as a government food consultant in the ETO, he saw the American GI's liberally sharing the largesse of their precious PX stores with the bombed-out civilian foe.

At any rate, George Mardikian returned to his sister's apartment singing the song of America he had heard on the streets of Frisco that second day in the city. George Mardikian is still singing that song.

This is an unabashedly sentimental story of America, an American romance, the story of an immigrant from a tortured land falling head-over-heels in love with America—and George Mardikian is in love with America and he doesn't care who knows it! The book is a breath of fresh air these days; it purges and cleanses the atmosphere, appearing as it does at the propitious moment when the newly-conceived fashion of heaping contempt and ridicule on American civilization is practically running wild through the field of contemporary literature.

If Graham Greene contemns, distorts and scorns America, George Mardikian applauds, typifies and sells the very real greatness of this country. These are of course opposite extremes in the interpretation of the American phenomenon (and we are fast becoming one of the most misunderstood nations in history, all through the sophistications of a literary set that cannot see across the seas); but of the two views, Mardikian's is by far the more credible. He has lived the life of America, has sampled its gentle fair, and has learned to love not hate Greene, and his ilk, writes novels—in more ways than one, George Mardikian's America is the America we know.

There is a serious question in our mind if an ivy-tower intellectual can creditably review a work such as Mr. Mardikian's—less essentially

understand it. For instance, there is a matter of the difficulties (if they are difficulties) created by the high Armenian content of the work, and it is important that one appreciate the need for so much Armenia in a book written by an Armenian such as George Mardikian.

Gilbert Highet (see his review in "Book of the Month Club News, June 1956) illustrates this when he cites "only one fault, understandable enough. It bears down too heavily on the virtues of Armenia, the beauty of its women and the heroism of its men."

Evidently the point is so basic that it misses the attention of many minds who long ago have "graduated" over such mundane things as pride in nation. The point is this: Mardikian could NOT have written this book, could not have fallen so completely in love with America, could not have so fully learned the song of America, had he not have been a man proud of his ancestry. What the author has done in effect is this: he has easily transferred his inherently patriotic bent, his love for his parental Armenian people, to his adopted America, which quickly became his real home. Mardikian was a patriotic Armenian—he fought against both Turkey and Soviet Russia for Armenia's freedom—and he is patriotically American. To take away from him, or his book, his great pride and zeal for Armenia would be, in the first instance, to cut away from him the most striking of the qualities which Americans have admired and, in the second instance, to make his book a bound thing with blank pages—a strange contraption.

He has offered an explanation of why it is that the Armenian fits so well into the American scene. His comparisons of Armenia's story with the American epic are not by any means as presumptuous or frivolous as those who are naturally disturbed by such "emotionalism" might think. There is substance to such an exercise. There are extraordinarily real similarities between Armenian and American characters, temperament, credo, etc., etc. For instance, Mardikian makes it quite plain (and we think he does it effectively) that there is the vital and interesting matter of the identical Armenian and American traditions of liberty.

This is not simply a story of rags to riches. It is more than that. It is a story with freshness, drama—yet unashamedly lacking in sophistication. People will find it happy reading.

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